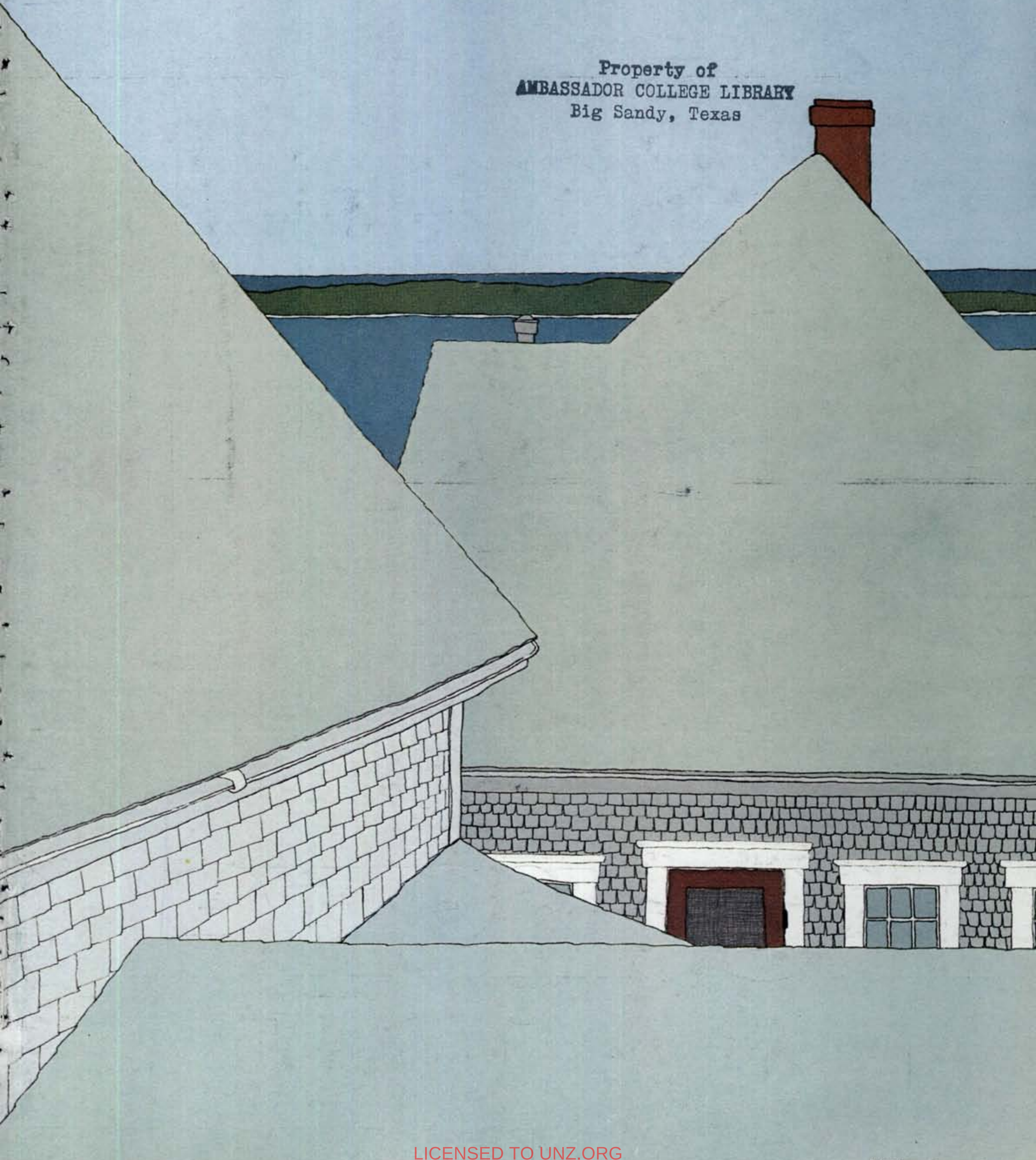
June 23, 1975 Price 60 cents

THE NEW YORKER


GRETCHEN DOW SIMPSON

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

Q. To buy or not to buy, that is the question.

Because substance and quality are absolutely essential in this questionable economy, buying an Audi® 100LS makes more sense today than ever before.

You'll be buying the roominess and comfort of a full-sized car: legroom and headroom usually associated with cars twice the price; orthopedically-designed seats that adjust to your body, that reduce fatigue.

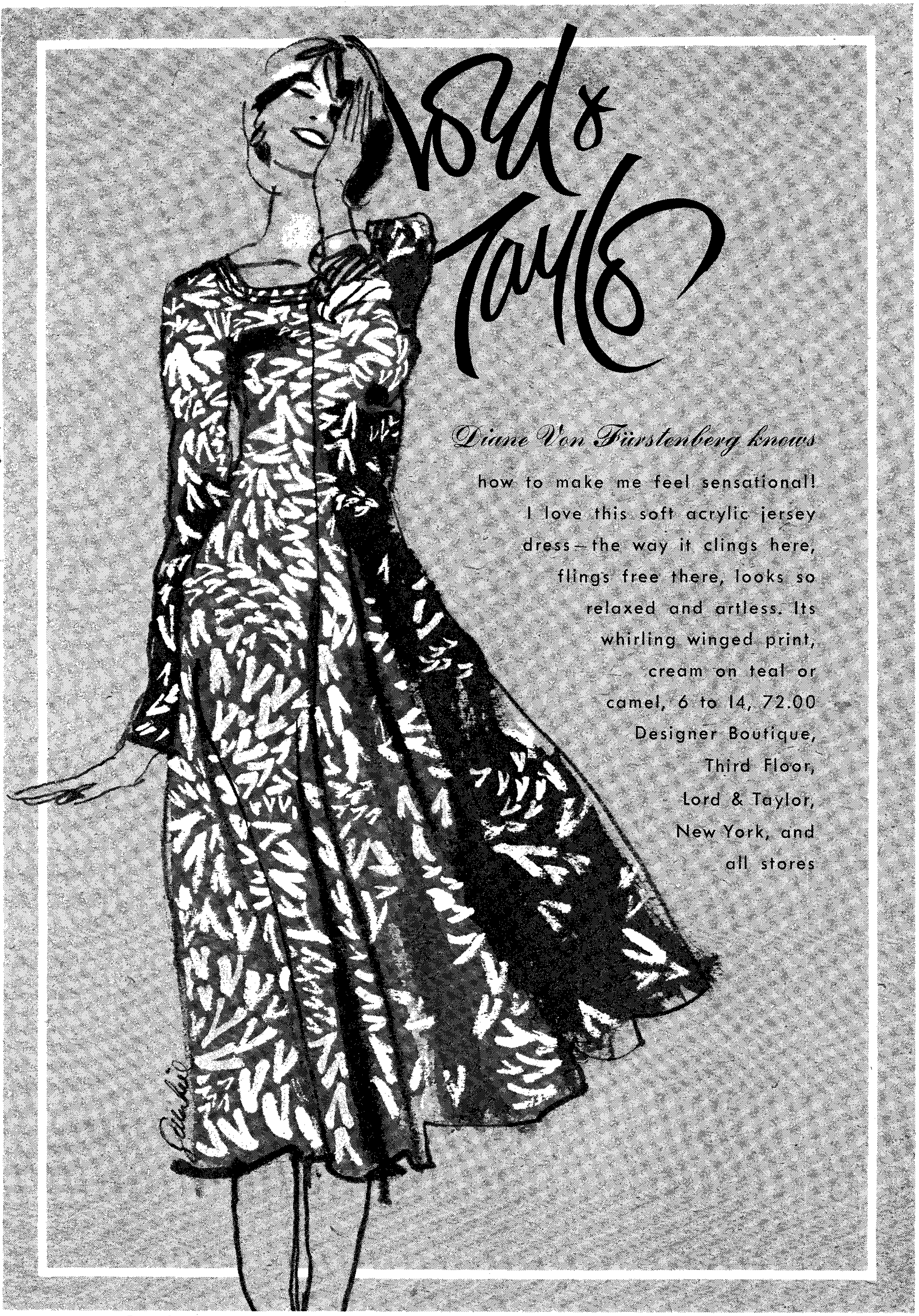
You'll be buying German engineering: the control of front-wheel drive and independent suspension; the raciness of rack-and-pinion steering; the extra security of negative steering-roll radius and outboard-vented front disc brakes.

You'll be buying the added economy of fuel injection: 18 miles per gallon* in the city and a startling 28 miles per gallon* on the highway.

It's an elegant, finely-engineered medium-priced luxury car that is built to last. That's substance and quality in any economy, no question about it.

*Based on 1975 Model Federal EPA Fuel Economy Report.

The answer
is Audi



Lord & Taylor

Diane Von Fürstenberg knows

how to make me feel sensational!
I love this soft acrylic jersey
dress—the way it clings here,
flings free there, looks so
relaxed and artless. Its
whirling winged print,
cream on teal or
camel, 6 to 14, 72.00
Designer Boutique,
Third Floor,
Lord & Taylor,
New York, and
all stores

Opening in August — Lord & Taylor, Hawthorn Center, our third Chicago store

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Absurd Person Singular—Alan Ayckbourn is a master of farce, and this play about the horrors of married life will make you laugh from start to finish. With Paul Shyre, Carole Shelley, Geraldine Page, Fritz Weaver, Carol Lynley, and Curt Dawson. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

All Over Town—The director, Dustin Hoffman, tries to rescue Murray Schisgal's inept play, but in vain. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Bette Midler's Clams on the Half Shell Revue—A revue starring the formidable and often very funny Bette Midler, assisted by Lionel Hampton and other gifted folk. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Wednesday through Friday at 8, and Saturday at 7 and 10:30. Closes Saturday, June 21.)

Chicago—An unpleasant musical about dreary people, but with stunning performances by Gwen Verdon, Chita Rivera, and Jerry Orbach. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Chorus Line—Twenty-four young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. This brilliant, innovative musical—conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett—is a loving salute to the theatre and to every struggling actor who aspires to be part of it. The performances by the entire company are as near perfect as makes no matter, and so is the entire production. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante, setting by Robin Wagner, costumes by Theoni V. Aldredge, and lighting by Tharon Musser. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Dance with Me—The grim days and happy daydreams of a young New York nebbish. A comedy with music, well played by the La Mama Plexus Company. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 391-0063. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Death of a Salesman—A revival of Arthur Miller's 1949 play, with George C. Scott (who also directed) and Teresa Wright. Previews through Wednesday, June 25. Opens officially on Thursday, June 26, and will run through Sunday, Aug. 24. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Diamond Studs—A country-and-Western version of a life of Jesse James; the life doesn't bear close examination but is great fun to listen to. In a cabaret setting. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Equus—A psychological whodunit by Peter Shaffer, beautifully acted by Anthony Hopkins, Peter Firth, Frances Sternhagen, Marian Seldes, Roberta Maxwell, and Michael Higgins. The director is John Dexter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The First Breeze of Summer—The Negro Ensemble Company's wonderful production of Leslie Lee's interesting play about a crucial weekend in the lives of a fairly prosperous black family. Under Douglas Turner Ward's masterly direction, all the acting is good, and that of Frances Foster, Moses Gunn, and a young man called Reyno especially so. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28

The National Lampoon Show—A sharp-witted, brutal, often dirty, and often funny revue. The four young men and one young woman who wrote and perform it are energetic and accomplished—John Belushi in particular. (New Palladium, 120 W. 51st St. 974-6740. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8 and 10:15; Saturdays at 7:30, 9:45, and midnight; and Sundays at 7:30.)

The Ritz—High jinks in a low homosexual bathhouse. Terrence McNally's farce is much easier to laugh at than to describe. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Rodgers & Hart—Scores of standards, most of which sound as great as ever, but the production manages to be a boring one. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Rubbers and Yanks 3 Detroit 0 Top of the Seventh—The management is extending the run and is now inviting nonsubscribers to this brace of funny one-acters by Jonathan Reynolds. In the second and better of the two, Tony Lo Bianco is splendid as a pitcher losing his control professionally and personally. Alan Arkin was the evening's expert director. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Same Time, Next Year—A slick and sentimental comedy about happy marriages and a single, twenty-five-year-long, happy adultery, practiced annually. With Ellen Burstyn and Charles Grodin. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Shenandoah—Hokum, though John Cullum sings bravely and well. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sherlock Holmes—Frank Dunlop's hilarious guying of the Doyle-Gillette classic, with John Neville as Holmes and Clive Revill

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 29

"THE BLOOMSBURY GROUP LIVE AT THE APOLLO" . . . . *Ian Frazier* 34

"SEPARATING" . . . . *John Updike* 36

"THE EYE" (POEM) . . . . *Richard Wilbur* 40

THE SPORTING SCENE (BASEBALL) . . . . *Roger Angell* 42

"NEW ENGLAND, COMPLINE" (POEM) . . . . *Norman Dubie* 48

REFLECTIONS (THE NIXON YEARS—IV) . . . . *Jonathan Schell* 60

"SCHOONER" (POEM) . . . . *Lewis Turco* 91

MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Andrew Porter* 92

CONCERT RECORDS . . . . *Winthrop Sargeant* 93

THE RACE TRACK . . . . *Audax Minor* 95

THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Penelope Gilliatt* 97

LETTER FROM LONDON . . . . *Mollie Panter-Downes* 102

BOOKS . . . . *V. S. Pritchett* 104

BRIEFLY NOTED 107

COVER: *Gretchen Dow Simpson*

DRAWINGS: *Eldon Dedini, Saul Steinberg, Lee Lorenz, James Mulligan, Henry Martin, Robert Day, William Hamilton, Ed Arno, Sam Gross, Thomas B. Allen, Frank Modell, Warren Miller, Mischa Richter, Everett Opie, Barney Tobey, Stan Hunt, Robert Weber, Dana Fradon, James Stevenson, Arnie Levin, Bernard Schoenbaum, Al Ross, Tom Kleh*

THE NEW YORKER

25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036

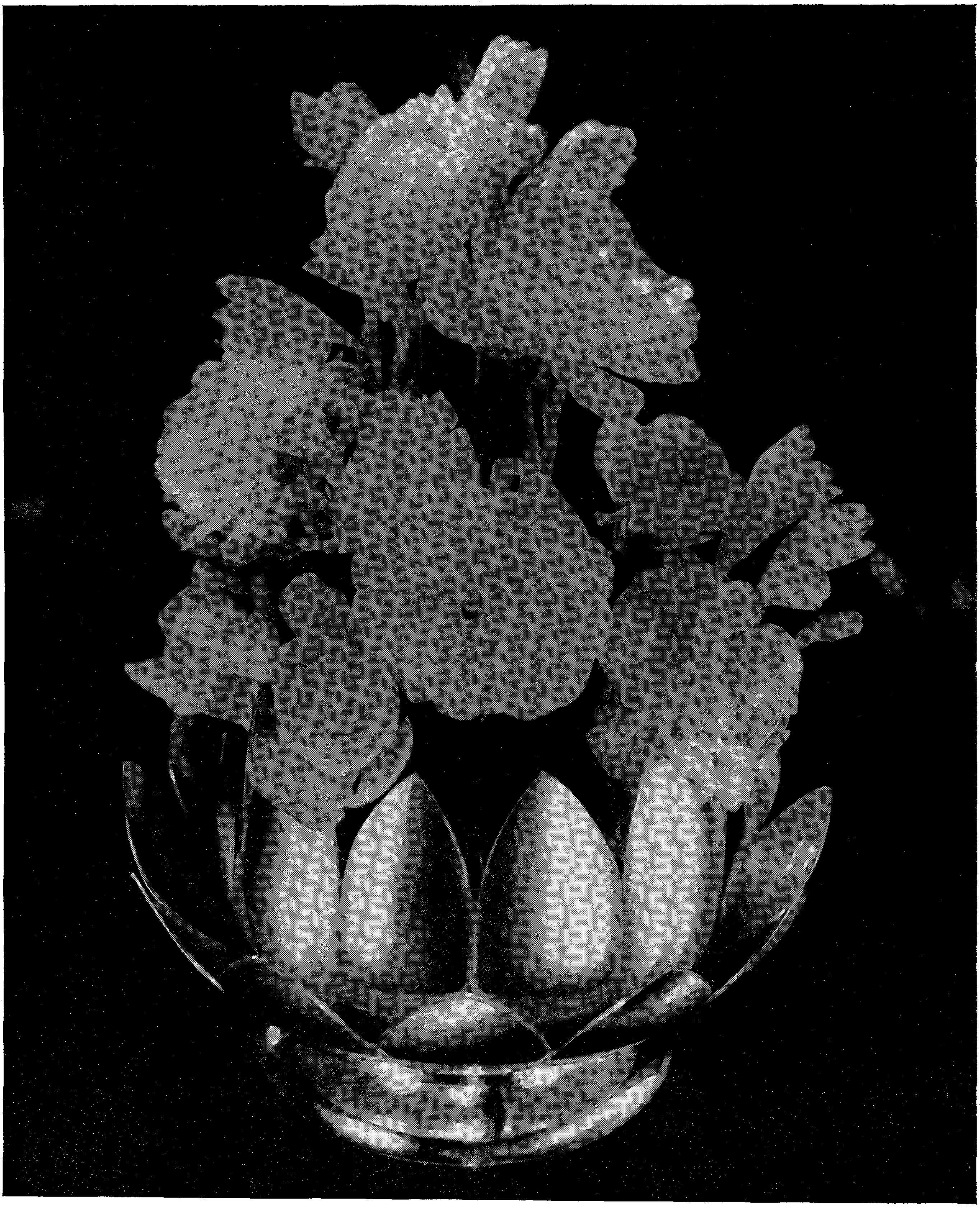
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, (212) OXFORD 5-1515

EDITORIAL OFFICES, (212) OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

In ordering a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice, providing both old and new addresses, with Zip Codes. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue.

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman; George J. Green, president; William P. Buxton, Milton Greenstein, and Sam R. Spoto, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, comptroller; Elaine M. Matteo, secretary; Leigh Doorly, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90010; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W1X OED. Vol. LI, No. 18, June 23, 1975. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash.
 © 1975 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $18.00; two years, $30.00. In Canada, Latin America, and Spain, one year, $20.00. Other foreign, $22.00.



THE WATER LILY CENTERPIECE, FOR THE AGE OF ECOLOGY
In silverplate. Diameter 6¾ inches, height 3¼ inches, $29.95.
At finer silverware stores.

REED & BARTON

SILVERMASTERS SINCE 1824 • TAUNTON, MASSACHUSETTS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

as the infamous Professor Moriarty. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS—An agreeable revival of the J. M. Barrie play. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

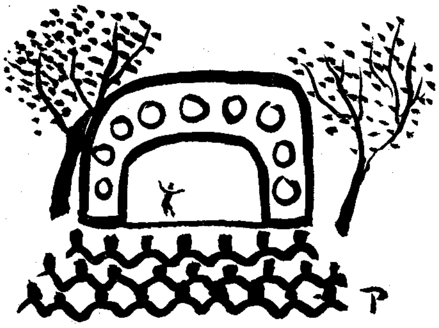
THE WIZ—An elaborate and mostly successful version of "The Wizard of Oz," with an all-black cast of great talent. Directed by Geoffrey Holder, who also did the costumes. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

WOMEN BEHIND BARS—This takeoff on awful old movies, set in the Women's House of Detention in the Village, is often very dirty and almost always very funny. Tom Eyen is the playwright. With the remarkable Madeleine le Roux, as an empty-headed pyromaniac. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—**CANDIDE:** A revival, in much altered form, of the 1956 original, with Leonard Bernstein's score and Richard Wilbur's lyrics. Harold Prince directed the inventive, lively performance. Be prepared to climb up ramps and steps to find a seat. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 6,305 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE HOT L BALTIMORE:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **PIPPIN:** A great big show that ably conceals a tiny little musical. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **RAISIN:** Worth seeing for its appealing and gifted cast, though the book of the musical is as old-fashioned as "Uncle Tom's Cabin." (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule of final performances of the season—Wednesday, June 18, at 8: "Coppélia."...¶ Thursday, June 19, at 8: "An Evening's Waltzes," "Symphony in Three Movements," "In the Night," and "Who Cares?"...¶ Friday, June 20, at 8: "Watermill" and "Symphony in C."...¶ Saturday, June 21, at 2: "Divertimento No. 15." "In the Night," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet."...¶ Saturday, June 21, at 8: "La Source," "Sinfonietta," "In the Night," and "Symphony in C."...¶ Sunday, June 22, at 1: "Coppélia."...¶ Sunday, June 22, at 7: "Divertimento No. 15," "Meditation," "Duo Concertant," and "Symphony in C."...¶ Wednesday through Friday, June 25-27, at 8; Saturday, June 28, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, June 29, at 1 and 7: **A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.** (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28

STUTTGART BALLET—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday matinée and evening, June 18: "Romeo and Juliet."...¶ Thursday evening, June 19: "The Taming of the Shrew."...¶ Friday evening, June 20: "Initials R.B.M.E." and "Daphnis and Chloe."...¶ Saturday matinée and evening, June 21: "Eugene Onegin." (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

NIKOLAIS DANCE THEATRE—A two-week engagement—Wednesday, June 18, at 7:30 (a benefit performance; for tickets, call 777-1120); Thursday, June 19, at 5:30; Saturday, June 21, at 7:30; Tuesday, June 24, at 8:30; and Wednesday, June 25, and Friday, June 27, at 5:30: "Temple" (New York première), a *divertissement*, and "Cross-Fade."...¶ Thursday, June 19, at 8:30; Sunday, June 22, at 3; Monday, June 23, and Wednesday, June 25, at 8:30; and Thursday, June 26, at 5:30: "Sanctum Suite" and "Scenario."...¶ Friday, June 20, at 5:30; Sunday, June 22, at 7:30; Tuesday, June 24, at 5:30; Friday, June 27, at 8:30; and Saturday, June 28, at 3: "Foreplay" and a second *divertissement*....¶ Friday, June 20, at 8:30; Saturday, June 21, at 3; Monday, June 23, at 5:30; Thursday, June 26, at 8:30; and Saturday, June 28, at 7:30: "The Tribe" (New York première). (New York University Theatre, 35 W. 4th St. Closes Monday, June 30. For information about tickets, call 598-3067.)

MARGOT FONTEYN AND RUDOLF NUREYEV WITH THE MARTHA GRAHAM DANCE COMPANY—A single benefit performance of "Lucifer" (especially choreographed by Miss Graham for this occasion), "Swan Lake Pas de Deux." "Seraphic Dialogue," "Night Journey," "Lamentation," and "Diversion of Angels," with commentary by Miss Graham. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Thursday, June 19, at 8.)

LES BALLETS TROCKADERO DE MONTE CARLO—Thursday through Saturday, June 19-21, at 8, and Sunday, June 22, at 2:30 and 8: "Swan Lake," "Go for Barocco," and other ballets....¶ Thursday through Sunday, June 26-29, at 8: "Pas de Quatre," "Carmen," "Go for Barocco," and "Firebird."...¶ Sunday, June 29, at 2:30: "Coppélia." (Vandam, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. Closes Sunday, July 6. For tickets, call 989-5240.)

MANUEL ALUM DANCE COMPANY—"Ilanot" (première), "East—to Nijinsky," "Era," and "Yemaya." (New York University School of the Arts Theatre, 111 Second Ave., between 6th and 7th Sts. Tuesday through Friday, June 24-27, at 7. For tickets, call 242-3900.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

•

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—**JOHN BUNCH**, at fifty-three, is one of what Count Basie calls "the poets of the piano"—an elusive, fragile, always flowering band of pianists whose playing is marked by delicacy and high invention but whose careers are often obscure and difficult. Bunch was born in Tipton, Indiana, was a pilot and prisoner of war in the Second World War, studied speech at the University of Indiana afterward, had various day jobs, and didn't settle permanently into music until the mid-fifties. Since then, he has played with everyone from Rex Stewart to Maynard Ferguson to Helen Merrill. He is an old-fashioned modernist. There are traces of Teddy Wilson and Nat Cole and Erroll Garner, but the icing is Bud Powell. Bunch's touch is light, his single-note melodic lines sail (he has a nice way of neatly and quickly repeating the opening notes of his phrases, which lends them an echoing, delighted quality), his harmonic sense is racy, and he has a good time. He plays "The Girl from Ipanema" fast, which hides its blandness, and he does the same with "I'm Getting Sentimental Over You," which hides its pretty-prettiness. And he favors such out-of-the-way songs as Cole Porter's "Dream Dancing" (which sounds more like Rodgers than Porter), George Gershwin's "I've Got Beginner's Luck" (from the last year of his life), "S'posin'," and the great "Poor Butterfly." **JAY LEONHART**, a marvellous bassist, is on hand, but **MICHAEL MOORE** has been subbing for him off and on. Moore's solos, usually constructed in the upper registers, are delivered with such passion and melodic imagination that they virtually transcend the instrument. Listening to Moore is like listening to a strange and transported singer. He is a regular member of the Ruby Braff-George Barnes quartet, which, mystery of mysteries, is unable to find work in New York. Bunch plays from about ten to two-thirty and will be visible until Saturday, June 21. The following week, **JIMMY ROWLES**, the Pearl of the Pacific, will appear with Bill Takas. On Sundays, from nine-thirty to one, **JAKI BYARD**, a master eclectic, holds forth with Major Holley. Three cheers for the food.

•

ARTHUR'S TAVERN, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—At the rear of this long and narrow, shabbily genteel barroom, Mabel Godwin sits at a piano from nine to three Tuesdays through Saturdays, obligingly singing and playing patrons' requests or whatever pops into her head. On Mondays: five or six part-time but nonetheless exuberant Dixieland musicians known as the Grove Street Stompers. Closed Sundays.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Easygoing, comfortable, and on the less beaten, western edge of Bleecker, this restaurant specializes in mainstream and out-there jazz and sixties-fashionable soul food. Guitarist Ted Dunbar is here with tenor player Frank Foster, bassist Bob Cranshaw, and drummer David Lee through Saturday, June 21. On Monday and Tuesday, June 23-24, saxophonist Cecil Payne brings in his quartet, and starting Wednesday, June 25, bop-inspired altoist Charles McPherson leads a quintet. Music from nine-forty-five to three. Closed Sundays.

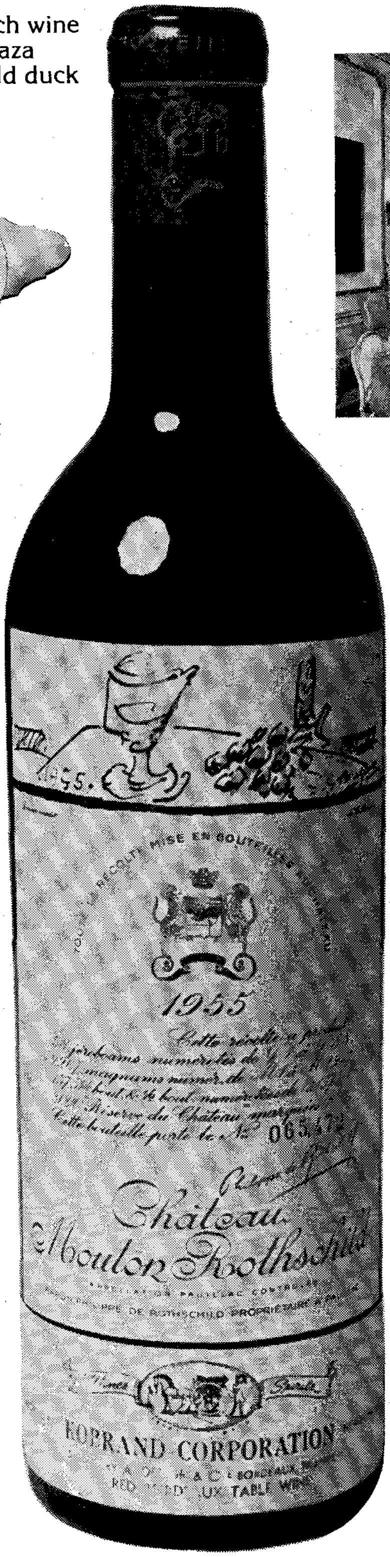
BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The management has initiated its own little jazz festival: **CHARLES MINGUS** inspires his quintet opposite singer Novella Nelson Thursday through Saturday, June 19-21. Monday through Wednesday, June 23-25, **OLIVER NELSON** brings in a troupe of West Coast jazzmen—Tom Scott, Shelly Manne, and fifteen others—along with vocalist Teresa Brewer. Opposite Nelson and company is **LEON THOMAS**, a wonderful singer, yodeller, and general vocal instrumentalist, who appears with a backing crew that features Sonny Stitt. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dinner. Closed Wednesday, June 18, and Sunday, June 22.

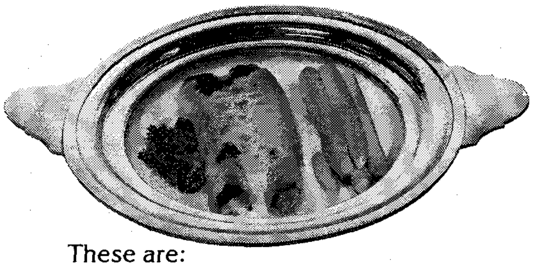
BUDDY'S PLACE, 133 W. 33rd St. (736-2888)—The **THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS** band—seventeen pieces usually crammed into the conchlike Village Vanguard—has elbowroom to spare in these quarters, although the audiences that come with the room tend to be less devoted than their Vanguard counterparts. The musicians blast off every night (except Sundays), alternating with comic David Brenner. On Monday, June 23, **DIZZY GILLESPIE** arrives with *his* big band, the first one he's fronted in years. Shows at nine-thirty and midnight. Supper.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH

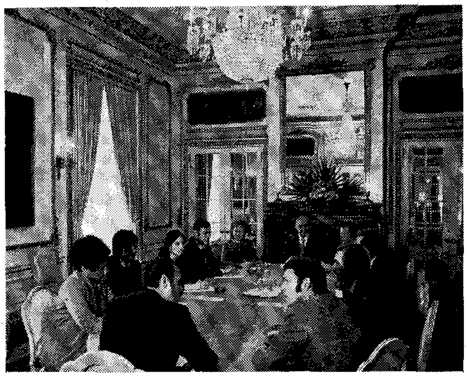
How to become a Member of The Plaza

This is:
a. A rare French wine
from The Plaza
b. A fifth of cold duck

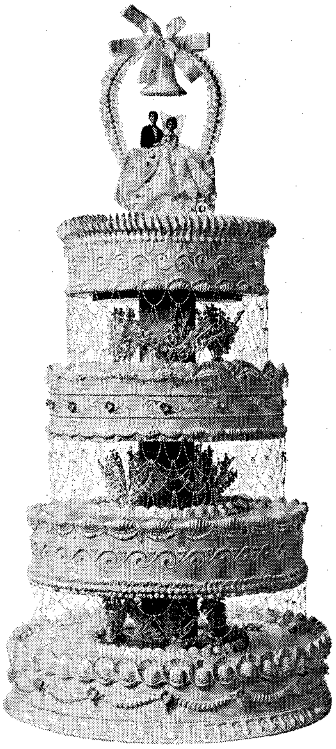




These are:
a. Crepes a la Reine, Palm Court
b. Cheese enchiladas



This group is:
a. Negotiating a treaty at Geneva
b. Having a business meeting
at The Plaza



You'll find this at:
a. Your neighborhood
delicatessen
b. A Plaza wedding

This is:
a. The Royal Castle
of Neuschwanstein
b. The Plaza, Fifth Avenue
at 59th Street

You qualify. You have an affinity for elegance. A respect for tradition. And a reverence for generous service. Now all it takes to become a member of The Plaza is to stay with us. Soon. For reservations, see your travel agent. Or dial 800-228-3000 toll free. In New York City, call PLaza 9-3000.

The Plaza
WESTERN INTERNATIONAL HOTELS
Partners in travel with United Airlines

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

4-1600)—The classics of the twenties and thirties *may* be increasingly ill-used elsewhere but in the Café Carlyle they remain in safe hands. **BOBBY SHORT**, who has been singing them in a respectful and energetic voice for years, and who has lately been known to slip into this venerable repertoire such up-to-the-minute matter as "Send In the Clowns," is assisted by Dick Sheridan and Beverly Peer on drums and bass Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-forty-five, eleven-thirty, and one. Dinner and supper.... ¶ Muriel Roberts, an industrious and swinging pianist, has taken over in the Bemelmans Bar, which appears to have become a permanent music room. Mondays through Thursdays from nine to twelve-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine to one.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—**HELEN HUMES** is back, with everything in perfect alignment—the voice, the phrasing, the timing, the confidence. Her accompanists are pianist Jerry Wiggins, an Art Tatum admirer, and Johnny Williams, a fine bassist. From eight-thirty to one every night but Sunday, when jazz singer Nancy Harrow appears with pianist Richard Wyands and bassist Richard Davis. Dining.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The third version, and an attractive one. The house band is made up of Ed Polcer, Vic Dickenson, Herbie Hall, Jim Andrews, Red Balaban (a bassist, occasional vocalist, and the owner of the club), and Ronnie Cole. Tenor saxophonist Buddy Tate visits on Tuesday, June 24. Pianist Red Richards plays all night from seven; the sextet begins alternating with him after nine-thirty. Closed Sundays.

FIVE SPOT, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (730-9270)—**CECIL TAYLOR**, who broke all attendance records here (if such things are really kept) about a month ago, has returned with his Unit—saxophonist Jimmy Lyons and percussionist Andrew Cyrille—to work on what Taylor has called "the really supreme Africanization of Western music." Tuesdays through Sundays from around ten. On Mondays: **DAVE MATTHEWS'** twelve-piece band, made up of studio musicians who range from their twenties to their forties. Music from nine-thirty to two. On Sundays from five to nine: the Music Complex Jazz Orchestra, also made up of studio musicians. Like the old territorial bands it resembles, it doesn't always get the right sound in the right place, but it has enthusiasm and several impressive soloists. The pianist **JAKI BYARD** acts as the leader. Chinese and American snacks.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—The senior member of the threesome that plays swing tunes in this tiny bar is **SONNY GREER**, who worked with Duke Ellington for more than thirty years, beginning in 1919. **RUSSELL PROCOPE** carries out his duties on the alto saxophone and clarinet with the gusto and smooth finesse that typified Ellington reeds (he joined Ellington in 1945). Twenty-three-year-old **BROOKS KERR**, a stride stylist and an Ellington scholar, sits at the piano between Greer and Procope, and helps generate the excitement. Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three. Alto saxophonist **LEE KONITZ**, bassist John Beal, and pianist Dick Katz take over Mondays and Tuesdays, from ten to three. Pianist **AL HAIG**, guitarist Sam Brown, and bassist Jamil Nasser collaborate on Sundays from four-thirty to nine-thirty. Mondays through Saturdays Haig plays solo piano from six to nine.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is sixty-four, his hair is whitish, and he wears thick glasses, but the old drive is still there. His accompanists—Dick Katz or Cyril Haynes on piano, Eddie Locke on drums, Major Holley on bass, Joe Muranyi on reeds, and Bobby Pratt on trombone—provide camouflage for Eldridge during the early part of the evening and ballast during the later part. Music from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Max Kaminsky is in charge of a group of musical archivists from eight until two.

JIM SMITH'S VILLAGE CORNER, 142 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (473-9762)—A pentagonal, high-ceilinged corner bar with an abundance of old, dark wood and mirrors. Pianist Al Dailey takes on the keyboard chores through Saturday, June 21, replacing resident pianist Lance Hayward; Hayward returns on Monday, June 23. Jim Roberts is still the Wednesday-night pianist, and on Sundays, Jane Valentine contributes vocals. Music from nine-thirty to three.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Nothing about the way **RED NORVO** plays the xylophone and the vibraharp has changed; the delicate, quiet style, with its whispering runs and spidery double-time figures and love of melody, is intact. On hand with him are pianist Hank Jones, bassist Milt Hinton, and drummer Mousey Alexander. Music from nine-fifteen to one. Closed Sundays; on Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A restaurant on the tag end of a one-story, mall-like building that also houses a five-and-ten and other shops, and that looks like an afterthought sitting in the midst of upper West Side high-rise urban renewal. Bassist Gordon Edwards takes a capable quintet through some refined, unadulterated, and intricately laid-back rhythm-and-blues from ten until three, Wednesday and Thursday, June 18-19, and Monday and Tuesday, June 23-24. Friday through Sunday, June 20-22 and Wednesday through Sunday, June 25-29, vibraharpist Roy Ayers works with a quintet.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Son of the Bitter End. John Phillips and Genevieve Waite, a campy musical-comedy team, perform through Sunday, June 22. Ronee Blakley, an adored country-and-Western singer who can be seen undergoing a nervous breakdown in the film "Nashville," begins singing some of her fine compositions on Wednesday, June 25. Shows at nine and midnight.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Lainie Kazan is the show (every night, except Sunday, at nine-fifteen and eleven-thirty), but that doesn't really matter. One goes to the Rainbow Grill to dig the Rainbow Grill, which is the only night club in the world one would immediately move into, given the chance. On Monday, June 23, **EARL HINES**, who assembled his first big band more than fifty years ago in Pittsburgh, at nineteen, brings in his current sextet with vocalist Marva Josie. Dining and dancing.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—**SY OLIVER'S** band plays for dancing and listening on this sterling rooftop, from seven, every night but Sunday. Dinner.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Singers Dana Gillespie and Steve Satten trade sets for a pleasant mishmash of glitter, business suits, and bluejeans through Saturday, June 21. On Tuesday, June 24, Captain and Tennille, an L.A. husband-and-wife singing duo, begin a stint here. Shows at nine and midnight. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dinner. Closed Sundays.

ST. JAMES INFIRMARY, 22 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (675-1343)—A jazz hideaway situated in a properly sombre basement but with an uplifting décor—a colorful wall of Art Deco cutouts and bright, white tablecloths. **CHET BAKER**, who seems to have found a second home here (away from his Monday and Tuesday residence at Stryker's), is present playing trumpet, occasionally singing, and generally drumming up business for this worthy little establishment; Wednesdays through Saturdays. Pianist and proprietor Hod O'Brian, bassist Cameron Brown, and drummer Beaver Harris ably support Baker. On Sundays, the O'Brian-Brown-Harris trio is on its own; and on Mondays, **JOE LEE WILSON** sings with support from saxophonist Monty Waters and his combo. Music from about ten. Closed Tuesdays.

STRYKER'S, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A dark but friendly and attractive little upper West Side outpost where one can hear live jazz (and recorded soul, rhythm-and-blues, and similar Motown fare on its jukebox). Mondays and Tuesdays offer cool and placid **CHET BAKER** and his young, enthusiastic musical coterie. On Wednesday, June 18, **LEE KONITZ** heads up a *nonet; and on* Thursday, June 19, trumpeter **HOWARD MCGHEE'S** quartet takes over. Fridays and Saturdays have been claimed by guitarist Eddie Hazell and his trio. Sunday night is **CHUCK WAYNE** and **JOE PUMA** guitar-duet night. Music Mondays through Thursdays from nine-thirty to two; Fridays and Saturdays from nine-thirty until three; Sundays from nine until two.

STUDIO 77 / ALI'S ALLEY, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—A simple, unpretentious, but enormous music room converted from a ground-floor SoHo loft. The space, adorned with very large, colorful posters and other wall hangings, is devoted to the weighty and intense music of **RASHIED ALI** and his quintet—bassist Benny Wilson; saxophonist James Vass; pianist Charles Eubanks; Alim Mustasta, tenor sax; and blues singer Royal Blue. Music for the adventurous Tuesdays through Sundays from ten to three. Soft drinks.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Those who might mistake this exurban-looking establishment for a natural-foods vegetarian-hash house and, as a result, be put off will be pleased to learn that it is not only an exemplary restaurant and bar but a first-rate listening room. John Abercrombie, a young up-and-coming, way-out guitarist, works with pianist Mike Nock and bassist Rick Laird through Sunday, June 22. On Wednesday, June 25, all sorts of young, fresh-faced guitarists and would-be guitarists (there seem to be a lot of guitar cases amid the tables and chairs) will begin filling up the house to hear **JIM HALL**, who'll be assisted by bassist Jack Six. The hours run from nine on Wednesdays and Thursdays, from ten on Fridays and Saturdays, and from eight on Sundays.

TANGERINE, 1057 Lexington Ave., at 75th St. (861-2521)—**ELLIS LARKINS** has landed in this bar-and-grill that echoes the thirties and forties, and is wheeling out his feathered and bejewelled Art Tatum ruminations on an in-tune upright. The fine Wilbur Little is on bass. Be advised that though Larkins' playing is mighty his sets are mini. Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten until three.

TIN PALACE, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-0566)—This establishment, despite its Bowery address, is not a Bowery bar. The clientele is, for the most part, an artsy crowd—an especially congested one after ten-thirty, when the music begins—of loft dwellers and musicians, and some listeners who don't live in lofts. On Wednesdays and Thursdays, **ATTILA ZOLLER**, a fine guitarist, leads a trio; Fridays and Saturdays are set aside for drummer **ROY HAYNES** and his youthful, energetic quintet, the Hip Ensemble. **LEE KONITZ** travels downtown with the eight other musicians in his nonet for Sunday-night sessions here. Dinner.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—This medieval-looking on-again, off-again music fortress presents rhapsodic pianist Ahmad Jamal, who heads up a quintet nightly, except Mondays, from ten to two.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Tenor saxophonist **PHAROAH SANDERS**, a musical humanist-explorer who has been there and back, finishes a week of moving performances with his exemplary quintet on Sunday, June 22. On Tuesday, June 24, **RON CARTER**, the bassist's bassist, descends the murky stairway with a quartet. Mondays continue to be **GIL EVANS** night as pianist, composer, and sage Evans leads his thoroughly up-to-date, talented, and percussive big band. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A hanging tetrahedron made of plastic straws and pipe cleaners, stained glass windows, and nicely constructed jazz by piano-bass duos help this restaurant sustain the interest its kitchen formerly aroused. Music from eight to two. Dinner.

WEST END CAFÉ, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—It's no wonder that this wood- and brick-walled beer-and-hamburger haunt serves as an extracurricular, off-campus student union—Columbia University is, after all, just across the street. What is noteworthy about the student population here is its undeniable but by no means square appreciation of thirties and forties jazz. Visiting musical professors have their say on the sub-

Charles Kuralt has pioneered a field of network television journalism in which he is still alone. His special kind of investigative reporting focuses on quality of life in the countryside, on creeds and customs, crafts and pastimes—and on places that produce much salt of the earth.

Kuralt brings a warm eye to the small event, and a good ear to the small talk of Main Street and country lanes. While earthquakes, bombings, and daily crises command the big headlines, Kuralt reports on sugaring-off time in the maple country, sponge-fishing in Florida, a ghost town in California, and a one-room schoolhouse in Louisiana. To prepare his report for the "CBS Evening News with Walter Cronkite," he leads a nomadic camera crew on an annual trek of some 40,000 miles.

Kuralt explores an integrity secured in lasting values. He finds half-full the glass that others find half-empty. Flag-waving is not his style; but his images of America may excite more good feeling about the country than a parade of fife and drum corps.

A national small-town paper...Mark Twain with a microphone...Currier and Ives with a camera—"On the Road with Charles Kuralt" is all of these—a unique institution.

HOW CAN HE BE SO FAMOUS WHEN HE NEVER MAKES THE FRONT PAGE?

CBS NEWS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28

ject every night of the week: On Monday, June 23, one-time Basie saxophonist Earle Warren pilots a quartet known as the Warren Court. On Tuesdays, Eddie Durham, a trombonist and one of the very first jazz guitarists (he took up the instruments in the twenties), pianist Ram Ramirez, trumpeter Franc Williams, and drummer Shelton Gary perform. Wednesdays and Thursdays, **TINY GRIMES**, a bluesy, bebopping four-string guitarist who played with Art Tatum and recorded with Charlie Parker in the forties, frolics with a trio. A bop quintet takes the stand on Fridays, and on Saturdays and Sundays **JO JONES**, Paul Quinichette, and Ram Ramirez let loose some oldies. The music starts at nine. All this and student food at student prices.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS

NEWPORT JAZZ FESTIVAL-NEW YORK—The opening performances (all at Carnegie Hall) in a ten-day series that will be taking place in four halls and on a ferryboat. For information about tickets to anything, anywhere, call 787-2020. First out of the starting gate, on Friday, June 27, at 7:30: "The New York Jazz Repertory Company Plays the Music of Bix Beiderbecke," with Panama Francis, Milt Hinton, Dill Jones, Jimmy McPartland, Marian McPartland, Bucky Pizzarelli, Zoot Sims, Warren Vaché, Joe Venuti, and others. . . . ¶ Friday, June 27, at 11:30: "A Jam Session with the New York Jazz Repertory Company," with Lisle Atkinson, Cecil Payne, Billy Taylor, Freddie Waits, Jimmy Owens, and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 28, at 8: "Tribute to Mahalia Jackson," with Marion Williams, the J. C. White Singers, Dorothy Love Coates, and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 28, at midnight: "Schlitz Presents Midnight at the Oasis," with Maria Muldaur, Milt Hinton, Benny Carter's All-Stars, Hank Jones, Grady Tate, Frank Wess, and others. Once again, for information about tickets to any of this, call 787-2020.

RENAISSANCE—Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Friday through Sunday, June 20-22, at 8.

EDDIE AND CHARLIE PALMIERI—With others. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, June 21, at 8.)

DAVE JASEN (RAGTIME PIANO) and **MIKE LIPSKIN (HARLEM STRIDE PIANO)**—New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Sunday, June 22, at 3, 4, and 5. No tickets necessary.

ROLLING STONES—Madison Square Garden. Sunday through Friday, June 22-27, at 8.

A RETROSPECTIVE OF AMERICAN POPULAR MUSIC FROM THE TURN OF THE CENTURY TO GERSHWIN—Joan Morris, soprano; William Bolcom, piano; and Robert Kimball, commentator. (City University Graduate Center Auditorium, 33 W. 42nd St. Tuesday, June 24, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

SMOKEY ROBINSON and **THELMA HOUSTON**—Carnegie Hall. Thursday, June 26, at 7:30.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

KERMIT ADLER—Watercolors of food (outsize strawberries, for instance, and cookies and milk) and flowers; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, June 21. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

WINSTON BRANCH—Abstract oils; first one-man show in New York. Through July 3. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

MARC CHAGALL—Graphics, plus six paintings. Through June 30. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

JANET CULBERTSON—A series of large ink-and-charcoal drawings that have a curiously pebbled-looking surface quality and involve the female figure. Through Saturday, June 28. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

GEORGE GROSZ (1883-1959)—A selection of watercolors and ink drawings from the Berlin period (prurient Prussians, mostly), and a few domesticated-looking oil portraits of the same era. Through Saturday, June 28. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

ALBERTO MAGNELLI (1888-1971)—Examples of his early figurative paintings, as well as abstractions from later periods. Through Saturday, June 28. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

REUBEN NAKIAN—Bronze and terra-cotta figures, plus some drawings, by this well-known Expressionist sculptor. Through July 2. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

NORMAN ROCKWELL—A benefit loan show of his slick, all-American magazine-cover designs, oil sketches, and other works. Through Saturday, June 28. (Gallery 1020, 1020 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Open Mondays.)

DAVID SMYTH—Eleven drawings, done with a few ruled pastel strokes on a dark background. Through July 31. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

JEAN XCERON (1890-1967)—Neat, small-scale abstract watercolors, and a few larger oils. Through Saturday, June 28. (Zarre, 20 E. 69th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ACQUAVELLA**, 18 E. 79th St.: Sculptures by Willard Boepple, David Smith, and Anthony Caro, together with paintings by Olitski, Matta, and others. Through July 31. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **ALEXANDER**, 26 E. 78th St.: Prints by James McNeill Whistler, Childe Hassam, Mary Nimmo, and Thomas Moran, on loan from the Cooper-Hewitt Museum of Design. Through Friday, June 27. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **ALONZO**, 26 E. 63rd St.: Works in various mediums by Lionel Gilbert, Frank Metz, Alice Valenstein, and others. Through July 31. . . . **BORGENICHT**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Small-scale landscapes by March Avery, John MacWhinnie, Paul Resika, and numerous other painters. Through Friday, June 20. . . . **ELKON**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Painters and sculptors whose recent work is on exhibit include John Wesley, Charles Arnoldi, and Isaac Witkin. Through July 31. . . . **FORUM**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by five new talents. Through Friday, June 27. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **GIMPEL**, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings completed in the forties and fifties by eight first-generation Abstract Expressionists from the New York School: Brooks, Gottlieb, Gorky, Hofmann, Kline, Pollock, Reinhardt, and Tomlin. Through July 18. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **KNOEDLER CONTEMPORARY ART**, 19 E. 70th St.: Paintings by a group including Motherwell, Stella, and Poons. Through July 31. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: Paintings by Pierre Alechinsky, Horst Antes, Asger Jorn, and other gallery artists. Through Friday, June 27. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **NICHOLLS**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: "Flora and Fauna," a show of cartoons, magazine-cover designs, and watercolors by Charles Addams, Peter Arno, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, Mary Petty, George Price, Charles Saxon, William Steig, James Stevenson, and Barney Tobey. Through July 18. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5.) . . . **PHOENIX**, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.: Paintings and sculptures by all the members of this artists' coöperative, among them Jill Spelman, Phillip Schreibman, and Barbara Phillips Perle. Through July 3. . . . **RAYDON**, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: An exhibition in honor of the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the National Academy of Design, with works covering the full span of years by artists associated with the academy. They include A. H. Wyant, Hiram Powers, and William Glackens. Through July 31. . . . **SCHOELKOPF**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: The gallery is showing realist works by painters who have not had solo shows. Through July 11. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **SHEPHERD**, 21 E. 84th St.: Odd bits of nineteenth-century French figurative art, with smatterings of Ingres, Chassériau, Puvis de Chavannes, and so on. Through Saturday, June 28. . . . **STONE**, 48 E. 86th St.: Works in a variety of mediums. Through June 30. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **WEYHE**, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: Paintings and sculptures by Maurer, Ganso, Maillol, and others. Through July 31. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

EDWARD HICKS (1780-1849)—A benefit loan exhibition of paintings by the American folk artist, who turned out sixty or more versions of the Peacable [*sic*] Kingdom, several of which are included here. Through Saturday, June 28. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HANS HOFMANN (1880-1966)—Late paintings. Through Friday, June 27. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

CLAUDIO MARZOLLO—Mirrored shadow boxes filled with orderly patterns of small geometric objects—cubes, balls, parallelepipeds—that glow and glimmer in the dark, changing colors and intensity in an arhythmic pattern of light. Through Friday, June 27. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

YVONNE MULLER—Large abstracts: waterfalls of color, mostly muted in tone. First solo show in New York. Through Friday, June 27. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

ISAMU NOGUCHI—Polished and sandblasted stainless-steel sculptures, 1958-74. Through Friday, June 27. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

LEON POLK SMITH—New hard-edge paintings and collages. Through Friday, June 20. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ARRAS**, 29 W. 57th St.: Tapestries, sculptures, and paintings by Norman Laliberté, Kosso Eloul, Jeff Hoare, and others. Through Sept. 5. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **ESMAN**, 29 W. 57th St.: A showing of works by gallery artists who will have one-man shows here later in the year, among them William Fares (geometric abstractions), Ed Kerns (collages), and Nina Yankowitz, who is represented by a painting done in rows of colorful acrylic drippings (they look like musical notations) on a coarsely woven, unstretched fabric. Through July 31. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **FRUMKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: Regular gallery artists, among them Philip Pearlstein and Joan Brown, along with guest exhibitors. Through July 31. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **HAMMER**, 51 E. 57th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century drawings (one or two apiece by each artist), with examples by, among others, Mary Cassatt and Eugène Boudin. Through July 3. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **KENNEDY**, 40 W. 57th St.: The American West depicted in various mediums by Charles M. Russell, Frederic Remington, and others. Through July 3. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by such artists as Margit Varga, William Palmer, and Robert Vickrey. Through July 31. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **SACHS**, 29 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures, most of them never shown before, by gallery regulars, among them Jillian Denby, Stephen Pace, and Jackie Ferrara. Through Thursday, June 26. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **SCHAEFER**, 41 E. 57th St.: Contemporary Aubusson tapestries by (for instance) Sonia Delaunay, Alexander Calder, and Man Ray. Through July 31. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **ZABRISKIE**, 29 W. 57th St.: Three artists (Lloyd Hamrol, Anne Healy, and Athena Tacha), who usually show outdoor sculptures, are here exhibiting models, studies, slides, and photographs of their projects. Through July 31. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

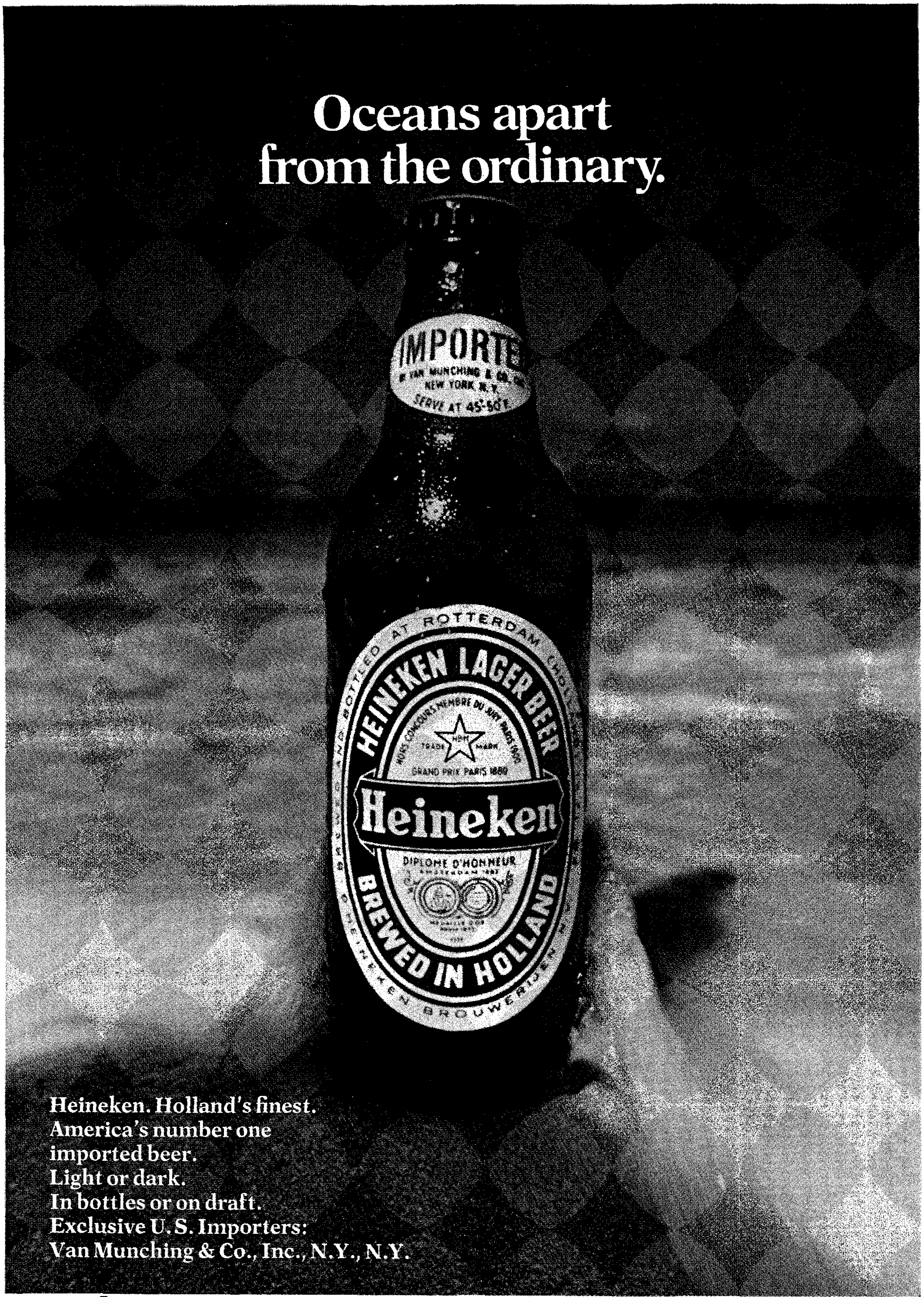
STEPHEN ANTONAKOS—Vibrant-colored neon tubing is used in these simple, geometric wall sculptures, which cut a fine figure on a solid-white background. Through Wednesday, June 25. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

H. AOKI—A series of paintings of maps in which various bits of Vermont topography are superimposed on Manhattan Island. Through Thursday, June 26. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

PETER CAPURSO / PETER VAN DER DOES—Large, neatly balanced designs involving conventionalized elements (water, bricks, turtles). / Sombre abstracts achieved by mixing roofing tar with sand or sawdust and applying it to board. Through Saturday, June 28. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

M. C. ESCHER (1898-1972)—A show (entrance

Oceans apart from the ordinary.


IMPORTED
VAN MUNCHING & CO., INC.
NEW YORK, N.Y.
SERVE AT 45°-50°F.
BOTTLED AT ROTTERDAM HOLLAND
HEINEKEN LAGER BEER
GRAND PRIX PARIS 1889
Heineken
DIPLOME D'HONNEUR
BREWED IN HOLLAND
HEINEKEN BROUWERIJEN

Heineken. Holland's finest.
America's number one
imported beer.
Light or dark.
In bottles or on draft.
Exclusive U.S. Importers:
Van Munching & Co., Inc., N.Y., N.Y.

Heineken tastes tremendous–no wonder it's number one.

Introducing the paint color system that keeps you from getting a lemon.

Imagine. The first lemon-proof selection system.

Every color's arranged according to family. Blue-greens, pinks and reds, yellows, oranges and 18 others, including neutrals and soft pastels.

Meaning they're all where they ought to be at last. In easy-to-find, easy-to-compare groups instead of scattered, helter-skelter, through a thousand and one paint chips.

What's more, for once you've got a range of real choices in every family. Thirty-six of them. All the way from bright, clear colors to the deep, rich variety, both muted and otherwise.

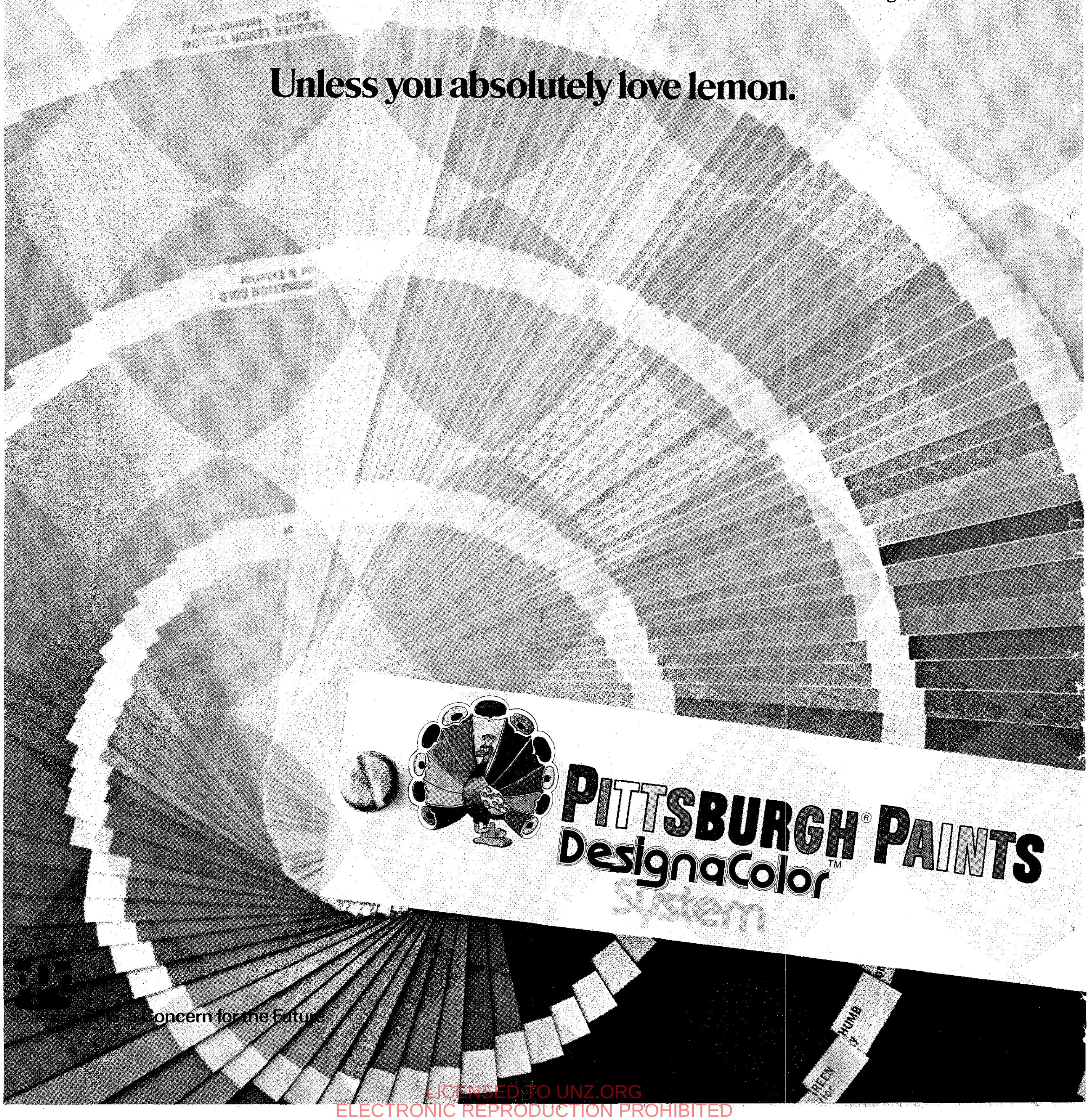
Precisely 792 very stylish colors all told, on paint chips large enough not to leave the outcome to your imagination. Yours in an equally revolutionary paint called *Microflo*™ WALLHIDE® that really brings out the color's beauty.

So naturally, picking the right color isn't a hit-or-miss proposition anymore. It's as easy as finding your nearest Pittsburgh Paints retailer in the Yellow Pages.

When you get a lemon from us, it'll be on purpose.

PPG Industries, Inc., One Gateway Center, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15222.

Unless you absolutely love lemon.



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28

fee: $1) of original prints, many of them being seen here for the first time, by this Dutch artist. Through Sept. 30. (Vorpal, 465 West Broadway. Open Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Gisela Fischer—Drawings in mixed mediums, some incorporating cast cement; first solo show in New York. Through Saturday, June 21. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

Marcia Hafif—Large color-field paintings, including one done directly on the wall. Through July 31. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Don Johnson / James Torlakson—Stuffed, sewn, and painted works based on the theme of fishing. / Photo-Realist watercolors depicting various vehicles in urban settings. Through Wednesday, June 25. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Beverly Pepper—Three big, angular steel sculptures, plus models and photographs of other works by this artist. Through Friday, June 27. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)...¶ Three large pieces. Through Sept. 15. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

Group Shows—At the **CALDWELL**, 383 West Broadway: A huge checkerboard pattern in bright colors, ten feet high and thirty feet long, by Robert Swain, dominates a showing of paintings and drawings by gallery artists. Through Saturday, June 28.... **COOPER**, 155 Wooster St.: Jennifer Bartlett, Edwin Ruda, and Joel Shapiro are among the artists showing paintings and sculptures. Through Saturday, June 28.... **SOHO 20**, 99 Spring St.: A variety of mediums by nine invited women artists. Through Saturday, June 28. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)... **WEST-BROADWAY**, 431 West Broadway: Paintings, sculptures, and other works by such gallery members as Jeffrey Burtch, Wallace French, and Gabriele Roos. Through Wednesday, June 25.

OTHER GALLERIES

Anne Tabachnick—Paintings and drawings of still-lifes and landscapes. Through June 30. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Manuel Alvarez Bravo—Photographs taken during the last fifty years by a Mexican artist. Through Saturday, June 28. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Open Thursday evenings until 8.)

Paul Diamond / Bernard Pierre Wolff—Autobiographical photographs. / Photographs of India by a French-born artist who makes his home here. Through July 3. (Midtown Y Gallery, 344 E. 14th St. Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

Françoise Nicolas Fried / Janet Garstka—Dye transfers. / Color photographs. Through Friday, June 20. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Eikoh Hosoe / David Freund—A series of narrative landscapes taken in Japan, most of them including a man costumed and made up as a Kabuki actor. / Suburban views of houses and trees. Through Saturday, June 28. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Irving Penn—Fourteen large platinum-print portraits, all done between 1972 and 1974, of cigar and cigarette butts. Through Aug. 3. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Frederick Plaut—Photographs, some of them portraits, taken in many parts of the world. Through July 30. (Camera Club, 37 E. 60th St. Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 6.)

W. Eugene Smith and Aileen M. Smith—An exhibition chronicling the long struggle of the victims of "Minamata disease"—mercury poisoning from industrial wastes dumped into the sea—to get reparation from the plastics company responsible. Through June 29. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays.)

Dan Williams—Prints of the human figure and landscapes, based on social themes. Through July 16. (Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St. Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Group Shows—At the **METROPOLITAN MUSEUM**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.: A survey of landscape photography—on loan from many institutions—of the American West, 1860-85, with examples by Carlton E. Watkins, Timothy H. O'Sullivan, Eadweard Muybridge, A. J. Russell, William Henry Jackson, and William Bell. Also on view are such items as a glass-plate camera from the period and stereo cards mounted in hand-operated viewers. Through July 6. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)... **SCHOELKOPF**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: The subject of the sixty photographs in this group show is the Middle East in the last century. Through July 11. (Closed Saturdays.)... **SOHO PHOTO**, 30 W. 13th St.: An exhibition on varied themes by nine artists. Through June 29. (Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7 P.M. to 9 P.M.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibition—part of a cultural exchange with Russia—of artifacts recovered from tombs of pre-Christian nomadic cultures. Included are ornate Scythian gold carvings (almost all for personal adornment) and objects of bronze, wood, felt, horn, and iron. Through July 13....¶ Recent paintings, among them eight large triptychs, by the contemporary British artist Francis Bacon. Through June 29....¶ "French Painting 1774-1830: The Age of Revolution," an exhibition jointly organized by the museum, the National Museums of France, and the Detroit Institute of Arts to bring together works by famous artists of this period (Ingres, Delacroix, and David, for instance) and those by comparatively obscure painters. Through Sept. 7.... ¶ Twenty-four bronze representations of Buddhist and Hindu deities, from India, Pakistan, and Southeast Asia, dating from the fourth century to the thirteenth. Through Aug. 31....¶ "Romantic and Glamorous Hollywood Design," a show of costumes worn by such film stars as Mary Pickford, Katharine Hepburn, and Barbra Streisand. Through Aug. 31....¶ An exhibition of landscape photography of the American West. Through July 6. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of the sculptures of the British abstractionist Anthony Caro, including about thirty large-scale pieces (mainly painted steel) and a few table pieces. Through July 6....¶ An exhibition of photographs by Irving Penn. Through Aug. 3. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)... **NOTE:** The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 10. Casual entertainment Fridays and Saturdays at 8: folk stuff, recitals, and such.

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A loan survey of the works on paper (gouaches, mostly) of Marc Chagall, supplemented by fourteen oils (half of them borrowed from other institutions). Through Sept. 28....¶ An exhibit from the museum's collection of works completed in the sixties and seventies by Americans, among them Dan Flavin, Agnes Martin, and Jack Tworkov. Through Sept. 7. (Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A restoration—in spirit, anyway—of the old, Eighth Street, Whitney is the setting for a survey of American painting from 1900 to 1932. The exhibition traces the development of the museum since its inception in Mrs. Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney's Studio Club, where members of The Eight and later luminaries, like Guy Pène du Bois, Edward Hopper, George Bellows, and Reginald Marsh, gathered for evening sketch classes. As time went on, the Whitney Museum became *the* channel for the mainstream of American art, and practically all the masterpieces of that early era are on view here. Through Sept. 3....¶ The influence of the sea and the shore on artists is the subject of a show of works (seventeenth century to twentieth), ranging from folk art to oil paintings, with examples by Winslow Homer, Robert Salmon, and others. Through Sept. 9.... ¶ Twentieth-century drawings (including watercolors) from the museum's collection, by George Ault, Georgia O'Keeffe, Alexander Calder, and others. Through July 13.... ¶ Oils by Jo Baer. Through July 13. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Tuesday evenings, 6 to 10, with no admission charge; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A loan show of about fifty-five Japanese screen and scroll paintings from the fourteenth century through the nineteenth. Through Aug. 10.... ¶ Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American paintings by, among others, Thomas Cole, Arthur B. Davies, and Albert Pinkham Ryder. Through June 29....¶ More than a hundred prints, all of them acquisitions of retiring curator Jo Miller, with works by Bonnard, Hockney, Henry Moore, and others. Through Aug. 31....¶ Fourteenth- to sixteenth-century Southeast Asian ceramics. Through Aug. 31. (Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A loan show of works (paintings, sculptures, pottery, textiles, for example) by contemporary artists from nine African countries. Through Aug. 17....¶ A loan exhibit of thirty handwoven Egyptian tapestries. Through July 20. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—More than a hundred and twenty-five drawings, most of them being shown for the first time, by a pivotal figure in American painting, Benjamin West (1738-1820). Among the works on display are the preliminary sketches for many of his historical and religious paintings, as well as drawings by his son Raphael Lamar West....¶ Thirty recent acquisitions to the Mary Flagler Cary Music Collection, including the manuscripts for Brahms' "Hungarian Dances," and John Cage's "Three Dances." Both exhibitions through July 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"How Grim Was My City" is an exhibition of photographs, documents, and objects intended to show that late-nineteenth-century New York was not the charming place that art and nostalgia have created but was a city of "grinding poverty, decimating disease, intolerable housing, filth, congestion, and crime."...¶ An exhibit, including paintings, drawings, and costumes, celebrating great women of the New York stage. Both exhibitions through Sept. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—"Three Centuries of the American Nude," an exhibition stretching from a few works on classical themes by West, Peale, and Copley to the Pop and superrealist work of Ramos, Rivers, Wesselmann, de Andrea, and Pearlstein. Through July 13....¶ Contemporary Spanish painters. Through June 29. (Wednesdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibit (from the library's Berg Collection) centered on Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Robert Browning and containing first editions, autograph manuscripts and letters, and related memorabilia. Through Nov. 1. (Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

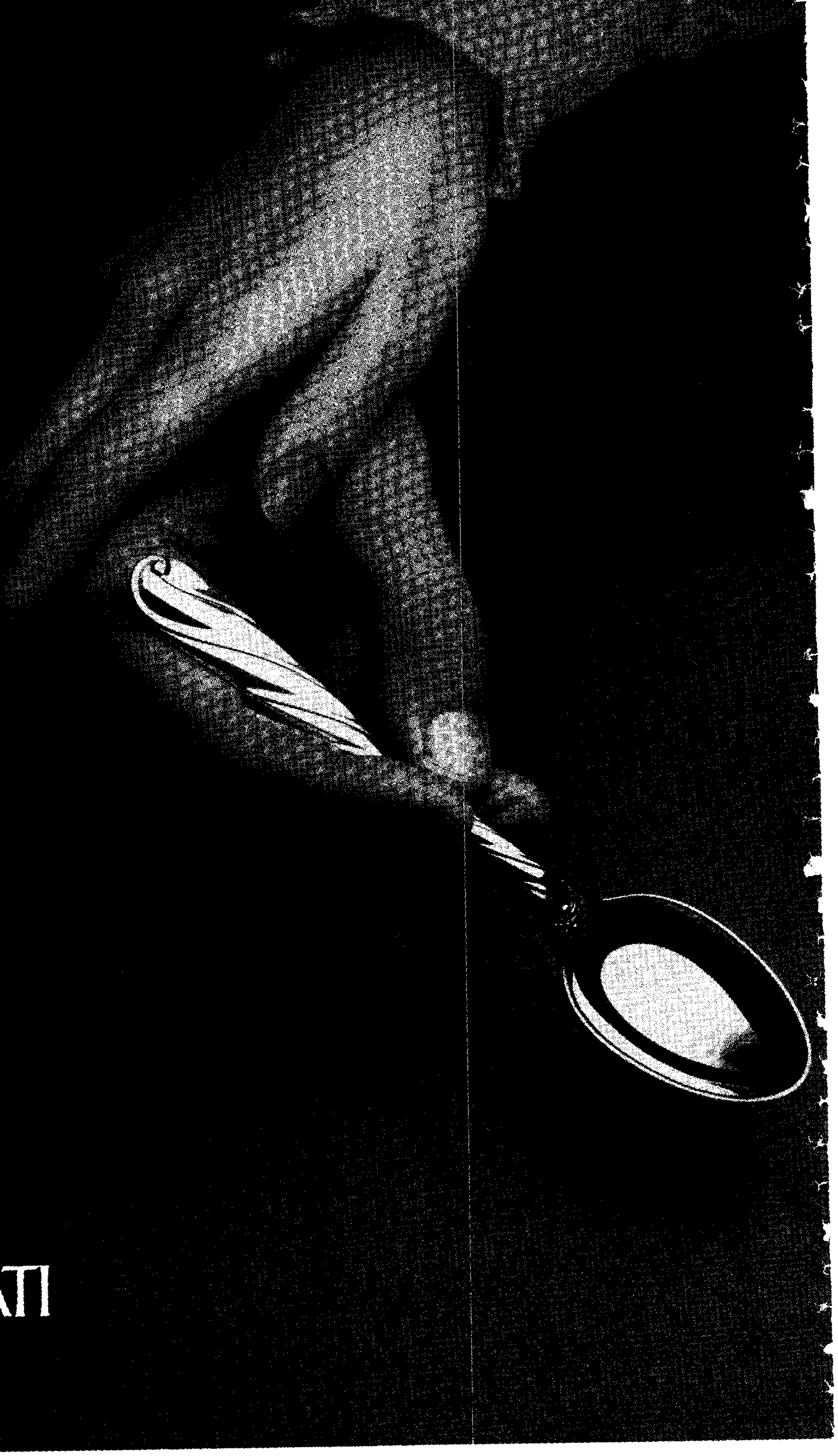
Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Paintings and drawings by a realist, Arthur Coppedge. Through June 30.... ¶ Photographs by Dan Williams. Through July 16. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall is TR 4-2424 and for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459.)

Bolshoi Opera—Opening performances in a four-week engagement that will run through Saturday, July 19, by this company of four hundred and fifty (including its chorus and orchestra), appearing here for the first time. Wednesday evening, June 25: "Boris Godunov."...¶ Thursday evening, June 26: "The Gambler."...¶ Friday evening, June 27, and Saturday matinée, June 28: "Eugene Onegin."...¶ Saturday evening, June 28: "Boris Godunov." (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-

How it feels in your hand is the ultimate test.



The Buccellati collection of twenty-two sterling silverware patterns spans the entire spectrum of design from the early classic to the contemporary.

Buccellati has long been recognized as a master among silversmiths. This collection reaffirms his unique talent to combine the beauty of design with the function of silverware.

Buccellati sterling: sculptured to please the eye: designed to please the hand. Balance a Buccellati spoon: the movement flows from the wrist. Feel how the fork becomes an extension of the fingers. Lift the knife: see how the blade compliments the boldness of the handle. A blade designed to cut, not mutilate.

The teaspoon he is holding is Torchon. Totally hand made. Totally Buccellati.

Hold a Buccellati in your hand. Compare it against any other silverware. Isn't that the ultimate test?

BUCCELLATI

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Hold Buccellati in your hand at the following stores:

ALABAMA Bromberg & Co., *Birmingham, Hoover, Huntsville, Montgomery*
J. Goldstein & Sons, *Mobile*
ARIZONA Grunewald & Adams, *Phoenix, Tucson*
B. D. Howes & Son, *Scottsdale*
ARKANSAS Kazuko Oriental Arts, *Little Rock*
CALIFORNIA Geary's, *Beverly Hills*
Gump's, *San Francisco*
J. Herbert Hall Jewellers, *Pasadena, Puente Hills Mall, Santa Ana, Santa Anita Fashion Park, South Coast Plaza, Westminster Mall, Woodland Hills*
B. D. Howes, *Palm Springs, Santa Barbara*
Jessop Jewelers, *Chula Vista, Escondido, La Jolla, La Mesa, San Diego*
Rorke's, *Burlingame*
Shreve's, *Concord, Palo Alto, San Mateo, San Francisco, Walnut Creek*
COLORADO The Habitat, Inc., *Aurora*
CONNECTICUT Bernie Fields Jewelers, *Middletown*
Lux, Bond, Green & Stevens, *Hartford*
Tilden-Thurber, *Mystic*
The Whitney Shop, *New Canaan*
DELAWARE J. E. Caldwell Co., *Wilmington*
D. C. Martin's of Georgetown, *Washington*
Chas. Schwartz & Son, *Washington*
FLORIDA Home & Hobby House, *Orlando, Winter Park*
Owen-Cotter, *St. Petersburg*
Sobering's, *Boca Raton, Delray Beach*
GEORGIA Neiman-Marcus, *Atlanta*
Charles Willis, Inc., *Atlanta*
HAWAII B. D. Howes & Son, *Honolulu*
IDAHO Angleton, *Boise*
ILLINOIS The Ginny Lee, *Decatur*
C. D. Peacock, *Chicago, Hawthorne Mall, Hubbard Woods, Oakbrook, Old Orchard, River Oaks, Woodfield*
INDIANA Kruckemeyer & Cohn – *Evansville*
KENTUCKY C.H.R. Lyon, Inc., *Louisville*
LOUISIANA Coleman E. Adler & Sons, *New Orleans*
The Gate House, *Shreveport*
MARYLAND A. H. Fetting Co., *Baltimore, Towson*
MASSACHUSETTS Shreve, Crump & Low Co., *Boston, Chestnut Hill*
MICHIGAN Artisans, *Ann Arbor*
E. A. Rood & Co., *Grand Rapids*
Charles W. Warren, *Eastland Shopping Center, Harper Woods, Somerset Mall, Troy*
MINNESOTA J. B. Hudson Jewelers, *Minneapolis, St. Paul, Rochester*
Nakashian-O'Neil Inc., *St. Paul*
MISSOURI Byron Cade, Inc., *Clayton*
Halls Plaza, *Kansas City*
NEBRASKA J. B. Hudson Jewelers, *Omaha*
NEW JERSEY Brielle China & Galleries, *Brielle*
J. E. Caldwell, *Moorestown*
Hamilton Jewelers, *Trenton*
La Vake, *Princeton*
NEW YORK Buccellati, *Fifth Avenue*
Lourdes, *Jefferson Valley*
Pitt Petri, *Amherst, Buffalo*
NORTH CAROLINA Elizabeth Bruns, Inc., *Charlotte*
NORTH DAKOTA Royal Jewelers, *Fargo*
OHIO H. M. Bailey, Inc., *Cleveland*
Charles Carolyne, Inc., *Youngstown*
Carriage House, *Canton*
Pogue's, *Cincinnati*
Shulan's Fairlawn, Inc., *Akron*
OKLAHOMA Hightower, *Oklahoma City*
OREGON Friedlander & Sons, *Washington Square*
Zell Brothers, *Portland*
PENNSYLVANIA J. E. Caldwell, *Harrisburg, Haverford, Philadelphia, Plymouth Meeting*
Wm. H. Diller, Inc., *West Reading*
Hardy & Hayes, *Pittsburgh*
PUERTO RICO Ambiance, *Old San Juan*
RHODE ISLAND Tilden-Thurber, *Newport, Providence, Warwick, Watch Hill*
SOUTH CAROLINA Design Haus, *Myrtle Beach*
Smithwick Jewelers, *Greenville*
TENNESSEE Michael Corzine, *Nashville*
TEXAS Benold's, *Austin*
Carlton House, *Houston*
Neiman-Marcus, *Dallas, Fort Worth, Houston*
Taylor Bros., *Corpus Christi*
UTAH Z.C.M.I., *Ogden, Orem, Salt Lake City*
VIRGINIA Keller & George, *Charlottesville*
Schwarzchild Jewelers, *Richmond*
WASHINGTON Friedlander & Sons, *Bellevue, Bremerton, Everette, Seattle, Tacoma*
WEST VIRGINIA C. F. Reuschlein, Inc., *Huntington*
WISCONSIN Bake's, *Green Bay*
E. W. Parker, *Madison*
George Watts & Son, Inc., *Milwaukee*

3880. Evenings at 7:30. Matinées at 1:30.)

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Pierre Boulez conducting a two-week series of "Rug Concerts," at 8. The orchestra is in the round (some of the audience is seated on the floor), and divided into varying sizes. Wednesday, June 18, orchestra of seventy (no soloists); Thursday, June 19, orchestra of thirty-five (with Ursula Oppens and André Michel Schub, pianos, and Richard Fitz and Gordon Gottlieb, percussion); Friday, June 20, orchestra of thirty-five (with Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano, and Gerard Schwarz, trumpet); Saturday, June 21, orchestra of seventy (no soloists); Sunday, June 22, orchestra of thirty-five (with Phyllis Bryn-Julson, soprano); Tuesday, June 24, orchestra of seventeen (with Peter Serkin, piano; Ida Kavafian, violin; Fred Sherry, cello; and Richard Stoltzman, clarinet); Thursday, June 26, orchestra of seventeen (with Myor Rosen, harp, and Miss Bryn-Julson); Friday, June 27, orchestra of ninety (no soloists); Saturday, June 28, orchestra of seventeen (with Igor Kipnis, harpsichord; Eliot Chapo, violin; Paige Brook, flute; and Julius Eastman, reciter); and Sunday, June 29, orchestra of ninety (no soloists).

Elaine Comparone—Harpsichord, in a program of music by the Bach family. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, June 18, at 8:30.)

Benefit Concert—Joseph Fuchs, violin; Maralin Niska, soprano; Judy Collins, folksinger; David Amram, French horn; Fred Sherry, cello; and others. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Friday, June 20, at 8. For information about tickets, call 247-2250.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Caramoor Festival—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 24—Saturday, June 28, at 8:30: Julius Rudel conducting the Caramoor Festival Orchestra, with Miriam Fried, violin. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 29, at 5:30: The Waverly Consort, in a program of music of Elizabethan England. (Katonah, N.Y. On Saturdays, buses leave from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, two hours before the scheduled times of the performances; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets and buses, call 914 232-4206.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Wednesday, June 18, at 8:15: Margot Fonteyn and the Chicago Ballet. . . . ¶ Friday, June 20, at 8:15: Herbie Mann and Joe Farrell. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 21, at 8:15: Ramsey Lewis and Stanley Turrentine. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 22, at 8:15: Benny Goodman. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 26, at 7: Eric Clapton and Santana. (Saratoga Springs. Through Monday, Sept. 1. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

American Dance Festival—Opening performances of the season—Thursday, June 26, at 8: Raymond Johnson and Ze'eva Cohen. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, June 27-28, at 8: Dance Theatre of Harlem. (Palmer Auditorium, Connecticut College, New London, Conn.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At Shea Stadium—**mets:** Vs. Pittsburgh, Friday, June 20, at 8:05; Saturday, June 21, at 2:15; and Sunday, June 22, at 2:05. . . . ¶ St. Louis, Monday, June 23, at 5:35 (twi-night doubleheader), and Tuesday and Wednesday, June 24-25, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Philadelphia, Friday, June 27, at 8:05, and Saturday, June 28, at about 2:15 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities will start at 1:30, and will include a couple of innings involving Joe DiMaggio, Willie Mays, Hank Greenberg, Eddie Mathews, Pee Wee Reese, Lou Boudreau, and other major-league stars of past years). . . . **yankees:** Vs. Milwaukee, Wednesday, June 18, at 8.

Racing—At **belmont:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1:30; through Saturday, July 26. The Coaching Club American Oaks, Saturday, June 21, and the Sheepshead Bay Handicap, Saturday, June 28. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 10:15 and 1, and Saturdays and Sundays between 10:15 and 1:15.). . . **monmouth park,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Oct. 4. . . . **atlantic city,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Monday, July 28. . . . **bowie,** Md.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, July 19. . . . **woodbine,** Toronto: The Queen's Plate, Saturday, June 28.

Soccer—New York Cosmos vs. Toronto. (Downing Stadium, Randall's Island. Wednesday, June 18, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 541-7290.)

Trotting—At **yonkers raceway:** Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, July 19. . . . **saratoga raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 15.

ET ALIA

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday and Thursday, June 18-19, at 10:15 and 2: Japanese works of art, including paintings, netsuke, and lacquerware; Japanese and Korean drawings; and Southeast Asian sculptures and other works of art. From many sources. . . . ¶ Friday, June 20, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese snuff bottles, from the collection of the late Alfred Chapin Rogers, plus Chinese paintings, decorations, and furniture, belonging to other collectors. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 24, at 10:15 and 2: Books and autographs, from a number of owners. Exhibition starts Thursday, June 19. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 25, at 2, and Thursday, June 26, at 10:15 and 2: Old Master and nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints, from various owners. Exhibition starts Thursday, June 19.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 472-1003, for news. The same number may be called for information about all free entertainment in the city.)

New York Shakespeare Festival—Sam Waterston in **hamlet,** directed by John Pasquin. The first of two plays to be presented by the troupe. Free performances start on Wednesday, June 18, and will run through Saturday, July 19. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Concerts, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 10. (First concert on Wednesday, June 18—in the event of rain, next evening—at 8; thereafter, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Sundays at 8.)

Wollman Rink—The Schaefer beer people's summer upheaval. Wednesday, June 18, at 7: Bob Marley and the Wailers. . . . ¶ Friday, June 20, at 7: Sensational Alex Harvey Band and Journey. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 21, at 7: Leslie West, Montrose, and Thee Image. . . . ¶ Monday, June 23, at 6:30: Ray Barretto, Willie Colon, and Tipica '73. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 25, at 7: Robert Klein and Jim Dawson. . . . ¶ Friday, June 27, at 7: Peter Frampton and the James Gang. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 28, at 7: Earl Scruggs, Emmylou Harris, and Fred Soles. (Through Saturday, Sept. 13. For information about tickets, call 249-8870; no tickets necessary for the performance on Friday, June 20.)

Rhythm on the River—The river is the Hudson, the vehicle is the S.S. Duchess, and the music (four hours' worth) on Wednesday, June 25, will be supplied by the Chambers Brothers and Elephant's Memory. (Boarding at Battery Park at 7. For information about tickets, call 541-4235.)

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of **oklahoma!,** with Thomas McKinney and Judith McCauley is this summer's production. Opens Thursday, June 26. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

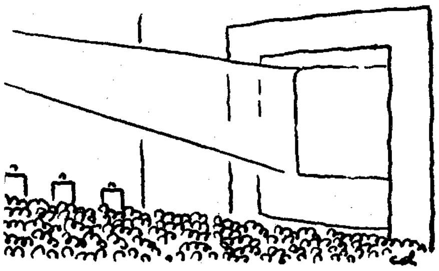
Walking Tour—"Wall Street," a conducted walking tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. Sunday, June 22, starting at the corner of Wall and Nassau Streets, at 2:30. For reservations, call LE 4-1672.

Flea Market—The New York Flea Market, at Sixth Ave. and 25th St., is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from noon to 7.

Deep Breathing—The roadways in Central Park are closed to automobiles in favor of strollers and bicyclists from 10 to 4 Mondays through Fridays, and from 7 to 10:30 Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, as well as all day Saturdays and Sundays.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Lancelot of the Lake."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through June 19: "Les Misérables" and "Men in White."
June 20-21: "Thousands Cheer" and "Strike Up the Band."
June 22-23: "The Great Waltz" and "The Merry Widow."
June 24-25: "Waterloo Bridge" and "Johnny Eager."
June 26: "Min and Bill," "Emma," and "Tillie's Punctured Romance."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through June 24: "Young Frankenstein" and "Drive, He Said."
From June 25: "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore" and "Mean Streets."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Saturday Night at the Baths."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through June 24: "Young Frankenstein."
From June 25: "A Brief Vacation."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"French Connection II."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through June 19: "The Eiger Sanction."
From June 20: "Jaws."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Return of the Pink Panther."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Love and Death."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"French Connection II."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
June 18: Theatre closed.
June 19: "Lord of the Flies" and "The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner."
June 20: "The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner" and "The Third Man."
June 21: "The Third Man" and "The Battle of the Sexes."
June 22: "The Battle of the Sexes" and "Ulysses."
June 23: "Ulysses" and "Negatives."
June 24: "Negatives" and "Faces."
From June 25: "The Jungle Book" and "Swiss Family Robinson."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Monty Python and the Holy Grail."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Nashville."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Fortune."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Saturday Night at the Baths."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Flesh Gordon" and "The Groove Tube."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
June 18: "The Landlord" and "Harold and Maude."
June 19: "The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz" and "Outback."
June 20: "Pound" and "Putney Swope."
June 21: "The Wild Child" and "Day for Night."
June 22: "The Conversation" and "The Rain People."
June 23: "Mean Streets" and "Boxcar Bertha."
June 24: "Harry & Tonto" and "Alex in Wonderland."
June 25: "Murder on the Orient Express" and "Serpico."
June 26: "Ludwig" and "The Stranger."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Day of the Locust."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Nashville."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through June 24: "Shampoo."
From June 25: To be announced.

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Through June 24: "Shampoo."
From June 25: To be announced.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Eiger Sanction."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Le Chat."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through June 24: "Funny Lady."
From June 25: "The Drowning Pool."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through June 24: "Stavisky."
From June 25: "A Brief Vacation."

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through June 24: "Blazing Saddles."
From June 25: To be announced.

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through June 24: "Stavisky."
From June 25: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through June 24: "Night Moves."
From June 25: "The Prisoner of Second Avenue."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through June 24: "Flesh Gordon" and "The Groove Tube."
From June 25: "The Eiger Sanction."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through June 19: "Breakout."
From June 20: "Jaws."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Once Is Not Enough."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Return of the Pink Panther."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Through June 24: "Mandingo."
From June 25: "Cooley High."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through June 24: "Cornbread, Earl and Me."
From June 25: "The Jungle Book" and "Swiss Family Robinson."

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (Separate admissions; call 674-2560 for particulars.)
June 18: "Two-Lane Blacktop"/"White Reindeer"/"Reflections."
June 19: "Two-Lane Blacktop"/"The Seven Samurai"/"Reflections."
June 20: "A Streetcar Named Desire"/"Barbarella"/"Reflections."
June 21: "Painters Painting"/"Reflections"/"Barbarella"/"A Streetcar Named Desire."
June 22: "Children of Paradise"/"Reflections"/"The Milky Way"/"A Streetcar Named Desire."
June 23: "Only Angels Have Wings"/"Open City"/"Reflections"/A program of Bob Cowan films.
June 24: "Only Angels Have Wings"/"The Emperor Jones"/"Reflections."
June 25: "Le Samourai"/"The Eagle," and one other film.
June 26: "Le Samourai"/"Open City"/A program of Saul Turell films, and one full-length film.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Shampoo."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through June 21: "And Now My Love."
From June 22: "Le Secret."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through June 24: "Flesh Gordon" and "The Groove Tube."
From June 25: "The Return of the Pink Panther."

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through June 24 at one or another of the theatres: "Stavisky" and "Breathless"/"A Brief Vacation" and "Something for Everyone"/"Nurith."... ¶ Through June 21: "Stage Door Canteen" and "To Be or Not to Be."... ¶ June 22-24: "The Southerner" and "Meet John Doe."
From June 25: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
June 18: "Five on the Black Hand Side" and "Cotton Comes to Harlem."
June 19: "Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion" and "Sacco and Vanzetti."
June 20-21: "Il Bidone" and "Fellini's Roma."
June 22: One performance, at noon, of "The Balcony."
June 22-23: "Il Bidone" and "The White Sheik."
June 24: "The Wages of Fear" and "La Prisonnière."
June 25: A program of old jazz shorts.
June 26: "King of Hearts" and "Minnie and Moskowitz."

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (869-1537)
"Crime and Punishment."

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Earthquake."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through June 25: "The Ra Expeditions" and "Pufnstuf."
From June 26: "Benji."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
Through June 25: "The Wind and the Lion."
From June 26: "Bite the Bullet."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
June 18: Theatre closed.
June 19-24: "Tommy."
From June 25: "Rollerball."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through June 24: "A Brief Vacation."
From June 25: "The Jungle Book" and "Swiss Family Robinson."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through June 24: "Young Frankenstein" and "The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob."
From June 25: "The Godfather, Part II."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through June 24: "The Passenger."
From June 25: "Tommy."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
June 18: "L'Amour Fou."
June 19: "The Life of O-Haru" and "Princess Yang Kwei Fei."
June 20: "Five Easy Pieces" and "Drive, He Said."
June 21: "Scenes from a Marriage" and "The Passion of Anna."
June 22: "The Boy Friend" and "Gold Diggers of 1933."
June 23: "A Woman Is a Woman" and "My Life to Live."
June 24: "The Eternal Return" and "Testament of Orpheus."
June 25: "Eléna et les Hommes" and "La Marseillaise."
June 26: "An American Tragedy" and "Crime and Punishment."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through June 21: "Le Secret."
From June 22: "Charlotte."

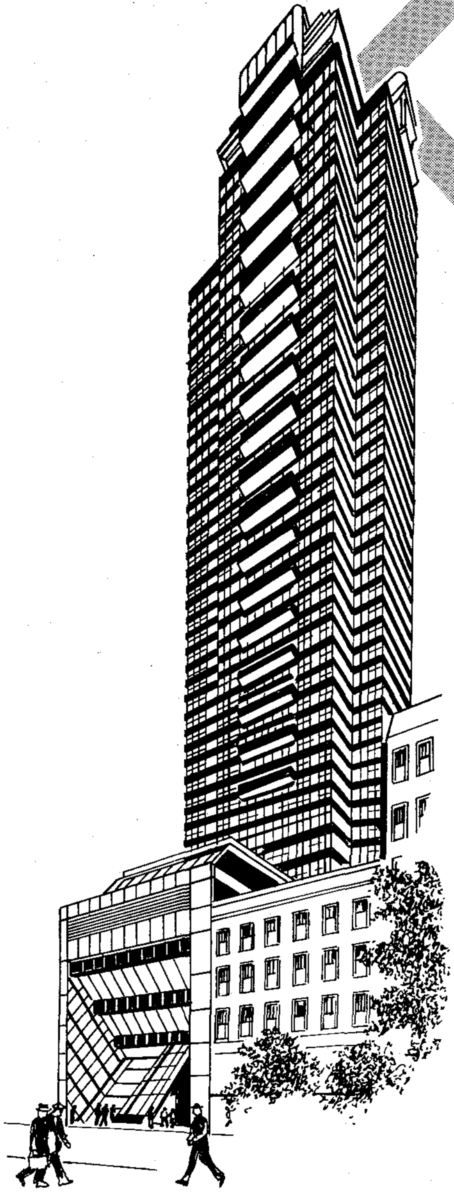
Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Love and Death."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through June 24: "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore."
From June 25: "The Return of the Pink Panther."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through June 21: "The Invitation."
June 22-24: "The Philadelphia Story" and "Father of the Bride."
From June 25: "The Wizard of Oz" and "Babes in Arms."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through June 24: "Chinatown" and "The Optimists."
From June 25: "The Long Goodbye" and

The Moment Has Arrived...



Galleria

Perhaps the most important "opening" of the decade... Galleria...57 stories of granite and glass that promises to redefine the ultimate urban experience.

It starts with a fashionable East Fifty-Seventh Street address and inspired architecture... a stunning, 100-foot high atrium and galleria with smart shops and sidewalk cafe.

Step inside the private residential lobby. A multi-lingual concierge is at your command, heading a staff that offers a range of optional services comparable to those of a great cosmopolitan hotel. Attended elevators swiftly bring you to the privacy of your studio, one or two bedroom residence.

For your leisure hours, there's the beauty of the 54th floor Sky Terrace. Membership (by invitation) in The Atrium Club—a private club in which members need not be apartment owners—provides superb dining facilities, pool and health club and other amenities.

Individual and corporate owners will appreciate the quality of a Galleria residence and the advantages of condominium or cooperative* ownership.

Surely, there is nothing else quite like Galleria in the entire world.

Artist's Rendering From Plans

117 East 57th Street, New York, New York 10022
(212) PLAZA 9-8800

Model Apartments Available for inspection by appointment from 9 A.M. to 9 P.M. Daily
SPONSOR: **MADISON COMPANY**
A New York limited partnership (a Madison Equities affiliate)
117 East 57th Street, New York, New York 10022

***The cooperative apartment corporation will own condominium apartments in the building.**
Persons purchasing condominium apartments need not be New York residents.
Persons purchasing cooperative apartments must be New York residents.
This advertisement is not an offering which can only be made by formal prospectus (N.Y. 617).

"The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob."

Loews 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Through June 24: "Shampoo."
From June 25: "Funny Lady."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through June 24: "Flesh Gordon" and "The Groove Tube."
From June 25: To be announced.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
To be announced.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through June 24: "Stavisky."
From June 25: "The Return of the Pink Panther."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through June 24: "Young Frankenstein" and "The Producers."
From June 25: "The Godfather, Part II."

FILM LIBRARIES

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Ten programs in a series of films directed by D. W. Griffith: June 19 at 5:30: "The Sorrows of Satan" (1926), with Adolphe Menjou and Ricardo Cortez.... June 19 at 8 and June 20 at 2: "Isn't Life Wonderful" (1924), with Carol Dempster and Neil Hamilton.... June 21 at 3 (tentative): "Drums of Love" (1928), with Lionel Barrymore and Don Alvarado.... June 21 at 5:30: "The White Rose" (1923), with Mae Marsh and Ivor Novello.... June 22 at 5:30 and June 23 at 2: "Sally of the Sawdust" (1925), with Carol Dempster and W. C. Fields.... June 23 at 5:30: "One Exciting Night" (1922), with Carol Dempster and Henry Hull.... June 26 at 5:30 (tentative): "Drums of Love."... June 26 at 8: "The White Rose." In conjunction with this series, the museum is showing (through June 29) stills, posters, production records, music scores, scripts, and correspondence relating to Griffith's films, career, and working methods. ... ¶ Other, non-Griffith, films scheduled during this period are: June 18 at 5:30: "White Zombie" (1932), directed by Victor Halperin, with Bela Lugosi and Madge Bellamy.... June 20 at 5:30 and June 21 at noon: "Song of Ceylon" (1934), directed by Basil Wright; "Night Mail" (1936), directed by Basil Wright and Harry Watt; and "Colour Box" (1935) and "Trade Tatto" (1937), both directed by Len Lye.... June 22 at 12:30 and 3: "The Lion and the Horse" (1952), directed by Louis King, with Steve Cochran and Ben Kirby.... June 24 at 2: "Whistle at Eaton Falls" (1951), directed by Robert Siodmak, with Lloyd Bridges and Dorothy Gish.... June 24 at 5:30: "Tabu" (1931), directed by F. W. Murnau and Robert Flaherty.... June 25 at 5:30: "Whistle at Eaton Falls." (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Tickets for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 7:30.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—June 19: "Golden Earrings" (1947), directed by Mitchell Leisen, with Ray Milland and Marlene Dietrich.... ¶ June 20: "The Flame of New Orleans" (1941), directed by René Clair, with Marlene Dietrich and Roland Young.... ¶ June 21-22: "Parnell" (1937), directed by John M. Stahl, with Clark Gable and Myrna Loy.... ¶ Starting June 26: "Man Hunt" (1941), directed by Fritz Lang, with Joan Bennett and Walter Pidgeon. (Showings Thursdays and Fridays at 3:30 and 5:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 1 on the day of the showing.)

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Dreyer, Dovzhenko, Snow, Kubelka, Wyborny, Brakhage, Kaplan, Hanoun, Eisenstein, Jacobs, Smith, Micheaux, and others. Showings June 18 at 5, 7, and 9:30; June 19 at 5, 7, and 9; June 20 at 6, 8, and 10; June 21 at 2:30, 6, 8, and 10; June 22 at 8; June 24 at 5 and 8; June 25 at 5 and 8:30; and June 26 at 5, 7, and 8:30.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

Alex in Wonderland (1970)—Paul Mazursky's affectionate, ambivalent account of a movie director (Donald Sutherland) searching for a subject is so loose that one's attention sometimes wanders. But this picture captures for the first time on the screen the palmy-hip look of the Hollywood of the sixties, where the swingers adopted the prophetic-saintly style. The satire of Hollywood is both loving and exact; in the best sequence, Alex goes to lunch with a manic producer, played by Mazursky himself. With Ellen Burstyn and Federico Fellini. (D. W. Griffith; June 24.)

Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore—Ellen Burstyn stars in this Martin Scorsese comedy, from an original script by Robert Getchell, about a thirty-five-year-old widow who sets out with her young son to make a new life. Full of funny malice and breakneck vitality, it's absorbing and intelligent even when the issues it raises get all fouled up. With Harvey Keitel, Kris Kristofferson, Valerie Curtin, Lelia Goldoni, Lane Bradbury, Diane Ladd, and, as the son, wire-drawn little Alfred Lutter, who has crack comedy timing. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/13/75) (Cinema Studio; through June 24.... ¶ St. Marks Cinema; starting June 25.)

An American Tragedy (1931)—This version of the Dreiser novel, scripted by Samuel Hoffenstein and directed by Josef von Sternberg, is best in the scenes relating to the poor factory girl, Roberta (Sylvia Sidney), and her drowning; Sylvia Sidney is so appealing that the pathos of Roberta's situation is intensified. However, the film vulgarizes Dreiser's conception of Clyde Griffiths (the handsome, long-jawed, blond Phillips Holmes, who died young), and turns his drives and actions into tabloid commonplaces. Von Sternberg shows surprisingly little of the feeling for psychological complexity that he had brought to "The Blue Angel" the year before, and Dreiser furiously protested this picture (he sued Paramount). Although the film respects his framework, it seems indifferent to what it meant in the novel. What's left—a tragic romance—is still affecting. Frances Dee is the rich Sondra (the role Elizabeth Taylor played in a later version, "A Place in the Sun"), and the cast includes Irving Pichel. Lee Garmes is the cinematographer. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 26.)

L'Amour Fou (1968)—During the first half hour, there's a strong temptation to flee from this legendary Jacques Rivette film, which moves back and forth between the rehearsals for an experimental production of Racine's "Andromaque" and the disintegrating marriage of the actor-director (Jean-Pierre Kalfon) and his actress-wife (Bulle Ogier). But those who stick with the film may find that Rivette's measured, unemphatic style begins to take hold. Tight little Bulle Ogier is ominously compelling; she gives a superlative performance. And there has never been anything like the *folie-à-deux* sex-and-destruction orgy that climaxes the marriage. The purpose of the juxtapositions remains damned elusive, but a highly intellectualized horror story develops inside the smooth, elegantly patterned, abstract camera movement. Rivette has a hypnotic style, partly because of his unusual spatial sense and his "normal" use of time. Four hours and twelve minutes. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 18.)

And Now My Love—A winsome love story that believes firmly in the predetermination of love and in the gifts of Lelouch. The film includes one of those cinéastes' *hommages*—an unusual one, to a movie by Lelouch himself ("A Man and a Woman"). The man in the current movie (André Dussollier) is a poor but honest jailbird who turns to porno filmmaking, then to commercial filmmaking, then to a future of Lelouch-like, snow-white feature filmmaking about life, love, and death; this takes him to America, travelling first-class. The girl (Marthe Keller), rich but also honest, and very, very bored, inherits a fortune from her father (Charles Denner). She becomes a Socialist, gives away her fortune, throws on a simple mackintosh, goes to the airport (in a chauffeur-driven car), and travels to America. She, too, goes first-class, in spite of her Socialism, because she and André Dussollier have been fated to meet all through the film: in a Lelouch movie, love and the director's sense of convenience conquer all. Story and screenplay by Lelouch and Pierre Uytterhoeven. In French. (4/7/75) (8th St. Playhouse; through June 21.)

The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz—A longish, novelistic movie by Ted Kotcheff. Nineteen-year-old Duddy Kravitz (Richard Dreyfuss) lives in the biggest Jewish community in Canada, in the Montreal of 1948. His father (Jack Warden) pimps to add to his income as a taxi-driver; his uncle (Joseph Wiseman) is putting Duddy's elder brother through medical school; Duddy works as a summer waiter at a Jewish resort hotel. The word "apprenticeship" makes the film sound ironic, but apprenticeship to what? Life? Or the hinted-at fake existence of money-making? The screenplay was adapted from Mordecai Richler's novel by Lionel Chetwynd. Denholm Elliott, as a posh English film director oratorically devoted to Art while filming bar mitzvahs and weddings, is the best thing in the film. (7/22/74) (D. W. Griffith; June 19.)

Babes in Arms (1939)—This version of the Rodgers and Hart Broadway musical didn't retain much of their material, but it starred Judy Garland (it was her big year, the year of "The Wizard of Oz") and Mickey Rooney. Busby Berkeley directed and choreographed; the direction is naïve and wobbly, the choreography is primitive-surreal. The songs (from an assortment of sources) include "Where or When," "The Lady Is a Tramp," "I Cried for You," and "You Are My Lucky Star." (Regency; starting June 25.)

The Balcony (1963)—Jean Genet's dark comedy, erratically directed by Joseph Strick from a screenplay by Ben Maddow. With Shelley Winters (miscast), Jeff Corey, Peter Falk, Lee Grant, and Kent Smith. (Elgin; June 22, one performance, at noon.)

Barbarella (1968)—Jane Fonda is so bouncy and charming in this messed-up erotic comic-strip view of the future that she seems to be a new Dorothy in a very strange Oz. Directed by Roger Vadim. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 20-21.)

The Battle of the Sexes (1960)—The old order, represented by Peter Sellers as the head accountant of a Scottish firm rich in tradition, triumphing over the new, represented by Constance Cummings as an interloping American efficiency expert. This British film was adapted from the James Thurber story "The Catbird Seat," but as directed by Charles Crichton it's not as funny as it's meant to be. With Robert Morley as the laird in charge of the firm. (Fine Arts; June 21-22.)

Benji—The title role is played by Higgins, a dog. Directed by Joe Camp. (Guild; starting June 26.)

Il Bidone ("The Swindlers;" 1955)—This Fellini film, made directly after "La Strada," wasn't a success in Italy, or in this country, either. The tone is uncertain; one keeps expecting the movie to be something different from the harsh story it turns out to be. Broderick Crawford (in a role conceived for Bogart), Richard Basehart, and Franco Fabrizi are the con artists who cheat gullible peasants, and Giulietta Masina plays Basehart's wife. The film doesn't quite work, but it isn't negligible; it has some of Fellini's most realistic work, and Broderick Crawford's remorse for his crimes, and his end, alone on a mountain road, are painful in a simple, direct way. In Italian. (Elgin; June 20-23.)

Bite the Bullet—A Western, with Gene Hackman, Candice Bergen, and James Coburn. Directed by Richard Brooks. (Music Hall; starting June 26.)

Blazing Saddles (1974)—Mel Brooks's comedy of chaos, with a surfeit of chaos and a scarcity of comedy. The story is about a modern black hipster (Cleavon Little) who becomes sheriff in a Western town in the eighteen-sixties; Gene Wilder and Madeline Kahn manage to redeem some of the film, but most of the cast (including Brooks himself) mug and smirk and shout insults at each other. Brooks's celebrated spontaneous wit isn't in evidence: the old gags here never were very funny; re-

To get you to come to Europe, a country has to give you more.

Getting people to come to Europe in 1975 is no easy trick.

The country that gets the most tourists will be the one that offers the most sightseeing, food and surprises.

So that's what Alitalia's Italy is offering.

Not just the sacred Pietà in Rome. But the wicked Fountain of Shame in Sicily.

Not just Osso Buco in Milan. But spaghetti in a paper bag in fantastic Amalfi.

Shopping on the elegant Via Condotti. And bargaining at the flea market of Rome.

Alitalia's Italy offers all these reasons to come and we haven't even talked to you about money yet.

Special Tour of the Month Sale

Alitalia has come up with over 50 money-saving tours of Italy.

But that isn't all. Between May and December, we'll be running a special Tour of the Month Sale on eight of them. It will mean an extra 10% off land arrangements! That's in addition to the usual big savings on airfares.

You'll get discounts on shopping, rent-a-cars and scooters. Discounts on fantastic meals and luxurious hotels. Museum passes, even bottles of wine in your room.

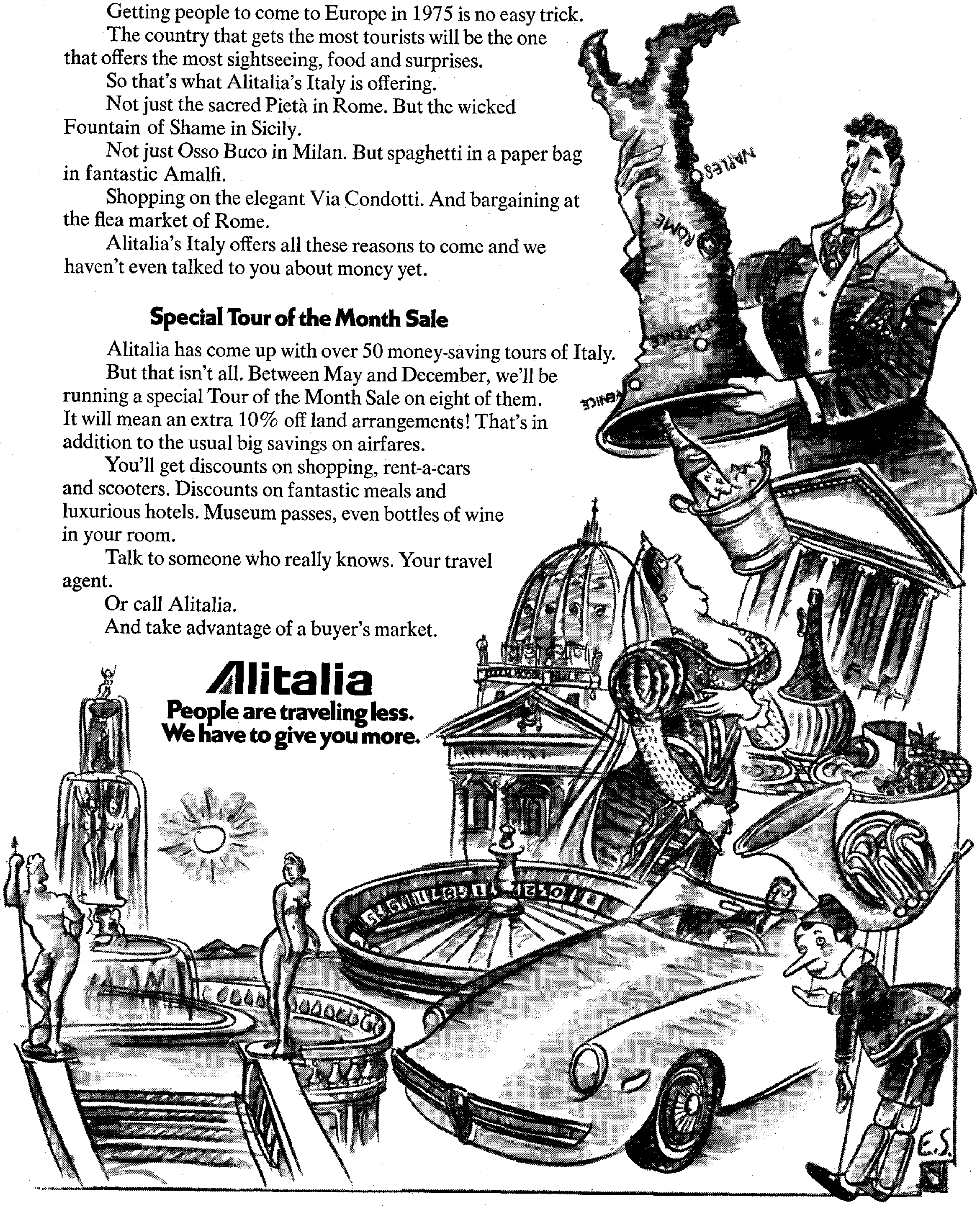
Talk to someone who really knows. Your travel agent.

Or call Alitalia.

And take advantage of a buyer's market.

Alitalia

**People are traveling less.
We have to give you more.**



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26		

hashed, they just seem desperate. (2/18/74) (Juliet 1; through June 24.)

Boxcar Bertha (1972)—With Barbara Hershey and David Carradine, directed by Martin Scorsese. (D. W. Griffith; June 23.)

The Boy Friend (1971)—Ken Russell has turned the Sandy Wilson show into an anti-musical and destroyed most of the pleasure the audience might have had. The glittering, joyless numbers keep coming at you; you never get any relief from Russell's supposed virtuosity. Twiggy sings adequately (though not well enough for the load of singing she's asked to carry), and she dances rather better, but Russell doesn't develop her possibilities, and she remains an appealing blank. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 22.)

Breakout—A jailbreak by helicopter. With Charles Bronson and Robert Duvall, directed by Tom Gries. (Loews Orpheum; through June 19.)

Breathless (1959)—Jean-Luc Godard's first feature—a witty, romantic, innovative chase picture with Jean-Paul Belmondo as a Parisian hood and Jean Seberg as the American girl who casually lives with him and casually betrays him. In French. (Quad Cinema; through June 24.)

A Brief Vacation—Vittorio De Sica's final collaboration with the scriptwriter Cesare Zavattini was on this story of Clara (Florinda Bolkan), a Calabrian peasant who is a factory worker in Milan; resentful, beaten down to a morose stupor, she's also oppressed by her husband (Renato Salvatori), who uses her sexually as if she were a farm beast he owned. When she collapses and is sent to a sanitorium in northern Italy to be cured of tuberculosis, the schizoid picture leaves this working-class grimness behind; it's swoony romanticism from then on. Clara discovers art and spirituality, and she finds a frail, dewy-eyed lover (Daniel Quenaud) who drips nobility as only a narcissistic bad actor can. In Italian. (3/3/75) (Quad Cinema, and Festival; through June 24. . . . ¶ Gramercy, and 72nd Street East; starting June 25.)

Charlotte—With Sirpa Lane, directed by Roger Vadim. In French. X-rated. (Paris; starting June 22.)

Le Chat—With Jean Gabin and Simone Signoret, directed by Pierre Granier-Deferre. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Children of Paradise (1945)—A one-of-a-kind film: a sumptuous, romantic epic about the relations between theatre and life, written with wit by Jacques Prévert, and beautifully directed by Marcel Carné. Made during the Occupation but set in the Paris of Balzac, with Jean-Louis Barrault, the incomparable Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, Pierre Renoir, and Maria Casarès. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 22.)

Chinatown (1974)—A thriller for grownups—more about greed than about blood-spilling—directed by Roman Polanski. John Huston plays a Biblical figure called Noah Cross; Faye Dunaway is a mysteriously widowed beauty called Mrs. Mulwray, who hires a private eye (Jack Nicholson) to solve the puzzle of her husband's death. Jack Nicholson's performances get better and more lissome every time. The film, set in the thirties, from a script by Robert Towne, is wickedly skillful and funny, and socially alert. (7/1/74) (Embassy 72nd St.; through June 24.)

The Conversation (1974)—Written and directed by Francis Ford Coppola. The freezing case history of a wiretapping-and-bugging expert, wonderfully played by Gene Hackman as a man riddled with Catholic guilt and depleted by continual secrecy and self-deception. A terrifying depiction of a ransacked spirit. (4/15/74) (D. W. Griffith; June 22.)

Cooley High—With Glynn Turman and Lawrence-Hilton Jacobs, directed by Michael Schultz. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; starting June 25.)

Cornbread, Earl and Me—With Moses Gunn and Rosalind Cash, directed by Joe Manduke. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; through June 24.)

Cotton Comes to Harlem (1970)—Two New York City police detectives (Raymond St. Jacques and Godfrey Cambridge) on the trail of various villains. A mixture of hard-boiled detective story and very broad farce, directed by Ossie Davis. Based on the novel by Chester Himes. With Calvin Lockhart (as a very fancy crook) and Redd Foxx. (Elgin; June 18.)

Crime and Punishment—A first-rate Russian version—made in 1970—of Dostoevski's great novel about Raskolnikov and the murder that he executed almost as if to explain an already existing sense of guilt. Raskolnikov is played by Georgi Taratorkin, a spidery, socket-eyed figure in a black stovepipe hat, Porfiry by the famous, correctly bland-faced Innokenty Smoktunovsky. The delicately drunken Marmeladov of Evgeny Lebedev is unforgettable, and the depiction of Porfiry belongs among the very best Russian performances on screen, ranking with those of the great Kachalov's that are visible in the records we have of Moscow Art Theatre productions long ago. Directed by Lev Kulijanov, with Dostoevski's own feeling for grotesque detail and for moments of suppressed farce. In Russian. (5/26/75) (Bijou.)

Crime and Punishment (1935)—There's almost everything you can think of the matter with this Hollywood version, directed by Josef von Sternberg, but it has got a great Raskolnikov: Peter Lorre. He had only three roles that tapped his full talent—the child-murderer in "M," the hero in "The Face Behind the Mask," and this remarkably suggestive and witty Raskolnikov. Stolid Edward Arnold is embarrassingly miscast as Inspector Porfiry; if Harry Baur, who did the role in the thirties French version, had played opposite Lorre, the film might have caught fire. As the pawnbroker, Mrs. Patrick Campbell adds some distinction, but not much can be said for the Madonna lighting given to Marian Marsh's placid Sonya, or for the standard Hollywood performances of Elizabeth Risdon as Raskolnikov's mother, Tala Birell as his sister, and Gene Lockhart, Robert Allen, and Douglass Dumbrille. There's nothing Russian about them but the long-winded names by which they address each other. Lucien Ballard did the cinematography, in the stylized von Sternberg manner. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 26.)

Day for Night (1973)—François Truffaut made this tribute to the conventional movies that once gave him pleasure, and apparently still do. He himself plays a director who is shooting an American-financed film called "Meet Pamela," with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jacqueline Bisset, and Valentina Cortese. "Day for Night," unfortunately conventional in its approach to character, is very childlike—filled with a deeply innocent love of the magic of moviemaking. There's not much to it, though it's graceful. In French. (10/15/73) (D. W. Griffith; June 21.)

The Day of the Locust—John Schlesinger's overblown version of Nathanael West's novel is a mosaic that never comes together. Waldo Salt attempted the next-to-impossible job of adapting the novel—an aesthete's view of society, set in Los Angeles in the thirties, in which the culturally debased people bring on the apocalypse. There wouldn't be much to remember from the movie if it weren't for a few of the performers—Burgess Meredith as an old vaudevillian, Billy Barty as a macho dwarf, and William Atherton in the thankless role of the artist Tod. (5/12/75) (Cinema I.)

Drive, He Said (1971)—Jack Nicholson's début as a director, so this film about schizophrenia in the soul of young America is well acted, but it skids into some very leaden symbolism about a crackup in the mind of a boy avoiding the draft; the screen suddenly swarms with lizards and mice and bugs that he has let loose in a biology lab, in the spirit of freeing fellow-prisoners. (St. Marks Cinema; through June 24. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 20.)

The Drowning Pool—With Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward, and Tony Franciosa, directed by Stuart Rosenberg. (Loews Tower East; starting June 25.)

The Eagle (1925)—With Rudolph Valentino, but not at his best. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 25.)

Earthquake—L.A. gets it. The picture is swill, but it isn't a cheat, like "Airport 1975," which is cut-rate swill. This one is an entertaining marathon of Grade-A destruction effects, with B-picture stock characters spinning through it. Among them are Ava Gardner, the grimly resolute Charlton Heston, and Geneviève Bujold, whose witty style gives the picture its only touch of class. Mark Robson directed. (12/2/74) (New Embassy.)

The Eiger Sanction—A suspense film, directed by, and with, Clint Eastwood. (Beekman. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; through June 19. . . . ¶ U. A. East; starting June 25.)

Eléna et les Hommes (1956)—Jean Renoir made this love-carnival film, set in France in the eighteen-eighties, in color and with an expensive international cast—Ingrid Bergman, Mel Ferrer, and Jean Marais. American audiences never got a chance to judge it properly, because it was released here in a botched, dubbed version called "Paris Does Strange Things;" Marais spoke in a gravelly baritone so far from his own voice that audiences laughed. Ferrer seemed weak even for Ferrer, and the picture had little besides Bergman's astonishing, ripe beauty to recommend it. The French version has considerably more, although it is far from a success. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 25.)

Emma (1932)—With Marie Dressler and Myrna Loy, directed by Clarence Brown. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 26.)

The Emperor Jones (1933)—Eugene O'Neill's play about a black man's disintegration was conceived in a semi-Expressionist style, and it was filmed in that style by Dudley Murphy, from a screenplay by DuBose Heyward. Murphy, a director with some ideas but almost no technique, used painted sets, exaggerated décor, and an artificial jungle; the effects are sometimes powerful, sometimes ridiculous. O'Neill's violent emotions are accurately rendered by Paul Robeson and Dudley Digges, though they seem to be acting on a stage. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 24.)

The Eternal Return (1948)—Jean Delannoy directed Jean Cocteau's modern-dress adaptation of the Tristan and Isolde story. Jean Marais, in a celebrated medieval-looking sweater, and the straight-silk-haired, snow-blond Madeleine Sologne are absurdly glamorous lovers; though the film has the decorative look of ballet and is heavy and stilted, they became the rage of Paris. With Yvonne de Bray and the dwarf Piéral. Music by Georges Auric. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 24.)

Faces (1968)—John Cassavetes' view of the meaninglessness of life for the well-heeled middle-aged. His semi-documentary method is controversial, and what some find agonizingly true and beautiful others may find merely embarrassingly clumsy. With John Marley, Gena Rowlands, Lynn Carlin, and Seymour Cassel. (Fine Arts; June 24.)

Father of the Bride (1950)—Spencer Tracy as the father, Joan Bennett as the mother, and Elizabeth Taylor and Don Taylor as the pair who are about to get hitched. Vincente Minnelli directed this sentimental comedy about the difficulties of putting on a wedding. (Regency; June 22-24.)

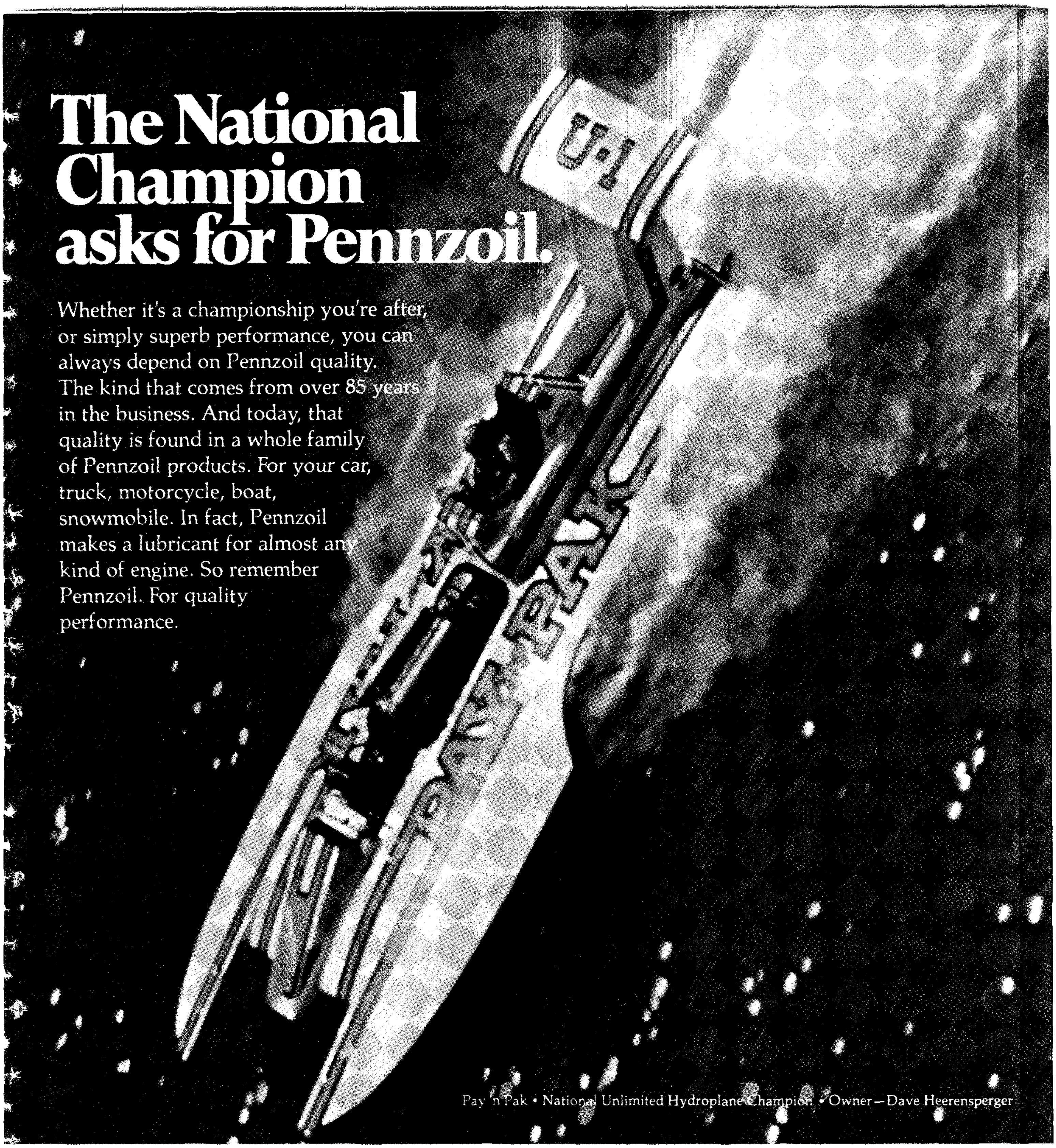
Fellini's Roma (1972)—This funeral ode to a poisoned city is often beautiful, but it's also fatuous and empty. Fellini appears to see himself as official greeter for the apocalypse. In English and Italian. (Elgin; June 20-21.)

Five Easy Pieces (1970)—Jack Nicholson plays the throw-out of a gifted, sedate family of musicians. He has the same musical gift, but prefers to squander it as he squanders his life. He has a delicate ear for auspicious beginnings, and when time gives out on him he knows how to run. Bob Rafelson directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 20.)

Five on the Black Hand Side (1973)—With Clarice Taylor and Leonard Jackson, directed by Oscar Williams. (Elgin; June 18.)

Flesh Gordon—With Jason Williams, directed by Howard Ziehm and Michael Benveniste. X-rated. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2. . . . ¶ U. A. East, Greenwich, and New Yorker; through June 24.)

The Fortune—Charmless slapstick farce, set in the twenties. Warren Beatty and Jack Nicholson are the mercenary clowns who fumble in their attempts to kill an heiress (Stockard Channing) for her money. Mike Nichols directed, from Adrien Joyce's screenplay. The tone is too playful, too bright—you can see where you're meant to laugh, but you don't feel like it. Some vital element seems to be missing—affection, maybe. Jack Nicholson



The National Champion asks for Pennzoil.

Whether it's a championship you're after, or simply superb performance, you can always depend on Pennzoil quality. The kind that comes from over 85 years in the business. And today, that quality is found in a whole family of Pennzoil products. For your car, truck, motorcycle, boat, snowmobile. In fact, Pennzoil makes a lubricant for almost any kind of engine. So remember Pennzoil. For quality performance.

Pay 'n Pak • National Unlimited Hydroplane Champion • Owner—Dave Heerensperger

Whatever you drive, wherever you go, Pennzoil is worth asking for.

PENNZOIL
The Tough-Film MOTOR OIL
NET 32 FL. OZ. (1 U.S. QT.)
PENNZOIL
Z-7
multi-vis MOTOR OIL
NET 32 FL. OZ. (1 U.S. QT.)
100% Pure Pennsylvania
PENNZOIL
Safe Lubrication
RACING OIL
PENNZOIL
PZ-1
OIL FILTER
Supreme Quality
PENNZOIL
Safe Lubrication
4 stroke
cycle oil
PENNZOIL
HYDRA FLO
AUTOMATIC TRANSMISSION FLUID
NET 32 FL. OZ. (1 U.S. QT.)
PENNZOIL
Safe Lubrication
OUTBOARD OIL
ALL PURPOSE TWO-CYCLE
50 to 1
NET 32 FL. OZ. (1 U.S. QT.)
Supreme Quality
PENNZOIL
Safe Lubrication
2 stroke
Injector oil
U.S. QUART (32 FL. OZ.) .946 LITER
PENNZOIL
HIGH PERFORMANCE
GEAR LUBRICANT
4096
SAE 80W-90
NET 32 FL. OZ. (1 U.S. QT.)

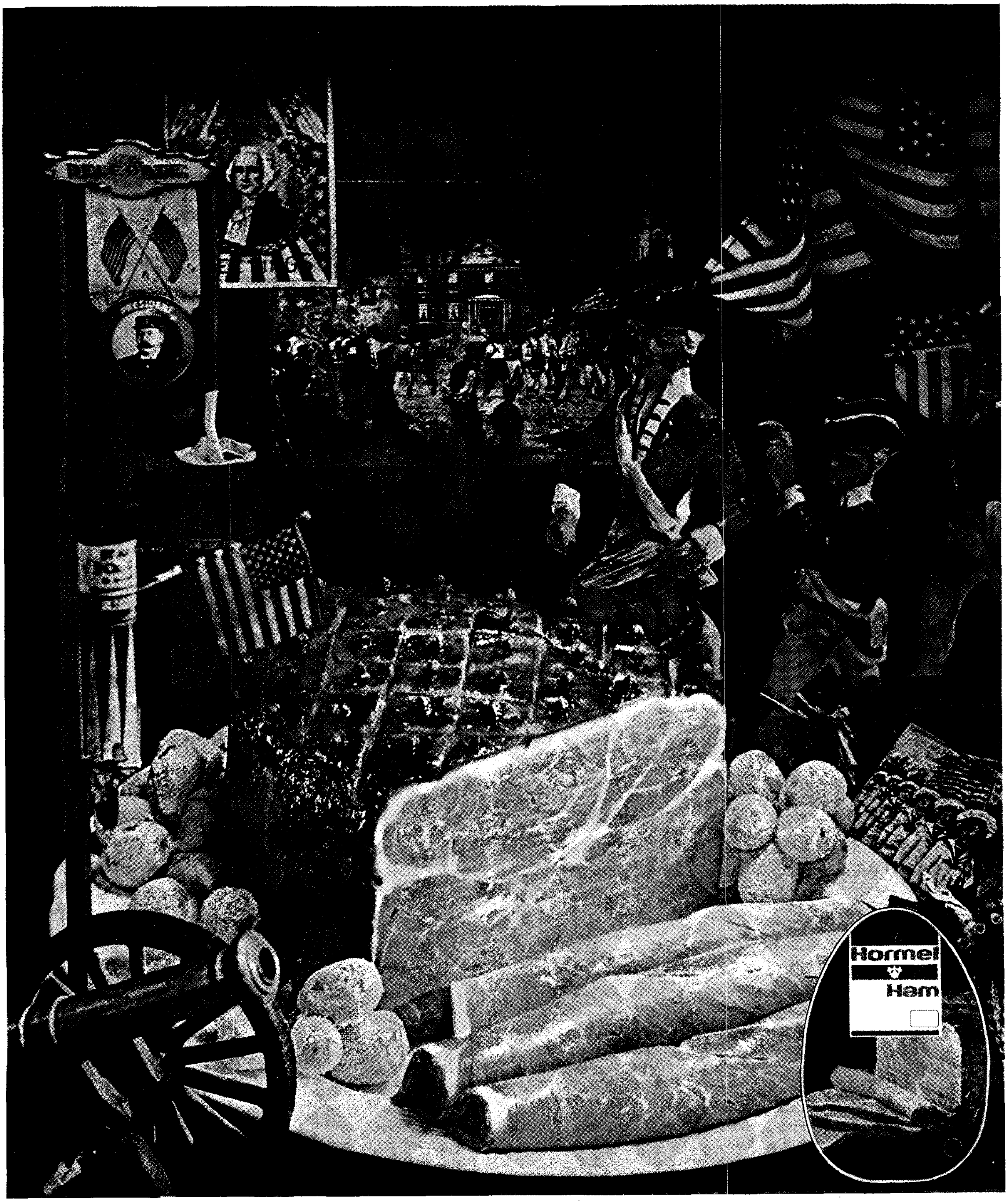
This is the way the great day comes:
With flutter of flags and rumbling drums,
With a brave brass choir in the village square,
And a night alight from the rockets' glare.

With the kids and kin in their ranks arrayed
At a picnic bench in the sheltering shade,
And the great, rich ham on proud display,
To crown the joys of the holiday.

Hormel Ham
an
AMERICAN TRADITION

In many a family this ham harks back for generations. A holiday tradition. For this was America's first ham in a can—the famous Hormel Ham, shaped, boned and trimmed, then baked in its own savory juices to rich full flavor. ● And now, from Hormel comes the great new Holiday Glaze Ham, with a unique, flame-browned flavor!

Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minn.



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

has some high comic moments, but the film isn't likable. (Coronet.)

French Connection II—Directed by John Frankenheimer (the first film was William Friedkin's), with Gene Hackman cast again as Popeye Doyle, the foul-mouthed killer cop of New York, who is now in Marseilles, determined to break the French heroin connection for good; the connection is once more played by the suave Fernando Rey. Doyle is taken by the film to be a sophisticated plain speaker, but his sophistication is really a case of megalopolitan rudeness. Photographed by Claude Renoir, nephew of Jean Renoir (for whom he photographed "Grand Illusion"); the compositions are individually very fine, but there are too many slam-bang closeups that make you pine for a long shot to let you find your bearings. Visually as well as morally, the film makes you uncertain where its feet are. (6/2/75) (Murray Hill, and Trans-Lux East.)

Funny Lady—The moviemakers weren't just going to make a sequel to "Funny Girl"—they were going to kill us. (And they wanted to outdo "Cabaret," besides.) As Fanny Brice, Barbra Streisand is no longer human; she's like a bitchy female impersonator imitating Barbra Streisand. She's in beautiful voice, but her singing is too terrific—strident overdramatization that turns a song into a big number. The picture is overproduced and badly edited, with a forties-movie-heartbreak plot. A great deal of talent has been badly used, though James Caan has some good scenes as scrubby, anxious Billy Rose, and Streisand is charming in the wittily staged "I Found a Million Dollar Baby in a Five and Ten Cent Store." Ray Stark produced; Herbert Ross directed. The new songs are by Kander and Ebb. (3/17/75) (Loews Tower East; through June 24. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd St.; starting June 25.)

The Godfather, Part II—The daring of Part II is that it enlarges the scope and deepens the meaning of the first film. Visually, Part II is far more complexly beautiful than the first, just as it's thematically richer, more shadowed, fuller. The completed work, contrasting the early manhood of Vito (Robert De Niro) with the life of Michael, his inheritor (Al Pacino), is an epic vision of the corruption of America; this is a Bicentennial picture that doesn't insult the intelligence. Directed by Francis Ford Coppola; the script is by Coppola and Mario Puzo. (12/23/74) (Playboy, and Olympia; starting June 25.)

Gold Diggers of 1933—A funny, good-natured, innocently crude Depression musical that sums up what is meant by the phrase "pure thirties." Ginger Rogers sings "We're in the Money" in pig Latin, and electrically wired chorus girls singing "In the shadows let me come and sing to you" merge to form a big illuminated violin. Mervyn LeRoy directed and Busby Berkeley choreographed; it's Warners, of course, and the cast includes Dick Powell, Joan Blondell, Aline MacMahon, Warren William, Ruby Keeler, Ned Sparks, and Etta Moten (singing "Remember My Forgotten Man"). The songs are by Al Dubin and Harry Warren. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 22.)

The Great Waltz (1938)—The passion of Johann Strauss according to M-G-M. Fernand Gravet—talented enough in French films—seems horror-stricken and depressed as Strauss, and Luise Rainer as his sniffling, suffering wife, and the singer Miliza Korjus as the other woman are not exactly cures for melancholia. A big, overdressed bore, directed by Julien Duvivier, with musical arrangements by Dimitri Tiomkin. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 22-23.)

The Groove Tube (1974)—Inoffensively scatological revue, lampooning TV, Kubrick's "2001," and American culture. About half of the scattershot, manic skits are very funny; the others might have been funny, too, if their timing had been better. At the end, the talented director and star, Ken Shapiro, does a lovely, flaked-out dance through rush-hour crowds along Park Avenue. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2. . . . ¶ U. A. East, Greenwich, and New Yorker; through June 24.)

Harold and Maude (1971)—The love story of Harold (Bud Cort), almost twenty, and Maude (Ruth Gordon), almost eighty. Directed by Hal Ashby. (D. W. Griffith; June 18.)

Harry & Tonto—Directed by Paul Mazursky and written by him with Josh Greenfeld. Harry (Art Carney) is a limping old man with a buoyant spirit who buys cheap food for himself and good liver for his cat, a heavyset marmalade companion called Tonto. The old Lear has three disappointing children strung across the country, whom he visits after the demolition of his one-room flat. He eventually decides they represent a rope on his liberty. The narrative sounds sentimental, but the film isn't. (8/26/74) (D. W. Griffith; June 24.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26		

Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion (1970)—A political parable, directed by Elio Petri, about a mad big-shot police official (Gian Maria Volonte) who believes he has a license to kill, but the movie is too nasty and kinky for the political point to be effective. Petri doesn't use suspense pleasurably; he makes one apprehensive and doesn't resolve the tensions, so the film leaves one in a foul mood. In Italian. (Elgin; June 19.)

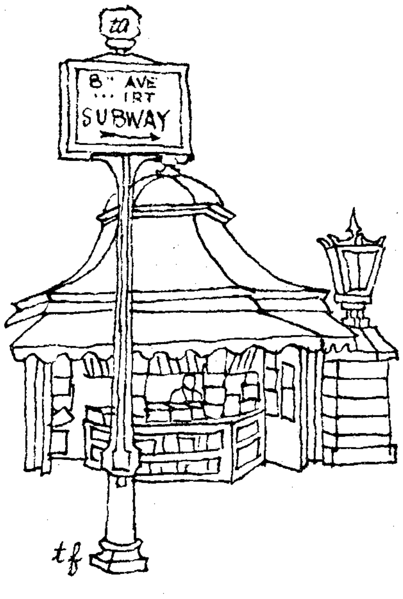
The Invitation—A summery haze hangs over this wonderfully simple and tender film by the Swiss filmmaker Claude Goretta. This tale, which won a Special Jury Prize at Cannes in 1973, is about a middle-aged, shy office worker, delicately played by Michel Robin. He lives with his mother until she dies. After taking two months off from his job, he invites every member of the staff of his small office to a day-long party. They had expected to find their host living as humbly as before; they find him on an estate, attended by an exquisitely played hireling butler (François Simon). In French. (5/5/75) (Regency; through June 21.)

Jaws—From Peter Benchley's novel, with Roy Scheider, Robert Shaw, and Richard Dreyfuss. Directed by Steven Spielberg. (34th St. East, and Loews Orpheum; starting June 20.)

Johnny Eager (1942)—Lana Turner, in her dimpled prime, as a débutante girl friend of a handsome, arrogant racketeer (the uniquely unconvincing Robert Taylor). This glossy, full-dress gangster melodrama from M-G-M is best known for Van Heflin's ingratiating, picture-stealing performance as Taylor's loyal friend. With Barry Nelson, Edward Arnold, and Glenda Farrell. Mervyn LeRoy directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 24-25.)

The Jungle Book (1967)—A Walt Disney full-length cartoon. (Fine Arts, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Festival; starting June 25.)

King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Elgin; June 26.)



Lancelot of the Lake—Robert Bresson's dazzlingly severe and beautiful version of the legend of Lancelot, King Arthur, Guinevere, and Arthur's slimy enemy, Mordred. No one but Bresson could use the constriction on commonplace expressiveness that wearing armor means; his great art has always thrived on constraints that he imposes on himself, and this film is a masterpiece of eloquent discipline. We're seeing the knights after the early enthusiasm over the quest for the Grail has been dampened. The chevaliers quarrel, the Round Table is ringed with chairs that belong to the now dead, and the film ends in a pile of armor in which one remaining figure faintly stirs: we are seeing the fading of chivalry in what amounts to a heap of scrap metal that is the detritus of a shrivelled code, and Bresson's austere art entirely counteracts any feeling of bleakness. A film to see and see again; never have economies of composition, of editing, of expository "exciting" climax, of bridging dialogue been more beautifully planned, or ended in such a sense of the copious. In French. (6/9/75) (Art.)

The Landlord (1970)—About New York real estate and racism. A rich white (Beau Bridges), ridden by a wildly overdrawn boozing mother (Lee Grant), buys a tenement to learn what it's like to be poor. With Pearl Bailey. Directed by Hal Ashby. (D. W. Griffith; June 18.)

The Life of O-Haru (1952)—This Mizoguchi film—his own favorite—took a grand prize at Venice. Kinuyo Tanaka (the wife in "Ugetsu") stars in the story of a woman's life in feudal society; the beautiful daughter of a rich merchant falls from palace wife to prostitute. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 19.)

The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner (1962)—Tony Richardson's movie about a runner who throws a race as an expression of his rejection of society. From Alan Sillitoe's story. Tom Courtenay is the runner. (Fine Arts; June 19-20.)

The Long Goodbye (1973)—Robert Altman kisses off the private-eye form as gracefully as "Beat the Devil" finished off the cycle of the international-intrigue thriller. Less accidental than "Beat the Devil," it's just about as funny, though quicker-witted and dreamier, in soft, mellow color and volatile images. Based on Raymond Chandler's book, the picture stars Elliott Gould as Marlowe; thinner and lither, he gives an elegant performance yet, as a wryly forlorn man, still driving a 1948 Lincoln Continental and trying to behave like Bogart. With Nina van Pallandt, Sterling Hayden, and Mark Rydell. (10/22/73) (Embassy 72nd St.; starting June 25.)

Lord of the Flies (1963)—A desert-island version of the playing fields of Eton. Peter Brook's adaptation of William Golding's novel is brisk and painful, and it has got rid of a lot of Golding's gusty metaphysical excesses. Down to earth and accurately brutal, beautifully photographed, and cut to a sharp, cracking pace. (Fine Arts; June 19.)

Love and Death—Woody Allen's imperially funny new picture is set—as you might guess from the coupling of big concepts in the title—in the land of "War and Peace," of "Crime and Punishment," of "Fathers and Sons," though we turn out to be not so much in Russia as in Russian literature. Mr. Allen, who both wrote and directed this beautiful picture (photographed by Ghislain Cloquet), plays a nineteenth-century aristocrat of radical leanings whose muzhik blouse keeps slipping about under his belt. We are in a very Slavic world of metaphysics and world-yearning, seen through the unique comic prism of Mr. Allen's mixture of the grandiose but hesitant. His firm belief that sex conquers all is deterred only by his fear for his ulcer condition and his herpes. The love of his life is for his remote cousin Sonja (Diane Keaton), who shares his habit of falling into talk of the epistemological when what they would both rather fall into is bed. Miss Keaton—with whom Mr. Allen gracefully goes halves in sharing many of the funniest exchanges—is a magnificent partner for him. (6/16/75) (Sutton, and Paramount.)

Ludwig (1973)—The Visconti film has been trimmed since its opening, but it's still footage in search of a style. The continuity is a splatter of choppy, confused scenes, and the relationships of the characters are never made clear. As Ludwig, Helmut Berger is a

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tense, prissy-mouthed, gloomy cuckoo, and it isn't until he begins to lose his teeth (from overindulgence in sweets) that the picture becomes fitfully amusing. With Romy Schneider, Trevor Howard, and Silvana Mangano. (D. W. Griffith; June 26.)

The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob—Gérard Oury directs the great Louis de Funès, who looks as if he were perpetually quenching a sneeze. The film is a complicated gangster comedy, with de Funès disguised as a rabbi. There are also numerous French Catholic detectives and Muslim revolutionaries, and a great slide down a chute into a bath of green bubble gum. A joy for children. (7/22/74) (In French, with subtitles, at the Embassy 72nd St.; starting June 25.... ¶ In dubbed English at the Playboy; through June 24.)

Mandingo—The antebellum South. With James Mason, Susan George, Brenda Sykes, Richard Ward, and Perry King, directed by Richard Fleischer. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; through June 24.)

La Marseillaise (1938)—Renoir, no political fool, shows Louis XVI coming back from a hard day's pleasure at the hunt and asking about the taking of the Bastille. "Is it a revolt?" he asks. "No, Sire, it is a revolution," says a courtier with a less limp grasp of the moment. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 25.)

Mean Streets (1973)—A true original, and a triumph of personal filmmaking. What Martin Scorsese has done with the experience of growing up in New York's Little Italy has a thicker-textured rot than we have ever had in an American movie, and a riper sense of evil. With Harvey Keitel as Charlie, Robert De Niro as Johnny Boy, and Amy Robinson as Teresa. (10/8/73) (D. W. Griffith; June 23.... ¶ St. Marks Cinema; starting June 25.)

Meet John Doe (1941)—An odd, socially conscious picture, directed by Frank Capra and starring Gary Cooper and Barbara Stanwyck, about a man who tries to commit suicide in order to call attention to a right-wing plot. For the sake of a happy ending that would keep Gary Cooper alive, the meanings were so distorted that the original authors sued. (Quad Cinema; June 22-24.)

Men in White (1934)—Clark Gable seldom suggests the high-strung and brilliant young surgeon-hero of the Sidney Kingsley Pulitzer Prize-winning play—the man whose idealism overrides any financial or romantic considerations. Nor is Myrna Loy exactly at her best when she is called upon to contemplate "Humanity." The director, Richard Boleslavski, is engrossed in the pictorial aspects of the wards and laboratories and internes' rooms; he loves the shadow of a microscope on a wall, the barred lights from venetian blinds across a sickbed, the glint of knives and pincers in the operating room. The characters don't fare so well, but then their problems are fearfully strained and prestigious anyway. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through June 19.)

The Merry Widow (1934)—Ernst Lubitsch brought style and spirit to this lavish M-G-M operetta, starring Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald, and Gus Kahn and Lorenz Hart wrote new lyrics to the Franz Lehar music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 22-23.)

The Milky Way (1970)—A genial guided tour of Catholic heresies. Luis Buñuel, in an impudent, rather than blasphemous, spirit, and a bit fusty. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 22.)

Min and Bill (1930)—Wallace Beery and Marie Dressler, the wild-eyed battle-axe with a chest like a rolltop desk, playing rather against the text of a sentimental talkie about a pair of waterfront characters on the warpath about inroads of propriety. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 26.)

Minnie and Moskowitz (1971)—John Cassavetes built this movie on a small conceit—a love affair between two people who are wildly unsuited to each other—and it doesn't work. The picture drivels on about the joys of spontaneity, while Gena Rowlands and Seymour Cassel remain embarrassingly wrong for each other. (Elgin; June 26.)

Les Misérables (1935)—"Uninspired" is too kind a word; this mild version of Victor Hugo's massive atrocity story, featuring Fredric March as Jean Valjean and Charles Laughton as Inspector Javert, is bottom drawer. The director, Richard Boleslavski, can't seem to get things moving, and the outrages lack inspiration—even the sewers seem namby-pamby. The look of the actors, their makeup, their manner of speaking are all howlingly wrong. With John Beal, Rochelle Hudson, Frances Drake, Cedric Hardwicke, Florence Eldridge, Jessie Ralph, John Carradine, Ferdinand Gottschalk, and Leonid Kinskey. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through June 19.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26		

Monty Python and the Holy Grail—A cheerfully loused-up reworking of the story of King Arthur, written and acted by the Python team, who were first famous on English TV and now keep growing numbers of Americans in on Sunday night to watch Channel 13 at half past ten. Recklessly funny, with moments of genius, especially in the pursuit of red herrings that have nothing to do with plot. (5/5/75) (Plaza.)

Murder on the Orient Express—This all-star version of an Agatha Christie antiquity is utterly inoffensive, and audiences appear to be so hungry for this sort of entertainment that maybe it hardly matters that it isn't very good. Vanessa Redgrave, Rachel Roberts, and Ingrid Bergman are standouts in a cast that includes John Gielgud, Lauren Bacall, Wendy Hiller, Sean Connery, and Albert Finney as Hercule Poirot. Sidney Lumet directed. (12/9/74) (D. W. Griffith; June 25.)

My Life to Live (1962)—Anna Karina as a shopgirl who drifts into prostitution. Jean-Luc Godard employed some innovative techniques of exposition; some work superbly, others seem mannered and foolish. Memorable, though erratic. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 23.)

Nashville—Robert Altman's crowning work so far. The rangy story is set in Nashville, Tennessee; the twenty-four characters are simultaneously caught up in the country-and-Western music industry and in local politicking on behalf of a Wallacelike Presidential candidate. The film's feeling for America is as true-pitched as the voice of the heroine singing idol, played by Ronee Blakley; its lack of understanding of anything not homebaked is exemplified by a dopily drawn English girl (Geraldine Chaplin), who improbably introduces herself as "Opal, of the British Broadcasting Company." Altman uses improvisation, many cameras, and multi-track sound recordings to the hilt. Intellectually, his film falls into some glib theories about the equation of pop-star worship with the Presidential system. But emotionally and technically it is triumphant. Wonderful performances by Lily Tomlin, Barbara Harris, and Henry Gibson, and some terrific music, with lyrics of intended hypocritical winningness running deliberately against the true, raw mood of the situations created by the screenwriter, Joan Tewkesbury. "Nashville" is not the explanation of America to itself that it purports to be, but it is exhilarating in its detail. (3/3/75 and 6/16/75) (Baronet, and Cinema II.)

Negatives (1968)—Peter McEnery, Diane Cilento, and Glenda Jackson in a well-acted first film directed by Peter Medak. Medak was born in Hungary in 1937 and left for England during the 1956 uprising; he has gone on to make "A Day in the Death of Joe Egg." (Fine Arts; June 23-24.)

Night Moves—A suspense film, with Gene Hackman, directed by Arthur Penn. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Trans-Lux 85th St.; through June 24.)

Nurith—An Israeli musical, in Hebrew. (Quad Cinema; through June 24.)

Once Is Not Enough—From the Jacqueline Susann novel, with Kirk Douglas. Directed by Guy Green. (Loews Ciné.)

Only Angels Have Wings (1939)—Rubbish that wouldn't hurt a fly, and perfectly enjoyable, with Jean Arthur and some airmail pilots in a South American town. She falls in love with Cary Grant, who sends men up into the air in all conditions, and flies himself when the weather is really rotten. Gold-tinted kitsch. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 23-24.)

Open City (1944)—A brutal melodrama about the Roman underground resistance to the German Occupation, famed for the extraordinary immediacy and the almost documentary look of Roberto Rossellini's direction, and for Anna Magnani's magnificent performance. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 23 and 26.)

The Optimists (1973)—With Peter Sellers, directed by Anthony Simmons. (Embassy 72nd St.; through June 24.)

Outback (1972)—A good subject: comradeship among white men in the Australian desert, their boredom, and their erratic, senseless destructiveness. The film, directed by Ted Kotcheff, spends too much time on the melodramatic ordeals of a sensitive but arrogant male schoolteacher (Gary Bond) who hates the coarse life he's trapped in, but the material on the primitivism of the master race is vivid and authentic. (D. W. Griffith; June 19.)

Painters Painting (1973)—Painters talking, mostly, often combining the knowledgeable with the dopey. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 21.)

The Passenger—Antonioni's film about an estranged London TV-news reporter trying to flee the coop of himself. Everything has staled for him—work and personal life both—and Antonioni makes, for the first time in his career, a clear causal connection between a character's situation and his environment. The reporter is on the track of a story in a remote part of Africa. He seizes the chance to exchange his identity for a dead man's, and takes on the dead man's slowly revealed undercover missions, which endow him with political purpose. The film is psychologically complex, dwelling on parallel themes about disjuncture and ambiguity, but also declarative in a way that is unique in Antonioni's work; as well as that, it is a picture of astonishing aesthetic beauty and technical innovation. Jack Nicholson, as the reporter, gives a performance that is a marvel of insight about a man whose chances are running out. Maria Schneider exquisitely plays a soft-voiced, attentive stranger whom he meets in his new identity. (4/14/75) (Little Carnegie; through June 24.)

The Passion of Anna (1970)—Ingmar Bergman studies the ebb and flow of spirit in four people living on an island. The moral landscape is totally modern, with barely a modern object in sight. With Liv Ullmann, Bibi Andersson, Max von Sydow, and Erland Josephson. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 21.)

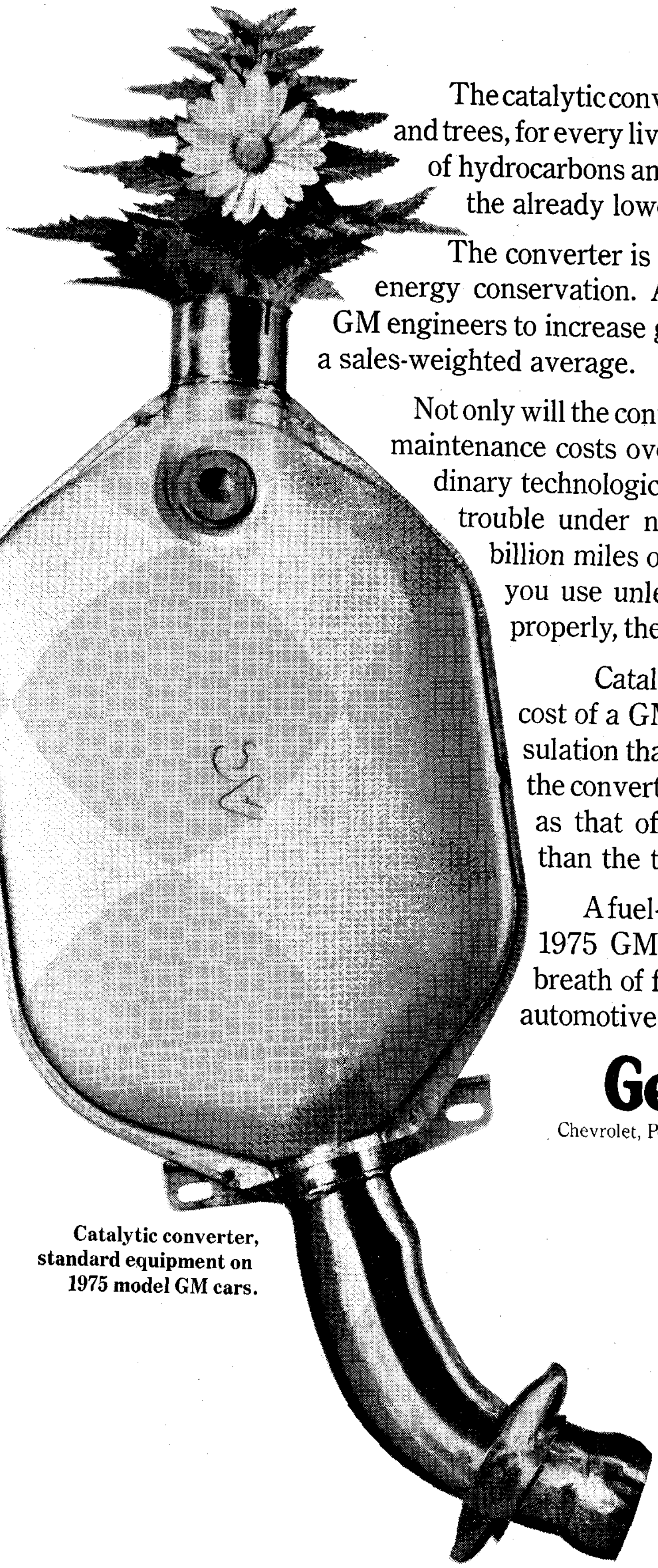
The Philadelphia Story (1940)—Philip Barry wrote this romantic comedy for Katharine Hepburn, and she had her greatest popular triumph in it on Broadway and on the screen; shiny and commercial as the movie is, it's almost irresistibly entertaining—one of the high spots of the big-studio system of moviemaking. As the priggish, wisecracking, patrician Tracy Lord, Hepburn has her choice of Cary Grant and James Stewart, both at their most attractive. Donald Ogden Stewart did the witty adaptation, George Cukor directed. (Regency; June 22-24.)

Pound (1970)—Robert Downey's satire—plotless, as satire now has to be—about people who are represented as dogs, presumably standing for the bestial pass that we have come to. Sometimes (not always) you feel that Downey's idea of satire is to knock over a cripple in the street and crack up about it. But one grows fond of a gentle character played by Harry Rigby who asks what he's doing here since he's a penguin, meanwhile trotting off to white-tie parties. (D. W. Griffith; June 20.)

Princess Yang Kwei Fei (1955)—One of the great Mizoguchi's eighty-odd films. This one is set in China in the eighth century; a stirring, gentle love story about an emperor and a concubine. Mizoguchi began his career as a painter, and his films show it. Very rewarding. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 19.)

The Prisoner of Second Avenue—Jack Lemmon, as a New York advertising executive, gets fired, feels worthless, and has a nervous breakdown; Anne Bancroft is his devoted wife. Vaguely about urban despair, full of bad jokes. Melvin Frank has directed the movie version of Neil Simon's sitcom in his usual sagging, fifties style, but probably there isn't a filmmaker in the world who could substantially improve this picture except by throwing out the play altogether. (3/10/75) (Trans-Lux 85th St.; starting June 25.)

La Prisonnière (1969)—Henri-Georges Clouzot,



A breath of fresh air in automotive technology.

The catalytic converter is a device for people and flowers and trees, for every living thing. It reduces exhaust emissions of hydrocarbons and carbon monoxide by about 50% from the already lowered levels of 1974.

The converter is also a device for pocketbooks and for energy conservation. According to EPA figures, it helped GM engineers to increase gas mileage in city driving by 28% on a sales-weighted average.

Not only will the converter save you money in fuel bills and maintenance costs over the years, it's one of those extraordinary technological advances that won't cause you any trouble under normal operating conditions. After a billion miles on the road, it's proved dependable. If you use unleaded gas and maintain your engine properly, the converter will last the life of your car.

Catalytic converters do add to the basic cost of a GM car. Part of that money goes for insulation that keeps the outer skin temperature of the converter in normal operation about the same as that of an ordinary muffler, and far lower than the temperature of the exhaust manifold.

A fuel-saving catalytic converter comes with 1975 GM cars as standard equipment. It's a breath of fresh air from GM, a world leader in automotive pollution control technology.

General Motors

Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick, Cadillac, GMC Truck

Catalytic converter, standard equipment on 1975 model GM cars.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

of "The Wages of Fear," wrote and directed this story about sadomasochism, set in a Paris of frighteningly offhand lovers and phenomenally successful Op Art. A very brilliant, erotic film that takes the risk that some might laugh at it; it stares you out. In French. (Elgin; June 24.)

The Producers (1968)—Satire of the theatre, with Zero Mostel as a producer who sells twenty-five thousand per cent of a play, intending to produce a flop so that he won't have to pay the backers anything. Some of it is very funny, but Mel Brooks, who wrote and directed, doesn't develop the ideas. With Dick Shawn and Gene Wilder, whose whining, strangled-voice bit is almost a shtick of genius. (Olympia; through June 24.)

Pufnstuf—Based on the Sid and Marty Krofft television series. (Guild; through June 25.)

Putney Swope (1969)—Robert Downey's goonish and obstreperous film, rude and pretty funny, about a weary black who gets heaved willy-nilly into the chairman's seat at an advertising agency. (D. W. Griffith; June 20.)

The Ra Expeditions—A documentary film of Thor Hyerdahl's voyage across the Atlantic. (Guild; through June 25.)

The Rain People (1969)—Francis Ford Coppola's movie got almost no promotion and the story didn't sound appealing: people aren't much drawn to a story about a pregnant woman (Shirley Knight) who leaves home and picks up a brain-damaged hitchhiker (James Caan). But there's a prodigious amount of talent in this unusual, little-seen film. With Robert Duvall as a motorcycle cop whom Knight tries to seduce along her unmerry way. (D. W. Griffith; June 22.)

Reflections—A Ulvi Dogan film. (Bleecker St. Cinema; through June 24.)

The Return of the Pink Panther—Peter Sellers strikes again, with a wonderfully matured piece of comic embodiment as Inspector Clouseau, the accident-prone French cop whom he first played in 1964. Clouseau's off-center concentration here drives his boss crazy; the boss is brilliantly played by Herbert Lom, reborn in irascible comedy. Sellers' talent for great slapstick is a joy. So is his peculiar and peculiarly contagious English: the consonants stay in place but the vowels run haywire. The first-class screenplay is by Frank Waldman and Blake Edwards (owing a bit to a famous thriller by Hitchcock). Directed by Blake Edwards in the right sober tone for custard pies. (6/2/75) (Eastside Cinema, and 86th St. East. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Cinema Studio, and Thalia; starting June 25.)

Rollerball—With James Caan and John Houseman, directed by Norman Jewison. (Ziegfeld; starting June 25.)

Sacco and Vanzetti (1971)—Would that it were better. With Riccardo Cucciolla and Gian Maria Volonte in the title roles. Directed by Giuliano Montaldo. (Elgin; June 19.)

Le Samourai (1967; known as "The Godson" in the United States)—Alain Delon in a meditative thriller by Jean-Pierre Melville about a mercenary who kills for money without hatred and leaves girls without anguish. The film is cold, masterly, not pathetic or even particularly sympathetic, but it has the noble structure of accuracy. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 25-26.)

Saturday Night at the Baths—With Robert Aberdeen, directed by David Buckley. (Cinema Village, and R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1.)

Scenes from a Marriage—Bergman's picture of the intimacies and misapprehensions between Johan (Erland Josephson) and Marianne (Liv Ullmann, never more beautiful), originally made for TV as six fifty-minute sequences, here cut into a triumphantly coherent two and three-quarters hours of film, photographed by Sven Nykvist. Johan has a touch of the priggish about him, and also a touch of the weak; Marianne, apparently the victimized one, turns out to be the stronger. The movie constantly catches at minute tugs of affection or impatience between the long-married, whose eventual divorce by consent is oddly cancelled out by their continuing comprehension of one another. In Swedish. (9/23/74) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 21.)

Le Secret—With Jean-Louis Trintignant, Marlène Jobert, and Philippe Noiret, directed by Robert Enrico. In French. (Paris; through June 21. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; starting June 22.)

Serpico (1973)—Al Pacino as Frank Serpico, the New York City policeman whose incorruptibility alienated him from his fellow-officers and turned him into a messianic hippie freak. The theme is richly comic, and the film is great fun, but it sacrifices Serpico's story—one of the rare hopeful stories of our time—for a cynical, downbeat finish. Norman Wexler (who wrote "Joe") is responsible for most of the rude, hip humor; Sidney Lumet directed, sloppily but effectively. (12/17/73) (D. W. Griffith; June 25.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26		

The Seven Samurai (1954)—Seven hired knights defend a village against forty mounted bandits—their pay a few handfuls of rice. This epic on violence and action—Akira Kurosawa's masterpiece—has been widely imitated in recent years, but no one has come near it. The full three-and-a-half-hour version. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 19.)

Shampoo—Warren Beatty, as a Beverly Hills hairdresser, in a sex roundelay set in the Beatles sixties of miniskirts and strobe lights. Exploited for gags, this yummy idea for a movie might have turned into no more than a saucy romp, but the way it has been done, the joke expands the more you think about it. The people whirling in and out of bed include Julie Christie, Goldie Hawn, Jack Warden, Lee Grant, Tony Bill, and Carrie Fisher. Hal Ashby directed this sophisticated farce from a script by Robert Towne and Beatty (who is also the producer). (2/17/75) (Waverly. . . . ¶ Columbia I, Columbia II, and Loews 83rd St.; through June 24.)

Something for Everyone (1970)—Nothing much for anyone, actually, in this film about the omnisexuality of a footman hero (Michael York), who sidles up to an Austrian countess (Angela Lansbury), and also to her son and to everyone else in sight. Miss Lansbury does try as best she can for high comedy. (Quad Cinema; through June 24.)

The Southerner (1945)—Jean Renoir's poetic account of a year in the life of a poor, white Texas family—a chronicle of seasons and conflicts, adapted from the book "Hold Autumn in Your Hand," by George Sessions Perry. Zachary Scott, who usually played lounge lizards, is almost unrecognizable as a young tenant farmer; it was the performance of his career. Betty Fields plays his wife, and his relatives and neighbors include Percy Kilbride, Blanche Yurka, J. Carrol Naish, Norman Lloyd, and, regrettably, Beulah Bondi, who is more than a bit much as Granny. The picture has beautiful, evocative moments, mysteriously solemn. Having made this uneven but affecting picture, United Artists tried to sell it by the usual methods. ("She was his woman . . . and he was her man! That's all they had to fight with—against the world, the flesh, and the devil!") (Quad Cinema; June 22-24.)

Stage Door Canteen (1943)—Patriotism, entertainment, and romance mix badly in this celebration of the Forty-fourth Street canteen run for servicemen by stage folk during the Second World War; many famous performers make fools of themselves, and six bands provide the music—those of Count Basie, Benny Goodman, Xavier Cugat, Kay Kyser, Freddie Martin, and Guy Lombardo. When this movie first came out, James Agee said that it was a gold mine for those who were willing to go to it in the wrong spirit. It's depressing, though. Frank Borzage directed; the horribly elaborate narrative by Delmer Daves is about a group of soldiers (Lon McCallister is among them) about to be sent overseas. They go to the canteen on their last night of leave in New York and fall in love with hostesses there. When their embarkation is postponed, they go back for another night, and then a third; by the time their farewells are final, the audience's tears could float them to the war zone. Katharine Cornell, Katharine Hepburn, and Paul Muni fare a shade worse than most of the other fifty-odd famous performers; Ray Bolger and Ed Wynn come off rather better. (Quad Cinema; through June 21.)

Stavisky—Alain Resnais's death song for thirties elegance, featuring a silver Hispano-Suiza, an Art Deco diamond necklace, baskets of white hothouse flowers, and silvery-white skies. The film seems to be a reverie on façades and contrasts, in which the swindler-charmer Stavisky (Jean-Paul Belmondo), who hides his past, is paired with his friend Baron Raoul (Charles Boyer), whose character is enriched by his background. Resnais directs as if vitality would be a sin against art, and the characters are no more than emblems. He has a beautiful technique, but it's not an expressive technique. This is an icy, high-minded white-telephone movie. The script is by Jorge Semprun. In French. (1/20/75) (72nd Street East, Juliet 2, Quad Cinema, and Thalia; through June 24.)

The Stranger (1967)—The movie version follows the Camus novel without being able to encompass it, but it is an intelligent try, beautifully acted and well worth seeing. Marcello Mastroianni and Anna Karina play the leads, and Luchino Visconti directed. In French. (D. W. Griffith; June 26.)

A Streetcar Named Desire (1951)—Some of the best dialogue ever written by an American, and two of the greatest performances ever put on film. Marlon Brando plays the brutal Stanley Kowalski, who shatters the system of illusions that Blanche DuBois (Vivien Leigh) lives by. Elia Kazan directed the Tennessee Williams play. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 20-22.)

Strike Up the Band (1940)—Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney, hard-to-forget June Preisser, and Paul Whiteman's orchestra in an M-G-M musical directed by Busby Berkeley. He shot the works in a bizarrely extended number called "Do the Conga." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 20-21.)

Swiss Family Robinson (1960)—John Mills, Janet Munro, Dorothy McGuire, in a Disney-humanized version. Throw away your head, or throw up. (Fine Arts, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Festival; starting June 25.)

Testament of Orpheus (1962)—Cocteau's film, with himself as the Poet. Slightly awkward. The film is rich—too rich—in allusions to Cocteau's own earlier works and life, and the Cocteau legerdemain with disappearing and metamorphosed images seems aged and oddly spinsterish; all the same, he was a great man, good-natured and a true innovator. Worth seeing, especially if you have seen "Orpheus." In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 24.)

The Third Man (1950)—Orson Welles, the Vienna sewers, and the famous, maddening zither tune. Directed by Carol Reed from Graham Greene's script and novel. Trevor Howard is a stylish Englishman who instructs Joseph Cotten in life's darker truths. A thriller of highest class. (Fine Arts; June 20-21.)

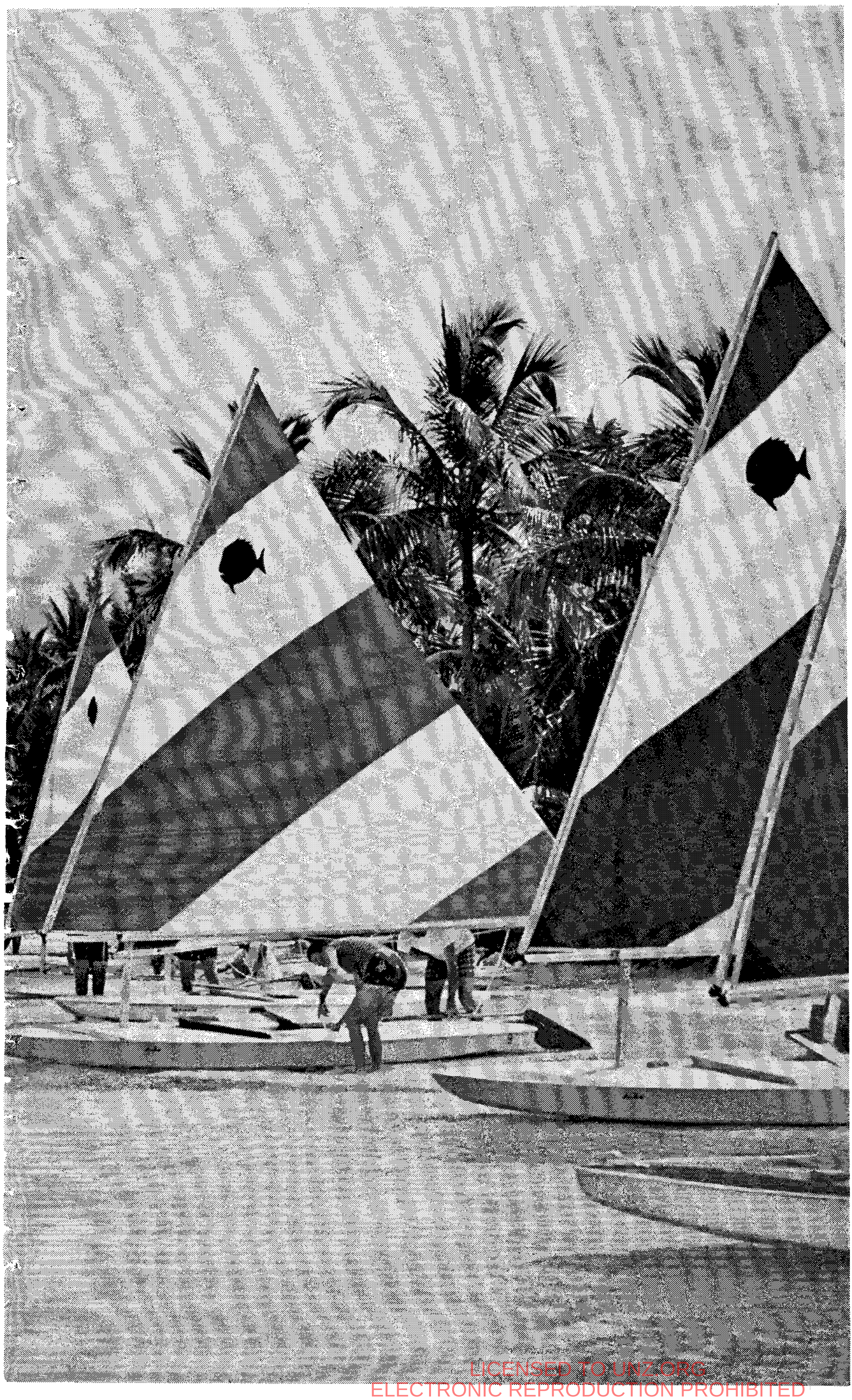
Thousands Cheer (1943)—Gene Kelly tries hard in this all-star M-G-M musical, and Lena Horne sings "Honeysuckle Rose," but nothing could save it. Maybe José Iturbi put the seal of doom (i.e., mediocrity) on the venture when he condescended to play boogie-woogie; his boogie-woogie is surely the worst ever recorded. With Judy Garland, Ben Blue, Eleanor Powell, Lucille Ball, Red Skelton, and many others. George Sidney directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 20-21.)

Tillie's Punctured Romance (1914)—A six-reeler by Mack Sennett, with Marie Dressler and Charlie Chaplin. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 26.)

To Be or Not to Be (1942)—A strangely tasteless anti-Nazi comedy melodrama, crudely effective at times. The stars are Carole Lombard and Jack Benny, bizarrely cast as a famous Polish actress and her actor-husband; the plot involves actors disguising themselves as Nazis in order to foil the Nazis. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch, who is far off his usual delicate style. With Robert Stack, Lionel Atwill, Stanley Ridges, and Felix Bressart. It was Lombard's last film; two weeks after completing it, she was killed in a plane crash while on a tour to sell defense bonds. (Quad Cinema; through June 21.)

Tommy—The famous rock opera composed and sung by The Who, turned into a clamorous film by Ken Russell. Like many other mindless satires, it fallaciously respects and exploits what it seeks to criticize. For instance, it pretends to be severe about the false idols of our era, but it is exceedingly religious about show biz and success. Lots of psychedelic shocks and comic-strip effects. Ann-Margret is appealing when she doesn't have to fling herself about. Roger Daltrey plays

THE BAHAMA OUT ISLANDS: A FAMILY OF ISLANDS FOR THE FAMILY.



We've got everything from Sunfish to bonefish. Scuba diving to boar hunting. Boat trips to historic cays. Beautiful lazy beaches. Deserted shelling cays. Golf. Tennis. Discos.

Nearly everything's within walking distance, even for toddlers. And crowds are something we only read about out here. So, pressure-free, your kids will find it easier to learn new skills like tennis and scuba, and to practice old ones. Swimming seems less formidable when done in our calm, shallow, clear water. A golf swing's easier to perfect when nobody's breathing "Fore!" down your neck.

That's not to say your kids will lack company. The popularity of the Out Islands with congenial families ensures plenty of new friendships for everyone.

Informal family-run resorts make up the largest part of our Out Island accommodation. Bright cheerful hotel rooms abound, most with private bath, and many with terrace or direct access to patio or beach. Or choose a private villa, perfect for making the family feel at home, at a price that makes sense. You can fix family-style meals yourself, or bring the troops to the pretty hotel restaurant, where they'll get special smiles and service.

For more information about the Bahama Out Islands, see your travel agent or call this toll-free number: (800) 327-0787. In Florida (except Dade County): (800) 432-5594. In Dade County: 443-3821.

ABACO/ANDROS/ELEUTHERA/EXUMA/BIMINI/ BERRY ISLANDS / LONG ISLAND / CAT ISLAND / SAN SALVADOR

Bahamas Tourist Office
200 Southeast First Street, Miami, Florida 33131

First rule of the game... keep your eye on David Smith. Sportswear fashioned for action, for the 'gallery', too. Designed by Eric Jacobson in easy-care, easy-wear fabrics.

David Smith

Available at

Bloomingdale's Halle's
Ivey's Jacobson's
Jordan Marsh, Florida
Liberty House, Honolulu
I. Magnin Marshall Field
Montaldo's Nordstrom

We recommend
Woolite®

For Fine
Fabric Care

David Smith, 1407 Broadway, New York

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Tommy. (4/7/75) (Ziegfeld; June 19-24. . . . ¶ Little Carnegie; starting June 25.)

Two-Lane Blacktop (1971)—Failed attempt at an "Easy Rider" on four wheels. The most fully characterized figure in the cast is a souped-up Chevy that endearingly seems to be made out of a lot of kitchen utensils. Mindless stuff. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 18-19.)

Ulysses (1967)—An act of homage to Joyce's novel that is reasonably successful in providing a surface map of the comings and goings in town and "Nighttown" but that lacks the sensuality of the novel's prose. Joyce gives us the drama within Stephen's consciousness; the Joseph Strick film stays on the outside, and so Leopold Bloom, who is easier to represent, takes over. With Maurice Roeves as Stephen, Milo O'Shea as Bloom, and Barbara Jefford as Molly. (Fine Arts; June 22-23.)

The Wages of Fear (1953)—The most exciting French melodrama of the fifties. Henri-Georges Clouzot's Existential thriller about the responses of four men to a situation in which character no longer determines fate: they are driving trucks loaded with nitroglycerine over rough roads. With Yves Montand. In French. (Elgin; June 24.)

Waterloo Bridge (1940)—A great many people are inexplicably hooked on this weeper about the unlucky wartime love affair of a duke's nephew (Robert Taylor, trying to act aristocratic) and a dancer (Vivien Leigh). She becomes *the saddest-eyed fallen woman* ever. The director, Mervyn LeRoy, uses candlelight and rain more effectively than he does the actors. Adapted from a Robert E. Sherwood play. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 24-25.)

White Reindeer (1956)—A Finnish film, directed by Erik Blomberg. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 18.)

The White Sheik (1951)—An affectionate satire on glamour and delusion by Fellini—pleasant but a little flat. Brunella Bova is the star-struck bride who leaves her husband (Leopoldo Trieste) on their honeymoon when she meets a cheap actor—Alberto Sordi, in a marvellous performance. With Giulietta Masina, as a whore—the role that was later expanded and became "Nights of Cabiria." In Italian. (Elgin; June 22-23.)

The Wild Child (1970)—A late-eighteenth-century doctor (played by François Truffaut) takes over the education of a barbarian boy who has spent his childhood abandoned in a forest. The understanding between the two of them is wary and delicate; all the same, they are some sort of kin, and both of them are in the direct line of Truffaut's alert, thin-skinned, outwardly intransigent heroes. Truffaut directed the film in a beautiful black-and-white that has the look of an old photograph. In French. (D. W. Griffith; June 21.)

The Wind and the Lion—Theodore Roosevelt (played by Brian Keith) sends the Marines into Morocco to rescue an American (played by Candice Bergen) kidnapped by the last of the Barbary pirates (led here by Sean Connery). Directed and written by John Milius. (Music Hall; through June 25.)

The Wizard of Oz (1939)—Heavenly. Judy Garland as Dorothy, Bert Lahr as the Cowardly Lion, and Ray Bolger as the Scarecrow. (Regency; starting June 25.)

A Woman Is a Woman (1961)—A parody-imitation of an American musical: an experiment that Godard, fortunately, never repeated. With Anna Karina, Belmondo, and Jean-Claude Brialy, and all too damned cute. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 23.)

Young Frankenstein—A farce-parody of Hollywood's mad-scientist movies. To go to when your rhythm is slowed down and you're too tired to think; you have to let this Mel Brooks comedy do everything for you, because that's the only way it works. If you accept the silly, zizzy obviousness, it can make you laugh helplessly. Gene Wilder is the old Baron's scientist-grandson, Peter Boyle is the new Monster, and Madeline Kahn is the scientist's fiancée, who becomes the Monster's bride. The picture is in black-and-white, which holds it visually close to the films it takes off from. It's Brooks's most sustained piece of moviemaking—the laughs never let up. (12/30/74) (St. Marks Cinema, Gramercy, Playboy, and Olympia; through June 24.)

David Smith

is also available
at these fine stores

GIMBELS EAST CHARLES STEVENS
THE CRESCENT FREDERICK & NELSON
HIGBEE *JACKSON GRAVES* JENSS
KAUFMANN'S NEUSTETER'S
R. H. STEARNS WOOLF BROS.

Abbeville, S.C.	Ladies Shoppe
Albuquerque, N.M.	Redmonds
Alexandria, La.	Gus Kaplan
Anderson, S.C.	Vogue Shop
Asbury Park, N.J.	Dainty Apparel
Bath, N.Y.	Fosters
Baton Rouge, La.	Geo-Jes
Bethesda, Md.	Claire Dratch
Billings, Mont.	Lori's Shoppe
Birmingham, Mich.	Chudiks
Bluefield, W. Va.	Mademoiselle
Bowling Green, Ky.	Fashion House
Burlingame, Cal.	Geneves
Charlotte, N.C.	Belk
Cincinnati, Ohio	Carriage Trade
Colorado Springs, Col.	A Short Story
Corona Del Mar, Cal.	The Brass Ring
Dallas, Texas	Lester Melnick
Dayton, Ohio	Elder Beerman
Dearborn, Mich.	J. N. Muirheads
Deland, Fla.	Betty Dreka
Denver, Col.	Cates First Ave.
Denville, N.J.	Doris Jene Fashions
Des Moines, Ia.	Phase II
Duluth, Minn.	Crooked Door
Elizabethtown, Ky.	Town House
Elkhart, Ind.	Stephenson's
El Paso, Tex.	Glass Apparel
El Paso, Tex.	Tres Mariposa
Escondido, Cal.	The Mercantile
Florence, S.C.	Hendrickson's
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.	Monica T. Buggie
Frederick, Md.	Haber & Co.
Fresno, Cal.	Mona Lisa
Grand Ledge, Mich.	Corner Boutique
Greeley, Col.	Miladys Shop
Greenville, Miss.	The Mannequin
Greenwood, Miss.	Deloach's
Gurnee, Ill.	Grand Junction Ltd.
Haddonfield, N.J.	*Lillian Albus*
Hagerstown, Md.	Haber & Co.
Harrisburg, Pa.	Adler's Country Casuals
Hartford, Conn.	Stackpole, Moore, Tryon
Hilton Head Island, S.C.	Wingfields
Hinsdale, Ill.	Heritage House
Hutchinson, Kansas	Pegues
Indianapolis, Ind.	Penelope's
Jackson, Miss.	Fields
Jacksonville, Fla.	Bolun's
Joplin, Mo.	Neff's
Kansas City, Mo.	*Wolff's*
Kennebunkport, Me.	Forsland House
Lake Buena Vista, Fla.	The Village
Lake Forest, Ill.	Lake Forest Sport Shop
Lancaster, Pa.	Adler's Country Casuals
Larchmont, N.Y.	Vans
Littleton, Col.	Cottage Casuals
Los Altos, Cal.	Jerryl's
Marion, Ohio	Keefer's Boutique
McLean, Va.	Michael Rose
Memphis, Tenn.	Helen of Memphis
Midland, Mich.	*Mode Shop*
Muskegon, Mich.	Angies
Napa, Cal.	Russ Egners Sport & Resort
New Canaan, Conn.	Judy Richards
Oildale, Cal.	Sullivan's
Omaha, Neb.	Zoob's
Painted Post, N.Y.	Willow Shop
Palm Desert, Cal.	Earline's
Palm Springs, Cal.	Gabrielle
Palos Verdes Est., Cal.	Arlyn's Fashions
Phoenix, Ariz.	Beaton's Carriage House
Pompano Beach, Fla.	Alan Evan
Pompano Beach, Fla.	Joan Harriett
Portland, Me.	Paulines Boutique
Portsmouth, N.H.	Tobers Fashions
Racine, Wisc.	Jos. Lawrence
Richmond, Va.	Miller & Rhoads
Ridgewood, N.J.	MacHugh, Inc.
Sacramento, Cal.	Charlotte Green
Salem, Va.	Audreys
Salt Lake City, Utah	The Wardrobe
Santa Rosa, Cal.	Patricia's
Scarsdale, N.Y.	Jane Engel
South Hill, Va.	Martha's
Springfield, Mo.	Jonn's Fashions
St. Matthews, Ky.	Dwight Thomas
St. Paul, Minn.	Theodores
Sun City, Ariz.	Osburn's Apparel
Tappahannock, Va.	Shop for Pappagallo
Terre Haute, Ind.	Meis Bros.
Timonium, Md.	The Edge Set
Tucson, Ariz.	Cele Peterson
Union, N.J.	Sommers
Urbana, Ohio	Country Corner Shop
Virginia Beach, Va.	Hobies (Sandbridge)
Waterbury, Conn.	Musler Liebeskind
Waterford, Mich.	Penthouse Fashions
Westfield, N.J.	Sommers
Westwood, N.J.	MacHugh, Inc.
Wichita, Kansas	Lewins
Winston Salem, N.C.	Buena Vista Shop
Woodstock, Vt.	MacHugh, Inc.
Woonsocket, R.I.	Carriage Trade
Wooster, Ohio	Beulah Bechtel Shop
York, Pa.	Jacks of York

DAVID SMITH
1407 Broadway, N.Y., N.Y. 10018

The Benihana Cooking and Performing Society.

To join an organization that's become a legend, a man has always needed one quality above all else.

Talent. Sheer talent.

After all, to join Robin Hood's Merry Men you had to be a brilliant archer.

To join the Knights of the Round Table you had to be a brilliant swordsman.

Well, to join Benihana you have to be a brilliant entertainer. To say nothing of being a brilliant chef.

Take the preparation of hibachi steak.

To a regular chef, a sirloin is something to throw into the broiler.

To a Benihana chef, a sirloin is a co-star.

He's got to make his public cheer as his knife dances with it. As he hurls mushrooms at it. And rains sesame seeds on it.

He needs the precision of a juggler. The grace of a sleight of hand artist. The flash of a flamenco dancer.

Is it any wonder that every man who puts on the uniform of a Benihana chef seems to burst with pride?

It's like playing the lead in a Broadway show.

BENIHANA of TOKYO

New York—Benihana Palace 15 W. 44 St., 682-7120 • Benihana East 120 E. 56th St., 593-1627 • Benihana West 47 W. 56th St., 581-0930

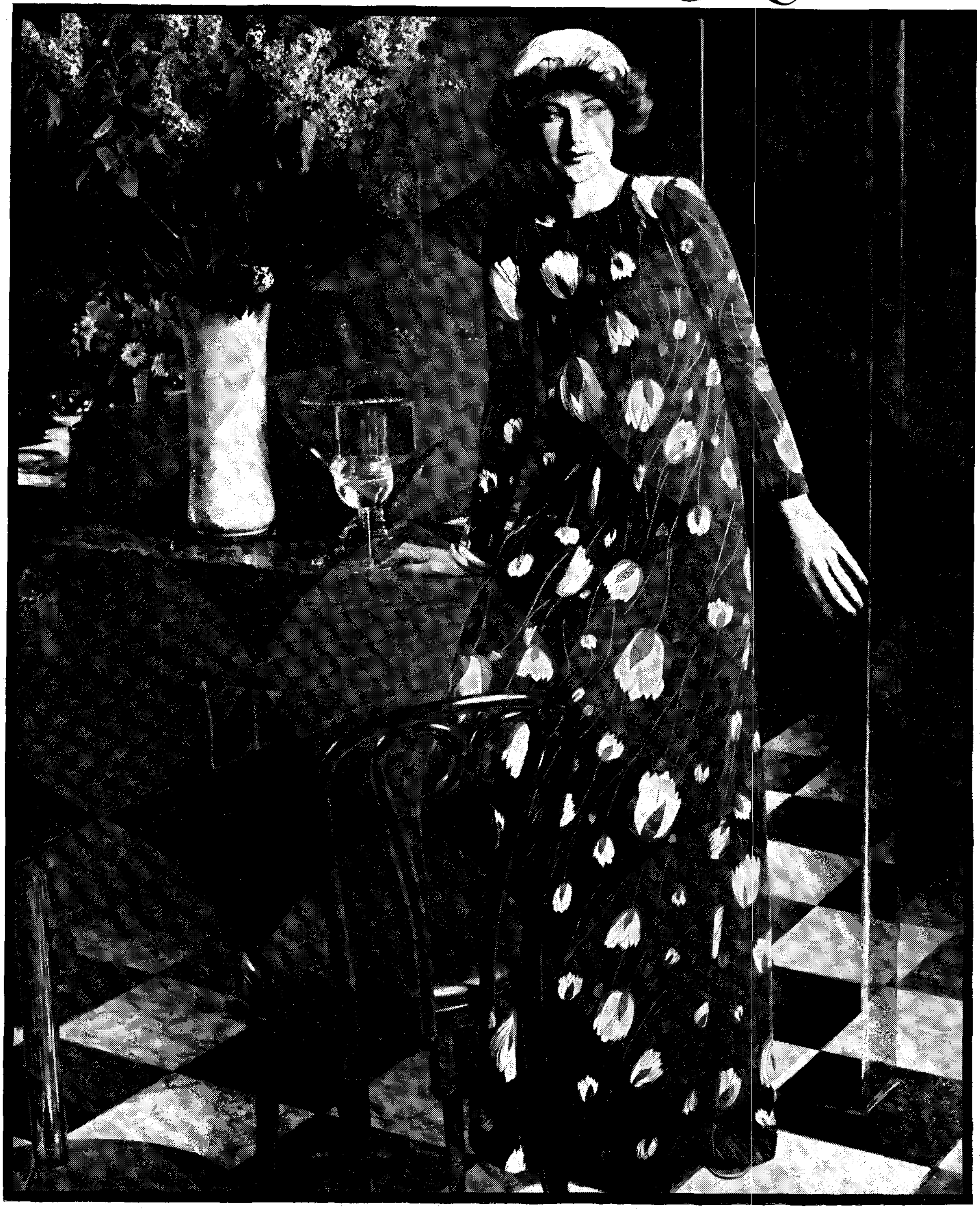
Chicago. Lincolnshire. Ill. San Francisco. Las Vegas. Encino. Marina del Rey. Beverly Hills. Scottsdale. Ariz., Seattle, Honolulu. Harrisburg. Pa., Bala Cynwyd. Pa., Ft. Lauderdale. Miami. Portland. Ore., Boston. Bethesda. Md., Houston. Atlanta. Denver. Toronto. Tokyo.

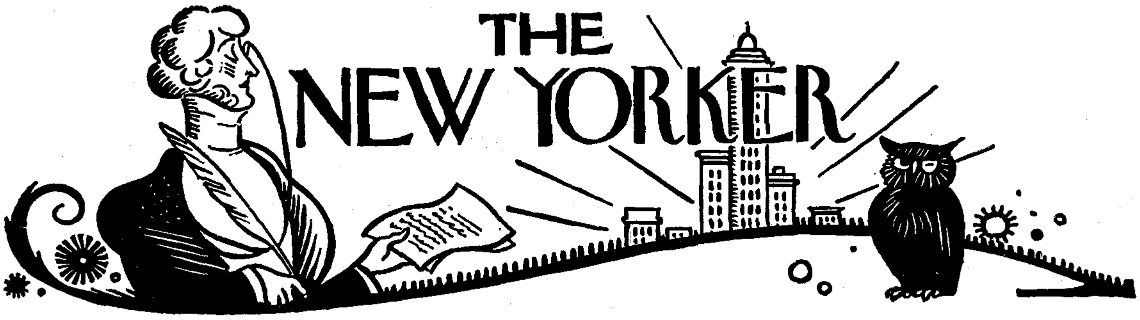
We honor the American Express, Diners Club and Carte Blanche credit cards.

Tuliptime: a midnight blooming of matte jersey

Coming alive at night, stemmy tulips in beige and green, blowing over the inky blackness of a jersey dress. Diane von Furstenberg's simplest shape: small bodice, long, flowing skirt, long sleeves. Pattern is all (a designy Art Nouveau feeling). Graceful ease is everything. In acrylic, 8 to 14 sizes, $110. The Fifth Avenue Shop, 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores. Please add 1.25 for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery area.

Saks Fifth Avenue





THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A LETTER from a friend:

Well, things were pretty interesting last week down here in the West Village, and I thought I ought to tell you about it. For one thing, the vaguely rectangular vacant lot where the Women's House of Detention used to be is being made into a little park, and the first bushes, shrubs—whatever—were put in last Monday, and you can now get a dim idea of what the place is going to look like. It's going to be pretty. I don't know who the genius responsible for getting this done is, but I take off my hat to her. The Women's House of Detention was, you will recall, the place where they used to store women in the prostitution business, mostly. The thing I remember about it best, aside from its social inutility and hideousness, is that one time a pal of mine who was in the anti-war-activist business got situated there because she had sat down in front of an Armed Forces Day parade. And stopped it, for a while. Anyhow, she was put in a cell with a woman who was in that other business, and that woman asked her what she was in for, and my pal told her. And the other woman immediately rushed to the cell door and yelled at the turnkey, "*Get these effing housewives outta here!*" Anyhow, the planting is going in, and it looks mighty good.

The next interesting thing that happened was on Tuesday. I was standing in my local liquor store (Lamanna's, on Sixth) buying a bottle of vodka when the wife of the super of our building came in, on much the same errand. Dialogue as follows:

She: You don't really drink that stuff, do you? It's poison.

Me: No, of course I don't drink it. I use it as an antiseptic. You know, like if I cut myself, I pour a little of this on the cut.

She: You sure do cut yourself a lot.

Well, that was a joke on me that I greatly enjoyed. The next interesting thing that happened was on Wednesday. I was attending a dinner party on our block and, lacking cigarettes, had gone out to get some. And on my way back I ran into this woman I know and she looked funny. And I said, "Robin, what's the matter?" And she said, "Joan has just tried to kill herself—pills—and she's in the emergency room at St. Vincent's with Herman, and I'm going out to buy her a pair of slippers." Joan is Robin's daughter, who is twenty-four and has been an addict since she was around sixteen (although lately she's been in a Methadone program), and Herman is Robin's husband, an industrial designer. Now, St. Vincent's emergency room is one of my favorite emergency rooms in the whole world. I know it well, from the time I accidentally stabbed myself in the chest with an X-Acto knife (paltry two stitches), and the time our former babysitter got raped, and the time my daughter ate the roach poison and I went down there, carrying kid and can, and the Poison Control Center there said, "Mister, that stuff don't even bother the roaches—they just get high on it, is all." So I whip into the St. Vincent's emergency room, and there is Joan, in white hospital gown and wheelchair, tubes patched into her right and left wrists leading to plastic bags of glucose, or whatever, hung on the walls, and Herman dithering about. Joan is making sentences, but just barely. She asks if I have a cigarette on me, I give her one, and the black uniformed guard standing nearby doesn't say a damned thing; he just smiles. So then I got on to what Herman and his daughter were talking about, which was *whether the attempt had been serious or not.* He said no, she said yes. So I kicked Herman in the leg four or five times, meanwhile patting him calmingly on the shoulder, and he realized what he was doing and shut up. I don't blame him; he was scared to death and babbling. Joan's O.K. now. I mean, medically.

Judith Shahn

The next interesting thing that happened was on Friday. I was going to an event at Westbeth in the early afternoon and I was stopped by four kids. They were boys, between twelve and fourteen, I judged, white, middle class, I judged, and two of them were carrying pieces of pipe. Dialogue as follows:

Kid: Hey, Mister.

Me: Yep?

Kid: Are you straight?

Me: You mean straight as opposed to gay?

Kid: Yeah.

Me: Straight.

Kid: Good man.

And they moved on. And I was later told by my hosts that there are these bands of little kids wandering around that part of the West Village beating up gays. And that it's been going on for about two years. And that nobody seems to be able to do anything about it. I thought that was interesting. And I also thought, Why didn't I tarry and reason with them, point out the error of this way of thinking? And I concluded that it was the natural momentum of New Yorkers, who tend to move past obstacles such as panhandlers, freaks, crazies, and people with big, brutish dogs as fast as they comfortably can. I absolved myself. I could have killed two of them, if it had come to that (as it apparently does for people who answer the question incorrectly), but, you know, it's hard to kill kids. We've been trained not to.

And then on Saturday I went to the Jane Street street festival. And they had this terrific band there—the

Grover Cleveland High School Stage Band. A big band: four trombones, five trumpets, guitar, piano (electric), bass, drums, and *eight* saxes. They were playing Glenn Miller and Tommy Dorsey and Bob Crosby arrangements, and they were good. *Very* good. And what was interesting was that these kids had, on the stand, exactly the same expressions, attitudes, and moves that professional musicians have. The way a sax man tends to lean to the left, thrusting out a shoulder, when he's playing, or fiddle around with his reed when he's not playing. The pianist was a young Chinese, and the rest of them were all mixed up, black and white and Puerto Rican. There was one ringer in the trombone section, though, whom I took to be a teacher—young, but not so young as the others. Anyhow, when they played "Yesterdays," tears came to my eyes, which I don't much like in public, so I asked this girl if she wanted to dance. She wasn't a girl, really, she was a woman, and all the time we were dancing she had this three-year-old child (wearing glasses) clinging to her right leg. I didn't get her name, but I sure enjoyed that dance.

• •

Review

FIRE ISLAND is a narrow (no broader than a thousand yards) barrier beach off Long Island, beginning about thirty-five miles east of Manhattan. As a weekend and vacation refuge for New Yorkers, it has acquired a reputation as a scrappy sort of place, its natural beauty and resources the disputed terrain of year-round residents and summer visitors, commercial fishermen and pleasure boaters, ecologists and beach-buggy enthusiasts; and the score of communities and parks are strung like beads along its thirty-two-mile length. The other evening, all intra-Fire Island disputes were put aside when more than two thousand beachgoers, many of them normally at opposite political poles, came to New York and gathered harmoniously at the Biltmore Hotel. The object of their uncommon harmony was the recently promulgated Master Plan Draft for the Fire Island National Seashore, and the occasion for their convocation was a public review that the National Park Service held in order to receive objections.

For the purpose of receiving objections, the review, which began at seven-thirty, was a resounding success. For nearly four hours, David A. Richie, deputy regional director of the National Park Service, and James W. Godbolt, superintendent of the Fire Island National Seashore, and a panel of planners heard nothing but. While Islanders of every stripe waved signs and cheered, a parade of more than fifty speakers attacked the hundred-and-six-page Master Plan Draft: in particular, provisions that would drop the six westernmost (and most closely settled) miles of Fire Island from the Seashore jurisdiction and would authorize a concrete bike-and-hiking path along most of the remaining twenty-six miles—an innovation that many Islanders found disturbingly reminiscent of the automobile highway that Robert Moses unsuccessfully fought to build a dozen years ago.

"I represent thousands of my Manhattan constituents who own or rent Fire Island property," said the first witness—New York Councilwoman Carol Greitzer, a summer homeowner herself. The bike-and-hiking path, she maintained, "is a road, pure and simple, yielding to cars before the concrete is dry on the fragile barrier beach where the constant watchword should be protection and preservation."

The Councilwoman was followed by a Brooklyn congressman—Stephen Solarz, also a summer resident—who promised opposition from the New York congressional delegation to the attempt to revise the present Seashore boundaries, which had been legally established in 1964. "There is no doubt that if left unprotected the western portion of Fire Island will shortly resemble many other despoiled beaches in urban areas," he said.

Then came the political representatives of Fire Island itself. George Biderman, the president of the Fire Island Association, accused the Park Service of acting "more like a lapdog than a watchdog" to the real-estate interests, and Arthur Silsdorf, the mayor of Ocean Beach, which is one of the communities that the Park Service was proposing to drop from the Seashore, noted that there really appeared to be complete agreement about the Master Plan Draft. "Congress is against it, local politicians are against it, the people on the island are against it, and everybody in this room is against it," he said. "Who's for it, anyway?"

By the conclusion of the review, not even the Park Service was. "While I can't say this has been an easy evening for us to sit through," Director Richie said before adjourning the proceedings, well after eleven, "I offer my congratulations on a thoroughly well-stated, fine presentation."

And what about the major recommendations of the Master Plan?

"I think you have made an overwhelming record," Mr. Richie said. "And I think, in the face of that record, these decisions will not be pursued."

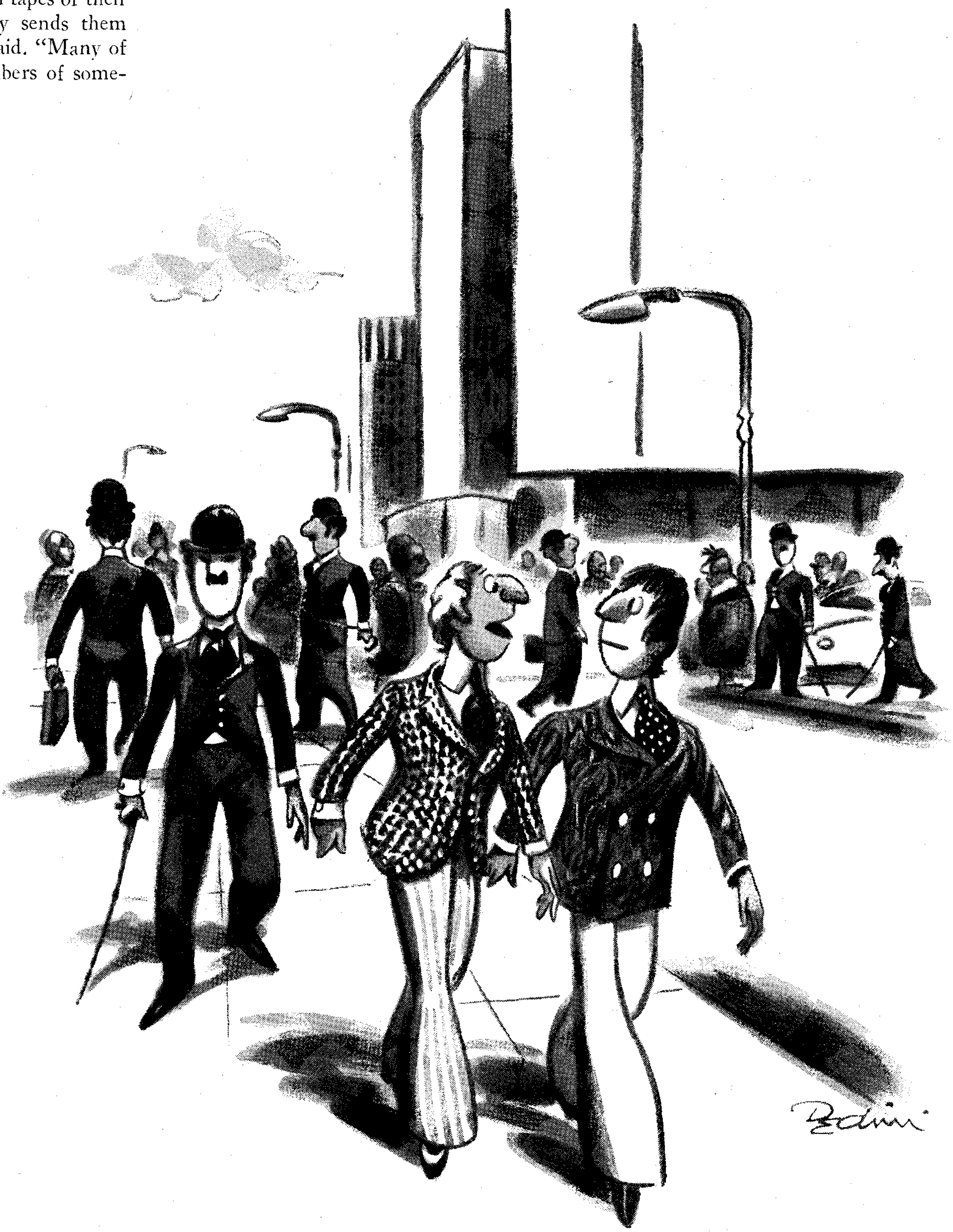
Reunion

LEARNING that Larry Adler and Paul Draper were scheduled to appear at Carnegie Hall on June 15th, we consulted our record book and discovered that it would be thirty years since the harmonica player and the tap-dancer—bright stars of the entertainment firmament until they were eclipsed by the blacklist a generation ago—last worked together on that stage. Then we looked up Draper, Adler not yet having come over for the reunion from London, where he has been living since 1949. The dancer, the senior member by four years of the durable pair, admitted to having turned sixty-five. "I am two years younger than that in *Who's Who*," he told us. "But I decided recently to play it straight. Hell, if I'm older, I'm older." He looked as slim and fit as ever, and said that he would weigh in at a hundred and sixty—exactly what he weighed when he began dancing professionally, in 1931. "I keep in shape by teaching actively two to five hours daily," he said. "I don't sit on a stool and say 'Lift your leg.' I demonstrate. I assume Larry's in good shape, too. He's been doing a two-hour one-man show all over Europe, and to carry that off you've *got* to be in shape."

Draper, whose once reddish hair has indisputably turned gray, was wearing a blue sports shirt, sweat pants, and sneakers, and, if he'd had a whistle around his neck, could have passed anywhere for a high-school basketball coach. In reality, though, he has since the fall of 1969 been Andrew Mellon Professor of Drama at Carnegie-Mellon University, in Pittsburgh, where he now lives. "When I was younger, I often fantasized that if and when I ever stopped dancing I would retire as something like a professor of ancient history, even though my own formal higher education was confined to one year of civil engineering at Brooklyn Polytech," he said. "Now that this absurd dream has come true, I've become fascinated with academe. Whether it's because I like to teach or I love the kids I teach, I'm not sure; I guess it's both. It never occurred to me that what has happened could happen. Not a single one of my students, incidentally, has ever seen me dance commercially, though a lot of their parents have. I teach one kid whose uncle was a sax player in Henry Busse's band at the Chez Paree, where I spent almost a year and a quarter of my life."

Draper said that Adler has been teaching, too—regularly giving a summer course at an academy in Wales (Draper is currently teaching in the summer school of the University of Maryland), taking private pupils in London, and running a sort of global correspondence school for harmonica players. "People send him tapes of their performances, and Larry sends them back critiques," Draper said. "Many of these musicians are members of something called the Society for the Preservation and Advancement of the Harmonica, an organization one of whose principal objectives appears to be preserving Larry. And he's also blossomed in the last ten or twenty years into a writer: regular book reviewer for the London *Sunday Times*, contributor to *Punch* and *The Spectator*—I forget what all else." Draper added, in the reflective manner of a professor giving a survey course in ancient history, that it was back in 1933 that he and Adler met. The dancer and a singer named Alice Dawn had been engaged for the stage show at the Radio City Music Hall; Vincente Minnelli had designed a set with three doors; a third body was needed in a hurry; and the then nineteen-year-old Adler was recruited from a Gus Edwards revue. Adler and Draper not long afterward went their separate ways, on separate continents, but they crossed paths again in 1939, gave their first joint recital that year at Santa Barbara, first played Carnegie Hall in 1941, and for five years after that were one of the hottest attractions on the national concert circuit, giving sixty or seventy highly remunerative performances a year. "It was hard work but fun," Draper recalled. "Much of the time, we had as our accompanist the pianist John Colman, who was outstandingly irresponsible but a brilliant musician."

This week's reunion appearance was arranged by Frances Cole, the harpsichordist. "As soon as we were approached, I got in touch with John Colman, whom I hadn't spoken to for a while, and I asked him what shape *he* was in," Draper said. "He was as excited as we were about getting together again. I haven't seen much of Larry, either, in recent years. We worked briefly together in Europe during the early fifties, when I lived in London, but we've usually been a couple of thousand miles apart. Larry has done a number of concerts with symphony orchestras in Canada lately, playing some of the pieces that have been specially written for him, by people like Milhaud and Vaughan Williams, or the Robert Russell Bennett arrangement of 'Rhapsody in Blue' for mouth organ and orchestra. Larry will almost surely be doing some Gershwin at Carnegie—probably selections from 'Porgy and



"I hadn't heard. Is the Chaplin look in?"

Bess'—and he's got Ellis Larkins to agree to accompany him in those numbers. My own public performing these past few years has been mostly on the university circuit, which I've loved, because some of the orchestras and bands are marvellous. These kids in college bands today do things with Schubert and Mozart that you wouldn't believe. Larry isn't due in till just before we go on, so how we're going to rehearse the numbers we'll do jointly I don't exactly know, but inasmuch as we've worked together hundreds of times and what we do is largely improvisational anyway, I suppose it won't be any real problem. I know that he can still play the harmonica better than anyone else, and that I can still dance, though my endurance, naturally, isn't what it used to be. But I can dance. You won't ask for your money back."

Focus

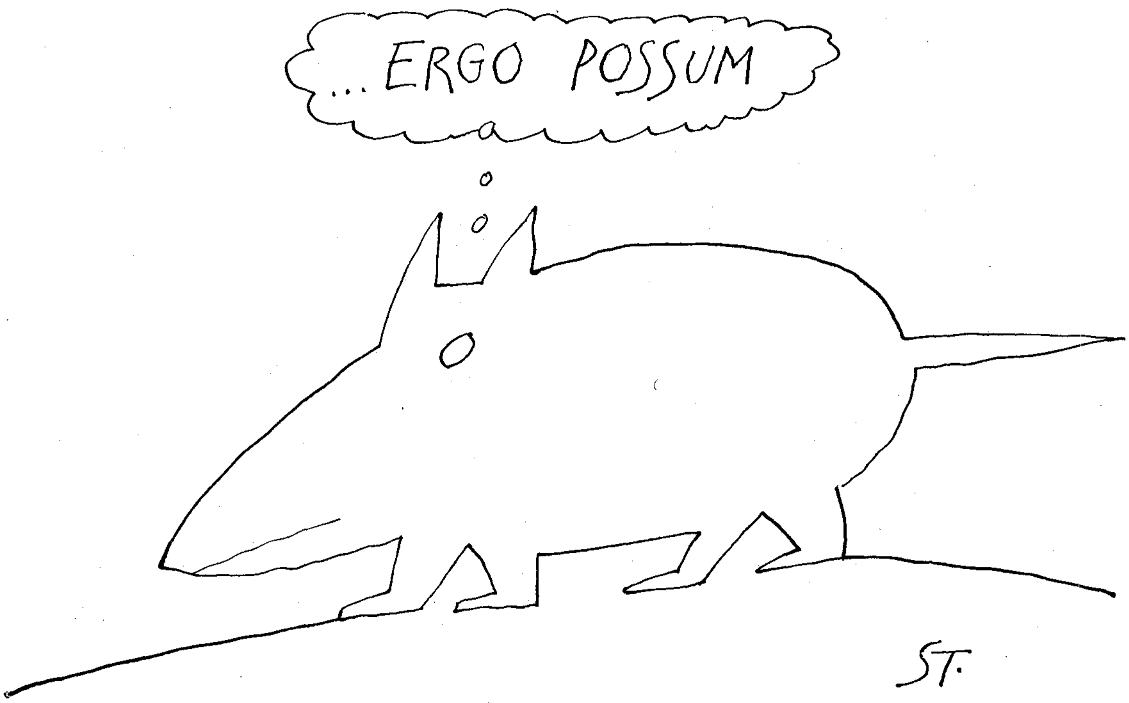
BECAUSE we left Madison Square Garden before the conclusion of last Sunday afternoon's martial-arts spectacular, "The Oriental World of Self-Defense," we missed the chance to see Ernest Hyman break fifteen hundred pounds of ice with his bare hand, and we also passed up Ralf Bialla's act. Mr. Bialla catches bullets with his teeth. We felt justified in leaving early because, from a strictly puristic point of view, we don't think these feats qualify as plausible examples of self-defense. Most martial artists agree that if one is caught off guard it is impossible to defend oneself successfully against a bullet that has been fired point-blank. Also, no one we know has ever been attacked by a block of ice. There were, however, a number of demonstrations at the Garden which did seem impressive. The crowd enjoyed, for instance, the perfunctory but colorful lion dance, which took place just before the National Anthem. The dance was led by Richard Chin, known as Sifu Richard Chin to the students at his martial-arts academy in SoHo, where he teaches tai chi chuan, a popular style of kung fu. "Kung fu is the oldest of the Asian martial arts," Sifu Chin told us beforehand in an offstage hallway, as he leaned against the lion's head. "It includes most of the moves of the other martial arts. 'Kung fu' is loosely translated as 'hard work,' or 'art,' but the correct term is actually 'wu su,' which means 'martial.' The ceremony portrays the lion awaking and spreading his spirit over the occasion. His arrival is supposed to stand for righteousness and purity."

Standing nearby, oblivious of lions, Peter Chow paced through some of the one hundred and eight moves in wing chun, a very simplified style of kung fu. Mr. Chow repeatedly struck a cylindrical stainless-steel dummy, attacking spring-lever protuberances that represented an opponent's face and arms. "The stainless steel allows a person to see his reflection and improve his reflexes," he said.

Down the corridor from Peter Chow, Sang Soo (Tiger) Kim, master of tae kwon do, which is a form of Korean karate, prepared for his demonstration by practicing high kicks—much higher than the chorus-line variety—and other leg-limbering exercises. Tiger Kim's legs are his prime asset. "*Tae*" is the Korean word for "kick," "*kwon*" means "punching," and "*do*" means "way"—all of which means that Tiger Kim does interesting things with his feet. When we tried to speak with him, Mr. Kim referred us to his manager, Chung Kim (no relation), who was in their dressing room being interviewed by the Voice of America. Chung Kim handed us a list of the feats that Tiger Kim and his younger brother Byung Min Kim would perform. He then told us that Tiger would appreciate our wishing him "*Chuk-bok*," which is Korean for "*Mazel tov*."

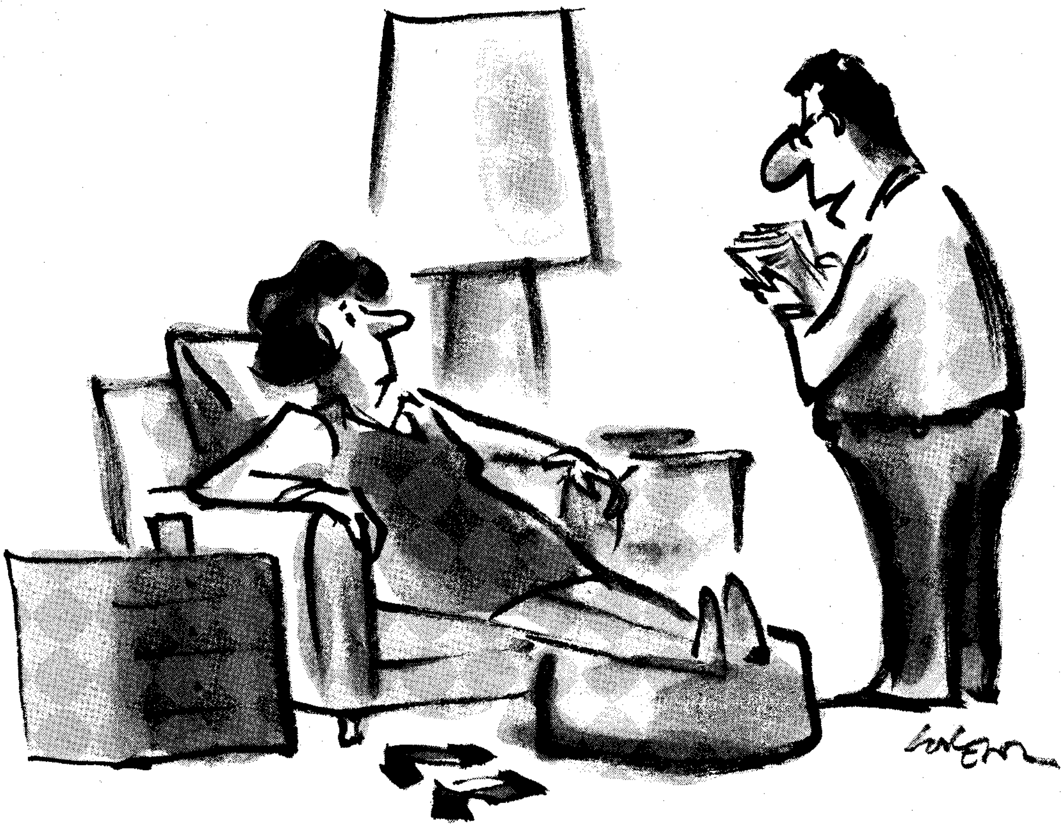
Standing in the wings waiting for the Kim brothers to perform, we watched Fay Schreibman, the recently crowned World Professional Karate Woman's Champion and a practitioner of Okinawan kenpo karate, demonstrate the art of self-defense against a knife attack by tossing her instructor, Teruiki Higa, around the ring. As Mr. Higa lunged at Miss Schreibman with a knife, he made grunting noises that sounded like "ha-oot-shaw" and "aiiieeeeee" and actually meant nothing. "Those noises are kiai," said Peter Bonsma, a koeikan karate fighter. "Kiai scares your opponent and gives you more concentration. Maybe it makes your opponent flinch and drop his guard." Apparently, kiai also enables a person to forget or overlook the pain associated with martial arts. Rico Mercado, who later in the afternoon broke several layers of wood and concrete slabs with his forehead, unleashed a wild torrent of kiai as he hammered away. When he left the ring, someone asked him, "Got a headache, Rico?" "No," he said. "Just a bit of a bump."

When Tiger Kim and his entourage finally entered the Garden arena, we followed them and took a ringside seat next to Fred Miller, the world's light-heavyweight professional karate champ. To warm up the crowd, Byung Min Kim executed a flying side kick, breaking two half-inch plywood boards that were about nine feet above the floor. Then he performed a spinning jump, breaking an apple that rested on the head of one of his disciples. It split in two and landed near us, and we noticed that it was overripe. Next, Tiger Kim demonstrated "free-defense fighting" against five attackers, and then broke a flying apple by hooking it in midair with the side of his foot. This time, the apple was more chunked than split, and Fred Miller said to us,



"He's not as sharp as I thought he would be."

Because of a shortage of time, the Kim brothers had to skip the part of their act in which Byung Min puts a twenty-inch needle through each arm, hangs a bucket containing fifty pounds of water on each needle, and, while also carrying a hundred-and-forty-pound man, walks across a row of sword blades. The Garden audience did, however, watch Byung Min lie on his bare back atop a pile of broken glass while an assistant placed a row of mounted sword blades against his stomach and then broke a large stone on top of the swords with a sledgehammer.



"So *what* if the Applebaum kid thinks you're a down trip? The rest of your students gave you terrific report cards."

Being able to withstand this sort of thing demands healthy reserves of "inner power," otherwise known as chi. Louis Neglia, who is long on chi, spoke with us before his performance, and told us how he had developed the skills necessary to lie on a bed of a thousand nails while a hundred pounds of cement blocks are broken across his stomach. "I'm a fourth-degree black belt," he said. "I just saw this done at an exhibition up in Canada a couple of years ago, and I told myself, 'Hey, I can do that.' Of course, there have been accidents with this sort of thing, but I've never had any. I toured Europe in 1974, played at the Royal Albert Hall, in London. Richard Burton was there, plus a lot of other people in tuxedos. It was then that I demonstrated my technique for placing a honeydew melon on the stomach of one of my students and slicing it in half vertically with a sword without cutting him. I'll be doing that here today, also."

"How do you stop the sword in time?" we asked.

"*Focus*," said Mr. Neglia as he threw his fist at our face, causing us to flinch but stopping a half inch or so short of actually striking us. "You might say that slicing a melon in half on the top of someone else's stomach is the ultimate in focus."

Standing near Mr. Neglia was Jackie Tonawanda, the woman boxer who has made news recently in her unsuccessful licensing battle with the New York State Athletic Commission. Wearing blue velvet trunks and a terry-cloth T-shirt that had "FEMALE ALI" in block letters on the front and her name in script embroidery on the back, Ms. Tonawanda shadowboxed in a corner. One of her trainers, Connie Bryant, and her manager, Mike Prudenti, looked on anxiously. There was still an hour to go before she was due to fight Larry Rodania, billed as a "kick-boxing specialist."

"She's nervous," said Mike Prudenti.

"I'm nervous," said Jackie Tonawanda. "I got butterflies. This is my first time to fight in the Garden." As she shadowboxed, she nodded to several of the martial artists who passed by. To a long-haired man in a white robe and loose-fitting black silk pants she said, "Hi, Pete."

"Who's that?" we asked.

"Pete Yamada," she said. "The best aikido master in the United States"—aikido being a martial-art form that involves spinning the body a great deal.

We began to write his name down. "Pete . . . How do you spell his last name?"

"Oh, no, you don't," she cautioned. "His name is *Yoshimitsu* Yamada. Only his friends are allowed to call him Pete."

We decided to leave Ms. Tonawanda to her shadowboxing and slipped into the dressing room of Joseph (The Mighty Atom) Greenstein, a ninety-three-year-old strong man and former vaudevillian, who bends sixty-penny nails into the shape of horseshoes, and also drives straight twenty-penny nails through wood and metal with his hands. "At one time, I could break these nails with my teeth, but I don't do that anymore," he said, and he opened his mouth to show us that he has no teeth left. "They used to trick me by tempering the nails. They gave me my first tempered nail somewhere in North Carolina—I don't remember where—and I broke a tooth, and I got my second one in Butz Corners, Pennsylvania, where I lost four teeth."

Mr. Greenstein, soon to become a great-great-grandfather, was accompanied by two of his sons and two of his grandsons and by one of his "discoveries," a forty-seven-year-old stonecutter from Pennsylvania named Larry Farman, also known as Slim the Hammerman. Mr. Farman, who wore black slacks, a black T-shirt, a white belt, and a pompadour, lifts heavily weighted sledgehammers and axes with one hand and, at arm's length, tilts them back to touch his nose. To do this requires very strong forearms and wrists. "I work out with my hammers and my axes three hundred and forty nights a year," he told us.

"What do you do the other twenty-five?" we asked.

"Take out the wife," he said.

THE BLOOMSBURY GROUP LIVE AT THE APOLLO

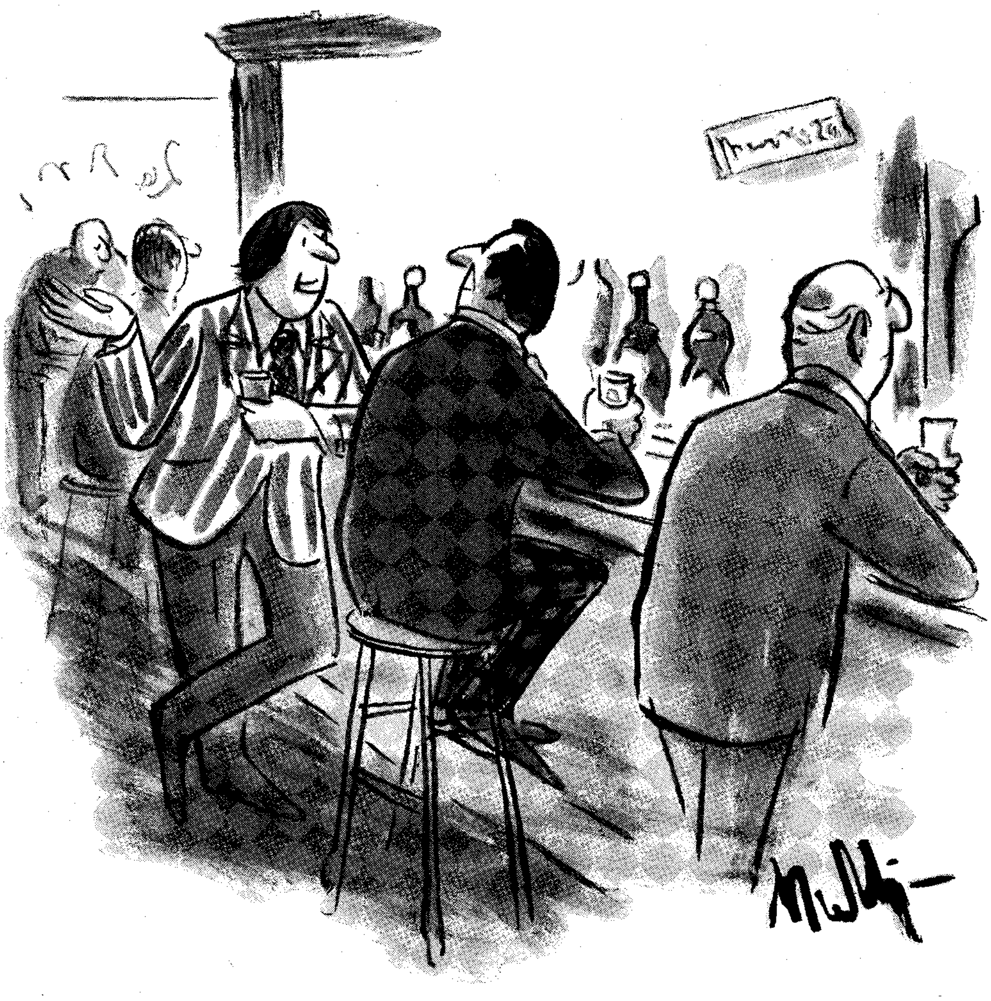
(LINER NOTES FROM THEIR NEW BEST-SELLING ALBUM)

I

LIVE albums aren't supposed to be as exciting, as *immediate* as the actual stage performances they record, but (saints be praised!) the Bloomsbury Group's newest, "Live at the Apollo," is a shouting, foot-stomping, rafter-shaking exception to this rule. Anyone who has not seen John Maynard Keynes doing his famous strut, or Duncan Grant playing his bass while flat on his back, can now get an idea of what he's been missing! The Bloomsbury Group has always stood for seriousness about art and skepticism about the affectations of the self-important, and it has been opposed to the avowed philistinism of the English upper classes. "Live at the Apollo" is so brilliantly engineered that this daring Neo-Platonism comes through as unmistakably as the super-bad Bloomsbury beat. A few critics have complained that the Bloomsbury Group relies too heavily on studio effects; this album will instantly put such objections to rest. The lead vocals (some by "Mister White Satin" Lytton Strachey, the others by Clive Bell) are solid and pure, even over the enthusiastic shouts of the notoriously tough-to-please Apollo crowd, and the Stephen Sisters' chorus is reminiscent of the Three Brontës at their best. There is very little "dead air" on this album, even between cuts. On Band 3 on the flip side, there is a pause while the sidemen are setting up, and if you listen carefully you can hear Leonard Woolf and Virginia Stephen coining withering epigrams and exchanging banter with the audience about Macaulay's essay on Warren Hastings. Very mellow, very close textual criticism.

Lytton Strachey, who has been more or less out of the funk-literary picture since his girl friend threw boiling grits on him in his Memphis hotel room in March of 1924, proves here that his voice is still as sugar-cured as ever. In his long solo number, "Why I Sing the Blues," he really soars through some heartfelt lyrics about his "frail and sickly childhood" and "those painfully introverted public-school years." The song is a triumph of melody and phrasing, and it provides some fascinating insights into the personality of this complex vocalist and biographer.

Much of the credit for the album's brilliance must go to G. E. Moore, who wrote "Principia Ethica," the group's biggest hit, as well as to Lady Ottoline Morrell, the sound technician and backstage mama. The efforts of professionals like these, combined with Bloomsbury's natural dynamism, have produced that rarest of rarities—a live album that is every bit as good as being there.



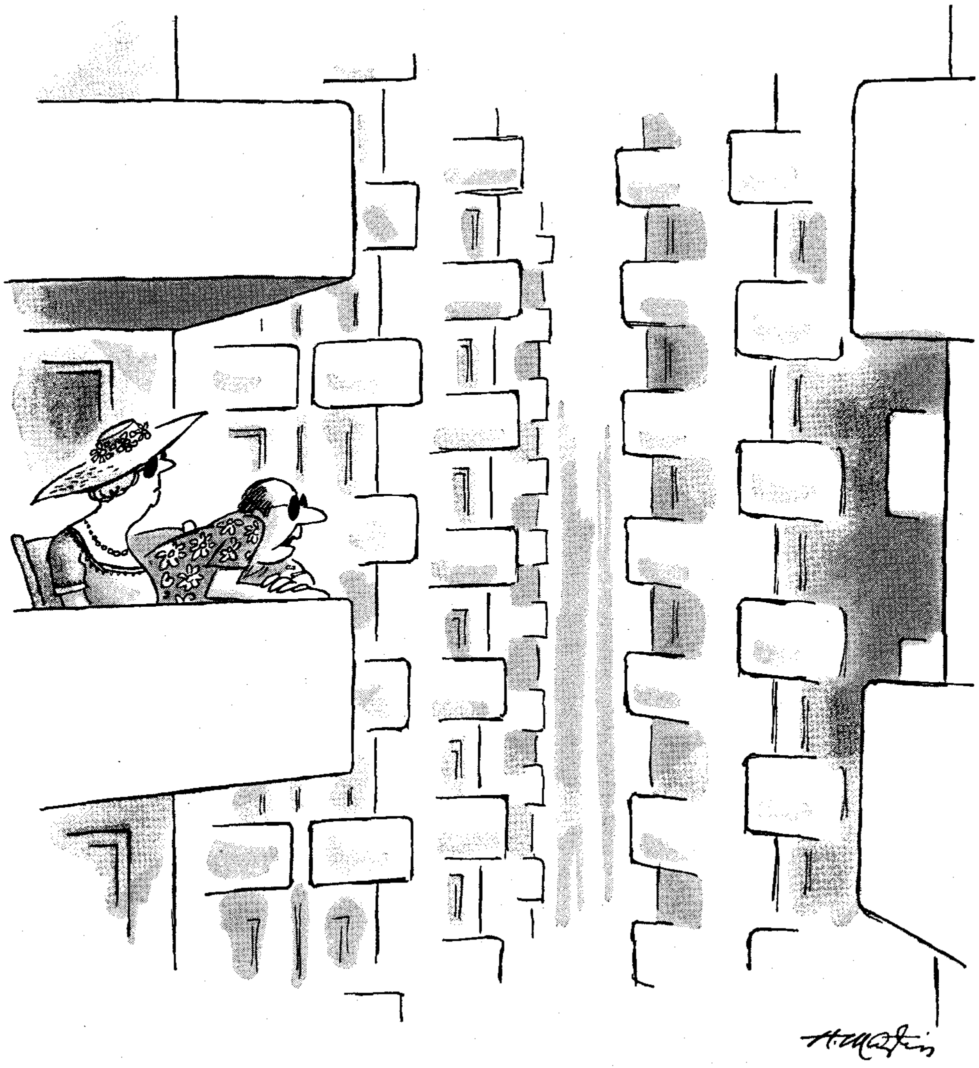
"And then it came to me. It wasn't women I disliked; it was her I disliked."

II

SAILCAT TURNER REMINISCES ABOUT THE FOUNDING OF THE BLOOMSBURY GROUP

PEOPLE will tell you nowadays, "Well, the Bloomsbury Group this or the Bloomsbury Group that," or "Bertrand Russell and Sir Kenneth Clark were members of the original Bloomsbury Group," or some such jive misinformation. I don't pay 'em no mind. Because, dig, I knew the Bloomsbury Group before there ever *was* a Bloomsbury Group, before anybody knew there was going to *be* any Bloomsbury Group, and I was in on the very beginning.

One night in '39, I was playing alto with McShann's band uptown at the old Savoy Ballroom—mostly blues, 'cause we had one of the better blues shouters of the day, Walter Brown—and Dizzy Gillespie was sittin' out front. So after the set Diz comes up to me and he says, "Sailcat, I got this chick that you just *got* to hear. Man, this chick can *whale*." So he takes me over to Dan Wall's Chili Joint on Seventh Avenue, and in the back there they got a small combo—two horns, some skins, and a buddy of mine named Biddy Fleet on guitar. They're just runnin' some new chords when from this table near the stage this chick steps up. She's got what you might call a distracted air. She looks around the room nervous-like, and then she throws back her head and sound comes out like no sound I ever heard before. Man, I sat there till eight o'clock in the morning, listening to her. I asked Diz who this chick was, and he says, "Don't you know? That's little Ginny Stephen." Now, of course, everybody talks about



"On a beautiful day like this, you'd think everyone would be out."

• •

Virginia Woolf, author of "To the Lighthouse," and so on. When I first knew her, she was just little Ginny Stephen. But man, that chick could *whale.*

I liked her music so much that me and Diz and Billie Holiday and Ginny and Ginny's sister Vanessa started hanging out together. So one day Ginny says to me, "Sailcat, I got this economist friend of mine, he's really outta sight. Would you like to meet him?" So I said sure, and she took me downtown to the Village Vanguard, and that was the first time I ever heard John Maynard Keynes. Of course, his playing wasn't much back then. Truth is, he shouldn't have been on the stage at all. Back then he was doin' "What Becomes of the Broken Hearted," but it sure didn't sound like the hit he later made it into. Back then he was still doin' "What Becomes of the Broken Hearted" as a *demonstration,* with charts and bar graphs. Later, of course, he really started cookin' and smokin'. That cat took classical economic theory and bent it in directions nobody ever thought it could go.

Now, Ginny and John, they were pretty tight, and they had this other friend they used to run with. This was a dude named Lytton Strachey, that later became their lead singer. He also won a wide reputation as an author and a critic. After hours, they used to sit around and jam and trade aphorisms. Me and Cootie Williams and Duncan Grant and Billie Holiday and Leonard Woolf, who later married Ginny, and Ella Fitzgerald, who had just taken over Chick Webb's band, and James (Lytton's brother) and Dizzy and the Duke and Maynard Keynes and Satchmo and Charles Mingus and Theodore Llewelyn Davies and Thelonious Monk and Charles Tennyson and Miles Davis and Ray Charles and Hilton Young (later Lord Kennet) all used to sit in sometimes too. We smoked some reefer. Man, we used to *cook.*

Well, that was the beginning. Later, a lot of people dropped out, and Lytton and Ginny and Vanessa and Maynard and Leonard and Duncan and some of the others started to call themselves the Bloomsbury Group, after their old high school over in England. They asked me and Diz to join, but Diz was supposed to go on tour with Billy Eckstine's band, and as for me, well, I wasn't too crazy about the group's strong Hellenic leanings. Now, of course, I wish I'd said yes.

III

VIRGINIA WOOLF TALKS FRANKLY ABOUT THE BLOOMSBURY GROUP

BEING a member of the Bloomsbury Group has brought me out of myself and taught me how to open up to other people. At the beginning, all of us—Leonard, Clive, Vanessa, Lytton, Duncan, Maynard, and me—we were like different states of mind in one consciousness. It was like we each had one tarot card but it didn't make sense until we put all the cards together, and then when we did—it was beautiful. Like in "2001," when that monkey figures out how to use that bone. Everything was merged.

Of course, we still have our problems. The interpersonal vibes can get pretty intense when we're touring, going from one Quality Court to another and then to another and then another. Sometimes I wonder if I have room to grow as an artist. But usually it works out O.K. Like the time I told Lytton that our new reggae number "Mrs. Dalloway" might work better as a short story or even a novel. We talked it out, and Lytton told me I was thinking too linear. Later, I had to admit he was right.

The hardest thing about being a member of the Bloomsbury Group is learning how to be a person at the same time you're being a star. You've got to rise above your myth. We've reached the point where we're completely supportive of each other, and that's good. But at the same time we all have our own separate lives. I've been getting into video, Maynard recorded that album with Barry White, Duncan's been doing some painting—we have to work hard to keep in touch with each other and ourselves, but it's worth it. The way I figure it, there's really nothing else I'd rather do.

—IAN FRAZIER

SEPARATING

THE day was fair. Brilliant. All that June the weather had mocked the Maples' internal misery with solid sunlight—golden shafts and cascades of green in which their conversations had wormed unseeing, their sad murmuring selves the only stain in Nature. Usually by this time of the year they had acquired tans; but when they met their elder daughter's plane on her return from a year in England they were almost as pale as she, though Judith was too dazzled by the sunny opulent jumble of her native land to notice. They did not spoil her homecoming by telling her immediately. Wait a few days, let her recover from jet lag, had been one of their formulations, in that string of gray dialogues—over coffee, over cocktails, over Cointreau—that had shaped the strategy of their dissolution, while the earth performed its annual stunt of renewal unnoticed beyond their closed windows. Richard had thought to leave at Easter; Joan had insisted they wait until the four children were at last assembled, with all exams passed and ceremonies attended, and the bauble of summer to console them. So he had drudged away, in love, in dread, repairing screens, getting the mowers sharpened, rolling and patching their new tennis court.

The court, clay, had come through its first winter pitted and windswept bare of redcoat. Years ago the Maples had observed how often, among their friends, divorce followed a dramatic home improvement, as if the marriage were making one last twitchy effort to live; their own worst crisis had come amid the plaster dust and exposed plumbing of a kitchen renovation. Yet, a summer ago, as canary-yellow bulldozers gaily churned a grassy, daisy-dotted knoll into a muddy plateau, and a crew of pigtailed young men raked and tamped clay into a plane, this transformation did not strike them as ominous, but festive in its impudence; their marriage could rend the earth for fun. The next spring, waking each day at dawn to a sliding sensation as if the bed were being tipped, Richard found the barren tennis court, its net and tapes still rolled in the barn, an environment congruous with his mood of purposeful desolation, and the crumbling of handfuls of clay into cracks and holes (dogs had frolicked on the court in a thaw; rivulets had evolved trenches) an activity suitably elemental and interminable. In his sealed heart he hoped the day would never come.

Now it was here. A Friday. Judith was reacclimated; all four children were assembled, before jobs and camps and visits again scattered them. Joan thought they should be told one by one. Richard was for making an announcement at the table. She said, "I think just making an announcement is a cop-out. They'll start quarrelling and playing to each other instead of focussing. They're each individuals, you know, not just some corporate obstacle to your freedom."

"O.K., O.K. I agree." Joan's plan was exact. That evening, they were giving Judith a belated welcome-home dinner, of lobster and champagne. Then, the party over, they, the two of them, who nineteen years before would push her in a baby carriage along Tenth Street to Washington Square, were to walk her out of the house, to the bridge across the salt creek, and tell her, swearing her to secrecy. Then Richard Jr., who was going directly from work to a rock concert in Boston, would be told, either late when he returned on the train or early Saturday morning before he went off to his job; he was seventeen and employed as one of a golf-course maintenance crew. Then the two younger children, John and Margaret, could, as the morning wore on, be informed.

"Mopped up, as it were," Richard said.

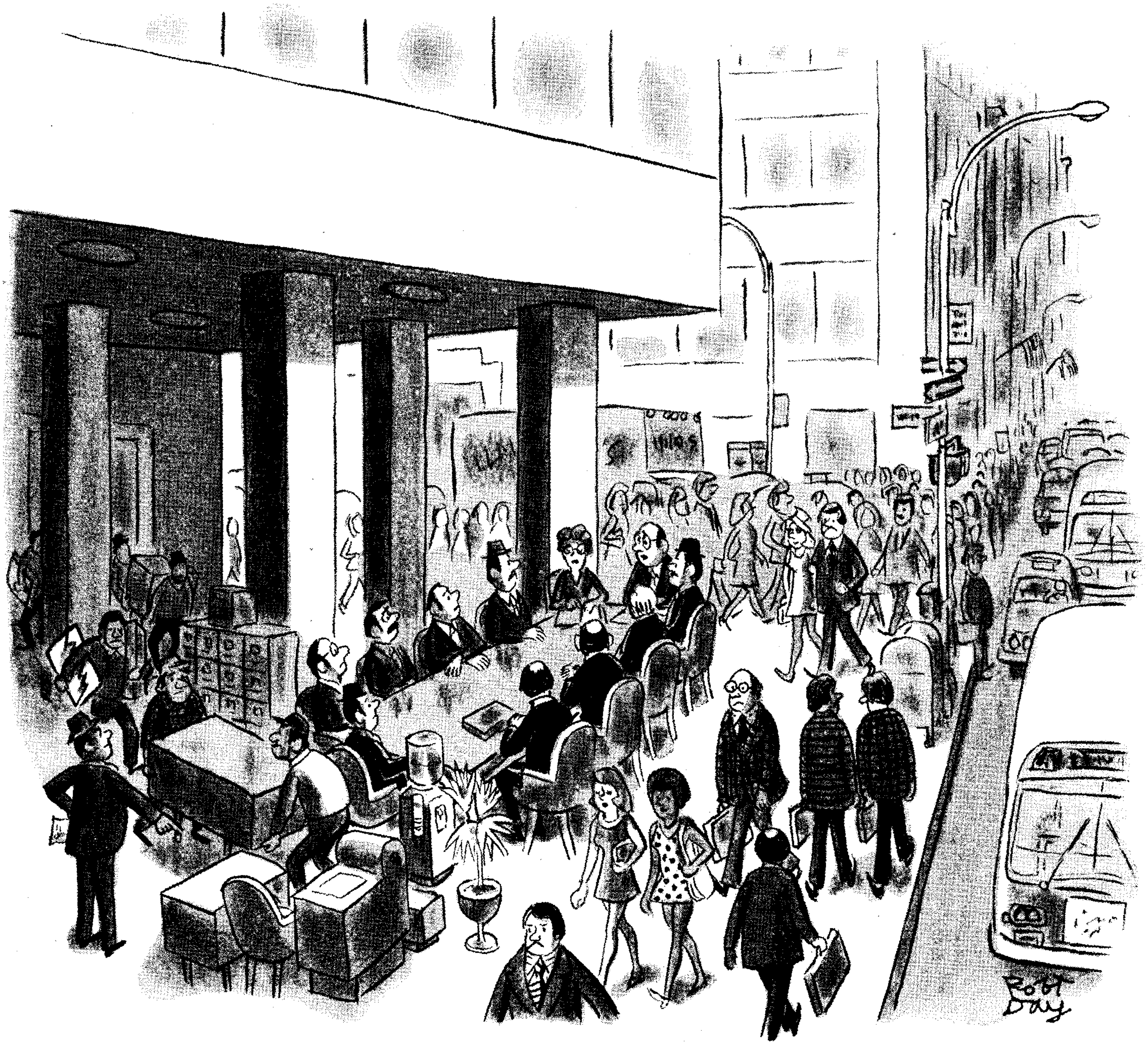
"Do you have any better plan? That leaves you the rest of Saturday to answer any questions, pack, and make your wonderful departure."

"No," he said, meaning he had no better plan, and agreed to hers, though it had an edge of false order, a plea for control in the semblance of its achievement, like Joan's long chore lists and financial accountings and, in the days when he first knew her, her too copious lecture notes. Her plan turned one hurdle for him into four—four knife-sharp walls, each with a sheer blind drop on the other side.

All spring he had been morbidly conscious of insides and outsides, of barriers and partitions. He and Joan stood as a thin barrier between the children and the truth. Each moment was a partition, with the past on one side and the future on the other, a future containing this unthinkable *now*. Beyond four knifelike walls a new life for him waited vaguely. His skull cupped a secret, a white face, a face both frightened and soothing, both strange and known, that he wanted to shield from tears, which he felt all about him, solid as the sunlight. So haunted, he had become obsessed with battening down the house against his absence, replacing screens and sash cords, hinges and latches—a Houdini making things snug before his escape.

THE lock. He had still to replace a lock on one of the doors of the screened porch. The task, like most such, proved more difficult than he had imagined. The old lock, aluminum frozen by corrosion, had been deliberately rendered obsolete by manufacturers. Three hardware stores had nothing that even approximately matched the mortised hole its removal (surprisingly easy) left. Another hole had to be gouged, with bits too small and saws too big, and the old hole fitted with a block of wood—the chisels dull, the saw rusty, his fingers thick with lack of sleep. The sun poured down, beyond the porch, on a world of neglect. The bushes already needed pruning, the windward side of the house was shedding flakes of paint, rain would get in when he was gone, insects, rot, death. His family, all those he would lose, filtered through the edges of his awareness as he struggled with screw holes, splinters, opaque instructions, minutiae of metal.

Judith sat on the porch, a princess returned from exile. She regaled them with stories of fuel shortages, of bomb scares in the Underground, of Pakistani workmen loudly lusting after her as she walked past on her way to dance school. Joan came and went, in and out of the house, calmer than she should have been, praising his struggles with the lock as if this were one more and not the last of their chain of shared chores. The younger of his sons, John, now at fifteen suddenly, unwittingly handsome, for a few minutes held the rickety screen door while his father clumsily hammered and chiselled, each blow a kind of sob in Richard's ears. His younger daughter, having been at a slumber party, slept on the porch hammock through all the noise—heavy and pink, trusting and forsaken. Time, like the sunlight, continued relentlessly; the sunlight slowly slanted. Today was one of the longest days. The lock clicked, worked. He was through. He had a drink; he drank it on the porch, listening to his daughter. "It was so sweet," she was saying, "during the worst of it, how all the butcher's and bakery shops



"It's agreed, then, that we dispense with the reading of the minutes and proceed directly to new business."

• •

kept open by candlelight. They're all so plucky and cute. From the papers, things sounded so much worse here—people shooting people in gas lines, and everybody freezing."

Richard asked her, "Do you still want to live in England forever?" *Forever:* the concept, now a reality upon him, pressed and scratched at the back of his throat.

"No," Judith confessed, turning her oval face to him, its eyes still childishly far apart, but the lips set as over something succulent and satisfactory. "I was anxious to come home. I'm an American." She was a woman. They had raised her; he and Joan had endured together to raise her, alone of the four. The others had still some raising left in them. Yet it was the thought of telling Judith—the image of her, their first baby, walking between them arm in arm to the bridge—that broke him. The partition between himself and the tears broke. Richard sat down to the celebratory meal with the back of his throat aching; the champagne, the lobster seemed phases of sunshine; he saw them and tasted them through tears. He blinked, swallowed, croakily joked about hay fever. The tears would not stop leaking through; they came not through a hole that could be plugged but through a permeable spot in a membrane, steadily, purely, endlessly, fruitfully. They became, his tears, a shield for himself against these others—their faces, the fact of their assembly, a last time as innocents, at a table where he sat the last time as head. Tears dropped from his nose as he broke the lobster's back; salt flavored his champagne as he sipped it; the raw clench at the back of his throat was delicious. He could not help himself.

His children tried to ignore his tears. Judith, on his right, lit a cigarette, gazed upward in the direction of her too energetic, too sophisticated exhalation; on her other side, John earnestly

"Château Figeac is dynamite wine. Château Ducru-Beaucaillou is dynamite wine. Château Lascombes is dynamite wine. Château La Mission-Haut-Brion is dynamite wine, and Château Beychevelle, Ned, is dynamite wine."

• •

bent his face to the extraction of the last morsels—legs, tail segments—from the scarlet corpse. Joan, at the opposite end of the table, glanced at him surprised, her reproach displaced by a quick grimace, of forgiveness, or of salute to his superior gift of strategy. Between them, Margaret, no longer called Bean, thirteen and large for her age, gazed from the other side of his pane of tears as if into a shopwindow at something she coveted—at her father, a crystalline heap of splinters and memories. It was not she, however, but John who, in the kitchen, as they cleared the plates and carapaces away, asked Joan the question: *"Why is Daddy crying?"*

Richard heard the question but not the murmured answer. Then he heard Bean cry, "Oh, no-oh!"—the faintly dramatized exclamation of one who had long expected it.

John returned to the table carrying a bowl of salad. He nodded tersely at his father and his lips shaped the conspiratorial words "She told."

"Told what?" Richard asked aloud, insanely.

The boy sat down as if to rebuke his father's distraction with the example of his own good manners and said quietly, "The separation."

Joan and Margaret returned; the child, in Richard's twisted vision, seemed diminished in size, and relieved, relieved to have had the boogeyman at last proved real. He called out to her—the distances at the table had grown immense—"You knew, you always knew," but the clenching at the back of his throat prevented him from making sense of it. From afar he heard Joan talking, levelly, sensibly, reciting what they had prepared: it was a separation for the summer, an experiment. She and Daddy both agreed it would be good for them; they needed space and time to think; they liked each other but did not make each other happy enough, somehow.

Judith, imitating her mother's factual tone, but in her youth off-key, too cool, said, "I think it's silly. You should either live together or get divorced."

Richard's crying, like a wave that has crested and crashed, had become tumultuous; but it was overtopped by another tumult, for John, who had been so reserved, now grew larger and larger at the table. Perhaps his younger sister's being credited with knowing set him off. "Why didn't *you tell* us?" he asked, in a large round voice quite unlike his own. "You should have *told* us you weren't getting along."

Richard was startled into attempting to force words through his tears. "We *do* get along, that's the trouble, so it doesn't show even to us—" "That we do not love each other" was the rest of the sentence; he couldn't finish it.

Joan finished for him, in her style. "And we've always, *especially*, loved our children."

John was not mollified. "What do you care about *us*?" he boomed. "We're just little things you *had*." His sisters' laughing forced a laugh from him, which he turned hard and parodistic: "Ha ha *ha*." Richard and Joan realized simultaneously that the child was drunk, on Judith's homecoming champagne. Feeling bound to keep the center of the stage, John took a cigarette from Judith's pack, poked it into his mouth, let it hang from his lower lip, and squinted like a gangster.

"You're not little things we had," Richard called to him. "You're the whole point. But you're grown. Or almost."

The boy was lighting matches. Instead of holding them to his cigarette (for they had never seen him smoke; being "good" had been his way of setting himself apart), he held them to his mother's face, closer and closer, for her to blow out. Then he lit the whole folder—a hiss and then a torch, held against his mother's face. Prismed by his tears, the flame filled Richard's vision; he didn't know how it was extinguished. He heard Margaret say, "Oh stop showing off," and saw John, in response, break the cigarette in two and put the halves entirely into his mouth and chew, sticking out his tongue to display the shreds to his sister.

Joan talked to him, reasoning—a fountain of reason, unintelligible. "Talked about it for years . . . our children must help us . . . Daddy and I both want . . ." As the boy listened, he carefully wadded a paper napkin into the leaves of his salad, fashioned a ball of paper and lettuce, and popped it into his mouth, looking around the table for the expected laughter. None came. Judith said, "Be mature," and dismissed a plume of smoke.

Richard got up from this stifling table and led the boy outside. Though the house was in twilight, the outdoors still brimmed with light, the long waste light of high summer. Both laughing, he supervised John's spitting out the lettuce and paper and tobacco into the pachysandra. He took him by the hand—a square gritty hand, but for its softness a man's. Yet, it held on. They ran together up into the field, past the tennis court. The raw banking left by the bulldozers was dotted with daisies. Past the court and a flat stretch where they used to play family baseball stood a soft green rise glorious in the sun, each weed and species of grass distinct as illumination on parchment. "I'm sorry, so sorry," Richard cried. "You were the only one who ever tried to help me with all the goddam jobs around this place."

Sobbing, safe within his tears and the champagne, John explained, "It's not just the separation, it's the whole crummy year, I *hate* that school, you can't make any friends, the history teacher's a scud."

They sat on the crest of the rise, shaking and warm from their tears but easier in their voices, and Richard tried to focus on the child's sad year—the weekdays long with homework, the weekends spent in his room with model airplanes, while his parents murmured down below, nursing their separation. How selfish, how blind, Richard thought; his eyes felt scoured. He told his son, "We'll think about getting you transferred. Life's too short to be miserable."

They had said what they could, but did not want the moment to heal, and talked on, about the school, about the tennis court, whether it would ever again be as good as it had been that first summer. They walked to inspect it and pressed a few more tapes more firmly down. A little stiltedly, perhaps trying to make too much of the moment, to prolong it, Richard led the boy to the spot in the field where the view was best, of the metallic blue river, the emerald marsh, the scattered islands velvet with shadow in the low light, the white bits of beach far away. "See," he said. "It goes on being beautiful. It'll be here tomorrow."

"I know," John answered, impatiently. The moment had closed.

Back in the house, the others had opened some white wine, the champagne being drunk, and still sat at the table, the three females, gossiping. Where Joan sat had become the head. She turned, showing him a tearless face, and asked, "All right?"

"We're fine," he said, resenting it, though relieved, that the party went on without him.

IN bed she explained, "I couldn't cry I guess because I cried so much all spring. It really wasn't fair. It's your idea, and you made it look as though I was kicking you out."

"I'm sorry," he said. "I couldn't stop. I wanted to but couldn't."

"You *didn't* want to. You loved it. You were having your way, making a general announcement."

"I love having it over," he admitted. "God, those kids were great. So brave and funny." John, returned to the house, had settled to a model airplane in his room, and kept shouting down to them, "I'm O.K. No sweat." "And the way," Richard went on, cozy in his relief, "they never questioned the reasons we gave. No thought of a third person. Not even Judith."

"That *was* touching," Joan said.

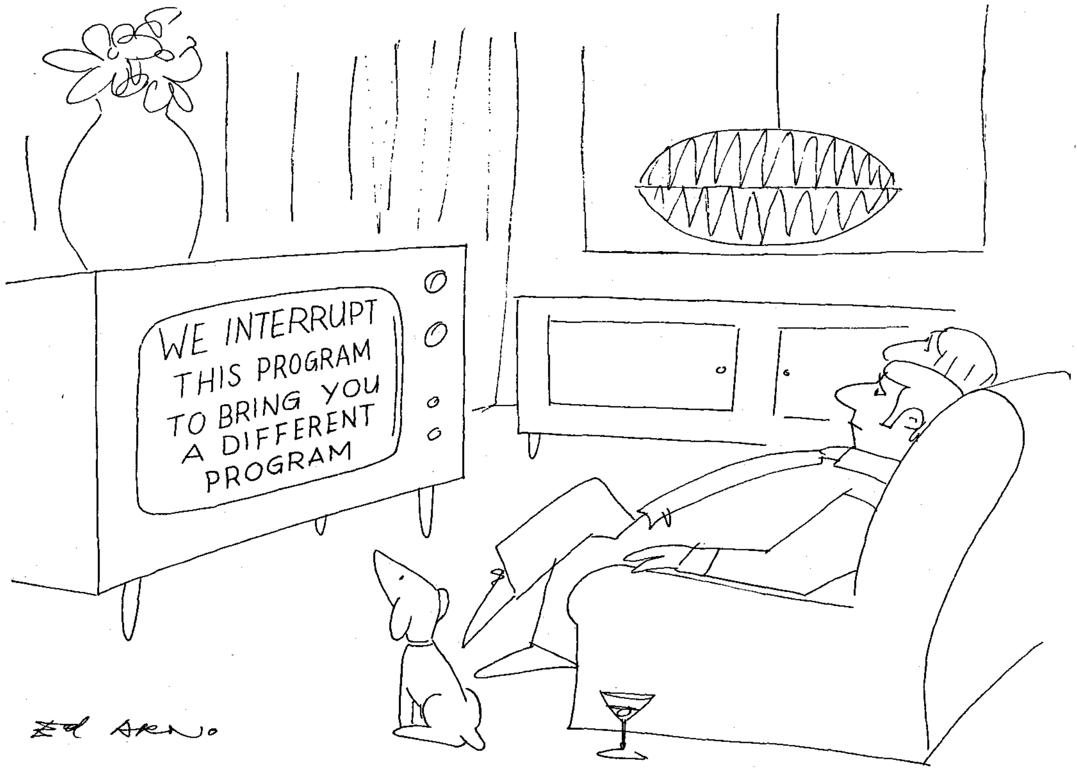
He gave her a hug. "You were great too. Thank you." Guiltily, he realized he did not feel separated.

"You still have Dickie to do," she told him. These words set before him a black mountain in the darkness; its cold breath, its near weight affected his chest. Of the four children Dickie was most nearly his conscience. Joan did not need to add, "That's one piece of your dirty work I won't do for you."

"I know. I'll do it. You go to sleep."

Within minutes, her breathing slowed, became oblivious and deep. It was quarter to midnight. Dickie's train from the concert would come in at one-fourteen. Richard set the alarm for one. He had slept atrociously for weeks. But whenever he closed his lids some glimpse of the last hours scorched them—Judith exhaling toward the ceiling in a kind of aversion, Bean's mute staring, the sunstruck growth of the field where he and John had rested. The mountain before him moved closer, moved within him; he was huge, momentous. The ache at the back of his throat felt stale. His wife slept as if slain beside him. When, exasperated by his hot lids, his crowded heart, he rose from bed and dressed, she awoke enough to turn over. He told her then, "If I could undo it all, I would."

"Where would you begin?" she asked. There was no place. Giving him courage, she was always giving him courage. He put on shoes without socks in the dark. The children were breathing in their rooms, the downstairs was hollow. In their confusion they had left lights burning. He turned off all but one, the kitchen overhead. The car started. He had hoped it wouldn't. He met only moonlight on the road; it seemed a diaphanous companion, flickering in the leaves along the roadside, haunting his rearview mirror like a pursuer, melting under his headlights. The center of town, not quite deserted, was eerie at this hour. A young cop in uniform kept company with a gang of T-shirted kids on the steps of the bank. Across from the railroad station, several bars kept open. Customers, mostly young, passed in and out of the warm night, savoring summer's novelty. Voices shouted from cars as they passed; an immense conversation seemed in progress. Richard parked and in his weariness put his head on the passenger seat, out of the commotion and wheeling lights. It was as when, in the movies, an assassin grimly carries his


WE INTERRUPT THIS PROGRAM TO BRING YOU A DIFFERENT PROGRAM

THE EYE

. . . all this beastly seeing . . .
—*D. H. Lawrence.*

I

One morning in St. Thomas, when I tried
Our host's binoculars, what was magnified?
In the green slopes about us, only green,
Brisked into fronds and paddles, could be seen,
Till by a lunging focus I was shown
Some portion of a terrace like our own.
Someone with ankles crossed, in tennis shoes,
Was turning sun-blank pages of the news,
To whom in time came espadrilles of pink
Bearing a tall and fruit-crowned tropic drink.
How long I witnessed, missing not a sip!—
Then, scanning down through photons to a ship
In the blue bay, spelt out along the bow
The queenly legend of her name; and now
Followed her shuttling lighter as it bore
Her jounced, gay charges landward to explore
Charlotte Amalie, with its duty-free
Leicas, binoculars, and jewelry.
What kept me goggling all that hour? The nice
Discernment of a lime or lemon slice?
A hope of lewd espials? An astounded
Sense of the import of a thing surrounded—
Of what a Z or almond-leaf became
Within the sudden premise of a frame?
All these, and that my eye should flutter there,
By shrewd promotion, in the outstretched air,
An unseen genius of the middle distance,
Giddy with godhead or with nonexistence.

II

Preserve us, Lucy,
From the eye's nonsense, you by whom
Benighted Dante was beheld,
To whom he was beholden.

If the salesman's head
Rolls on the seat-back of the 'bus
In ugly sleep, his open mouth
Banjo-strung with spittle,

Forbid my vision
To take itself for a curious angel.
Remind me that I am here in body,
A passenger, and rumpled.

Charge me to see
In all bodies the beat of spirit,
Not merely in the *tout en l'air*
Or double pike with layout

But in the strong,
Shouldering gait of the legless man,
The calm walk of the blind young woman
Whose cane touches the curbstone.

Correct my view
That the far mountain is much diminished,
That the fovea is prime composer,
That the lid's closure frees me.

Let me be touched
By the alien hands of love forever,
That my eye not be folly's loophole
But giver of due regard.

—Richard Wilbur

• •

mission through the jostle of a carnival—except the movies cannot show the precipitous, palpable slope you cling to within. You cannot climb back down; you can only fall. The synthetic fabric of the car seat, warmed by his cheek, confided to him an ancient, distant scent of vanilla.

A train whistle caused him to lift his head. It was on time; he had hoped it would be late. The slender drawgates descended. The bell of approach tingled happily. The great metal body, horizontally fluted, rocked to a stop, and sleepy teen-agers disembarked, his son among them. Dickie did not show surprise that his father was meeting him at this terrible hour. He sauntered to the car with two friends, both taller than he. He said "Hi" to his father and took the passenger's seat with an exhausted promptness that expressed gratitude. The friends got into the back, and Richard was grateful; a few more minutes' postponement would be won by driving them home.

He asked, "How was the concert?"

"Groovy," one boy said from the back seat.

"It bit," the other said.

"It was O.K.," Dickie said, moderate by nature, so reasonable that in his childhood the unreason of the world had given him headaches, stomach aches, nausea. When the second friend had been dropped off at his dark house, the boy blurted, "Dad, my eyes are killing me with hay fever! I'm out there cutting that mothering grass all day!"

"Do we still have those drops?"

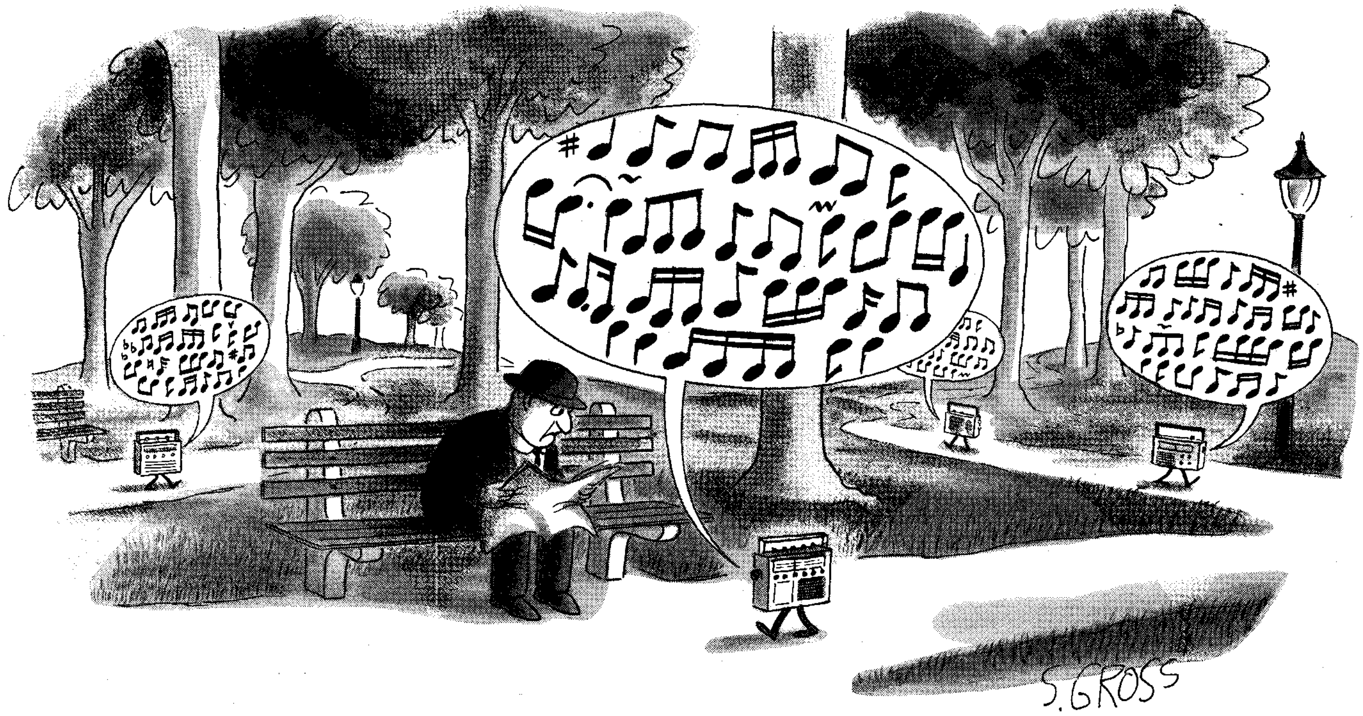
"They didn't do any good last summer."

"They might this." Richard swung a U-turn on the empty street. The drive home took a few minutes. The mountain was here, in his throat. "Richard," he said, and felt the boy, slumped and rubbing his eyes, go tense at his tone, "I didn't come to meet you just to make your life easier. I came because your mother and I have some news for you, and you're a hard man to get ahold of these days. It's sad news."

"That's O.K." The reassurance came out soft, but quick, as if released from the tip of a spring.

Richard had feared that his tears would return and choke him, but the boy's manliness set an example, and his voice issued forth steady and dry. "It's sad news, but it needn't be tragic news, at least for you. It should have no practical effect on your life, though it's bound to have an emotional effect. You'll work at your job, and go back to school in September. Your mother and I are really proud of what you're making of your life; we don't want that to change at all."

"Yeah," the boy said lightly, on the intake of his breath, holding himself up. They turned the corner; the church they went to loomed like a gutted fort. The home of the woman Richard



• •

hoped to marry stood across the green. Her bedroom light burned.

"Your mother and I," he said, "have decided to separate. For the summer. Nothing legal, no divorce yet. We want to see how it feels. For some years now, we haven't been doing enough for each other, making each other as happy as we should be. Have you sensed that?"

"No," the boy said. It was an honest, unemotional answer: true or false in a quiz.

Glad for the factual basis, Richard pursued, even garrulously, the details. His apartment across town, his utter accessibility, the split vacation arrangements, the advantages to the children, the added mobility and variety of the summer. Dickie listened, absorbing. "Do the others know?"

Richard described how they had been told.

"How did they take it?"

"The girls pretty calmly. John flipped out; he shouted and ate a cigarette and made a salad out of his napkin and told us how much he hated school."

His brother chuckled. "He did?"

"Yeah. The school issue was more upsetting for him than Mom and me. He seemed to feel better for having exploded."

"He did?" The repetition was the first sign that he was stunned.

"Yes. Dickie, I want to tell you something. This last hour, waiting for your train to get in, has been about the worst of my life. I hate this. *Hate* it. My father would have died before doing it to me." He felt immensely lighter, saying this. He had dumped the mountain on the boy. They were home. Moving swiftly as a shadow, Dickie was out of the car, through the bright kitchen. Richard called after him, "Want a glass of milk or anything?"

"No thanks."

"Want us to call the course tomorrow and say you're too sick to work?"

"No, that's all right." The answer was faint, delivered at the door to his room; Richard listened for the slam of a tantrum. The door closed normally. The sound was sickening.

Joan had sunk into that first deep trough of sleep and was slow to awake. Richard had to repeat, "I told him."

"What did he say?"

"Nothing much. Could you go say good night to him? Please."

She left their room, without putting on a bathrobe. He sluggishly changed back into his pajamas and walked down the hall. Dickie was already in bed, Joan was sitting beside him, and the boy's bedside clock radio was murmuring music. When she stood, an inexplicable light—the moon?—outlined her body through the nightie. Richard sat on the warm place she had indented on the child's narrow mattress. He asked him, "Do you want the radio on like that?"

"It always is."

"Doesn't it keep you awake? It would me."

"No."

"Are you sleepy?"

"Yeah."

"Good. Sure you want to get up and go to work? You've had a big night."

"I want to."

Away at school this winter he had learned for the first time that you can go short of sleep and live. As an infant he had slept with an immobile, sweating intensity that had alarmed his babysitters. As the children aged, he became the first to go to bed, earlier for a time than his younger brother and sister. Even now, he would go slack in the middle of a television show, his sprawled legs hairy and brown. "O.K. Good boy. Dickie, listen. I love you so much, I never knew how much until now. No matter how this works out, I'll always be with you. Really."

Richard bent to kiss an averted face but his son, sinewy, turned and with wet cheeks embraced him and gave him a kiss, on the lips, passionate as a woman's. In his father's ear he moaned one word, the crucial, intelligent word: "*Why?*"

Why. It was a whistle of wind in a crack, a knife thrust, a window thrown open on emptiness. The white face was gone, the darkness was featureless. Richard had forgotten why.

—JOHN UPDIKE

•

This paper deals with certain aspects of the economics of fertiliser use in a predominantly paddy growing area....

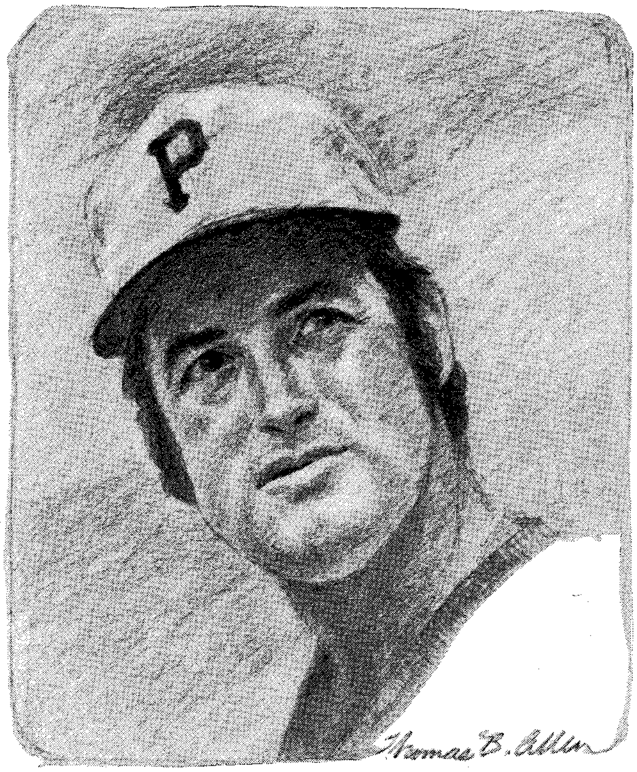
[The author is thankful to T S Papola for helpful comments. Errors, if any, are his.]—*Bombay Economic & Political Weekly*.

So let's have no misunderstanding about *that!*

THE SPORTING SCENE

DOWN THE DRAIN

THE photograph shows a perfectly arrested moment of joy. On one side—the left, as you look at the picture—the catcher is running toward the camera at full speed, with his upraised arms spread wide. His body is tilting toward the center of the picture, his mask is held in his right hand, his big glove is still on his left hand, and his mouth is open in a gigantic shout of pleasure. Over on the right, another player, the pitcher, is just past the apex of an astonishing leap that has brought his knees up to his chest and his feet well up off the ground. Both of *his* arms are flung wide, and he, too, is shouting. His hunched, airborne posture makes him look like a man who has just made a running jump over a sizable object—a kitchen table, say. By luck, two of the outreaching hands have overlapped exactly in the middle of the photograph, so that the pitcher's bare right palm and fingers are silhouetted against the catcher's glove, and as a result the two men are linked and seem to be executing a figure in a manic and difficult dance. There is a further marvel—a touch of pure fortune—in the background, where a spectator in dark glasses, wearing a dark suit, has risen from his seat in the grandstand and is lifting his arms in triumph. This, the third and central Y in the picture, is immobile. It is directly behind the overlapping hand and glove of the dancers, and it binds and recapitulates the lines of force and the movements and the theme of the work, creating a composition as serene and well ordered as a Giotto. The subject of the picture, of course, is classical—the celebration of the last out of the seventh game of the World Series.



Steve Blass

This famous photograph (by Rusty Kennedy, of the Associated Press) does not require captioning for most baseball fans or for almost anyone within the Greater Pittsburgh area, where it is still prominently featured in the art collections of several hundred taverns. It may also be seen, in a much enlarged version, on one wall of the office of Joe L. Brown, the general manager of the Pittsburgh Pirates, in Three Rivers Stadium. The date of the photograph is October 17, 1971; the place is Memorial Stadium, in Baltimore. The catcher is Manny Sanguillen, of the Pirates, and his leaping teammate is pitcher Steve Blass, who has just defeated the defending (and suddenly former) World Champion Baltimore Orioles by a score of 2–1, giving up four hits.

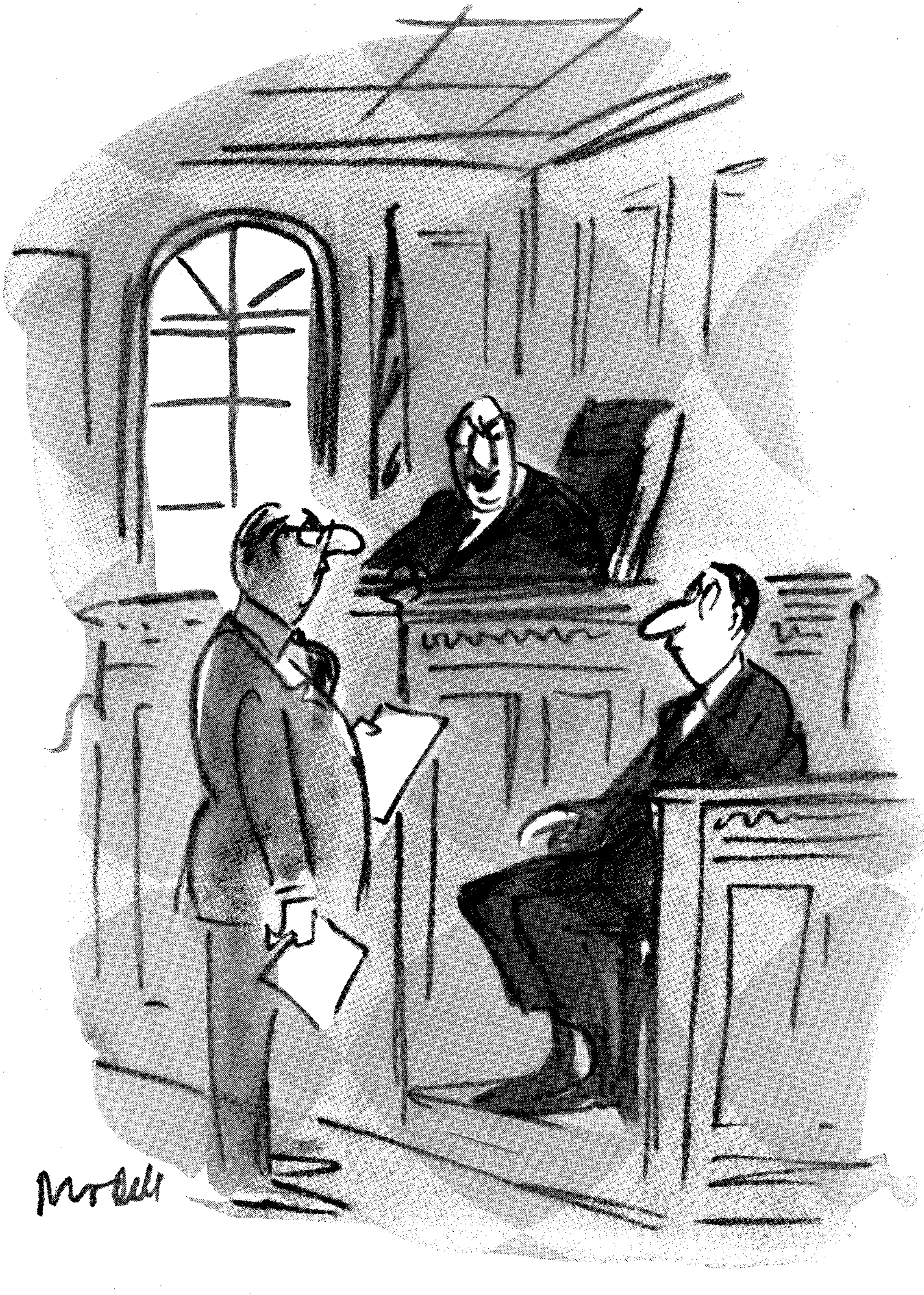
I am not a Pittsburgher, but looking at this photograph never fails to give me pleasure, not just because of its aesthetic qualities but because its high-bounding happiness so perfectly brings back that eventful World Series and that particular gray autumn afternoon in Baltimore and the wonderful and inexpungible expression of joy that remained on Steve Blass's face after the game ended. His was, to be sure, a famous victory—a close and bitterly fought pitchers' battle against the Orioles' Mike Cuellar, in which the only score for seven innings had been a solo home run by the celebrated Pirate outfielder Roberto Clemente. The Pirates had scored again in the eighth, but the Orioles had responded with a run of their own and had brought the tying run around to third base before Blass shut them off once and for all. The win was the culmination of a stirring uphill fight by the Pirates, who had fallen into difficulties by losing the first two games to the Orioles; Steve Blass had begun their comeback with a wonderfully pitched three-hit, 5–1 victory in the third game. It was an outstanding Series, made memorable above all by the play of Roberto Clemente, who batted .414 over the seven games and fielded his position with extraordinary zeal. He was awarded the sports car as the most valuable player of the Series, but Steve Blass was not far out of the running for the prize. After that last game, Baltimore manager Earl Weaver said, "Clemente was great, all right, but if it hadn't been for Mr. Blass, *we* might be popping the corks right now."

I remember the vivid contrast in styles between the two stars in the noisy, floodlit, champagne-drenched Pirate clubhouse that afternoon. Clemente, at last the recipient of the kind of national attention he had always deserved but had rarely been given for his years of brilliant play, remained erect and removed, regarding the swarming photographers with a haughty, incandescent pride. Blass was a less obvious hero—a competent but far from overpowering right-hander who had won fifteen games for the Pirates that year, with a most respectable 2.85 earned-run average, but who had absorbed a terrible pounding by the San Francisco Giants in the two games he pitched in the National League playoffs, just before the Series. His two Series victories, by contrast, were momentous by any standard—and, indeed, were among the very best pitching performances of his entire seven years in the majors. Blass, in any case, celebrated the Pirates' championship more exuberantly than Clemente, exchanging hugs and shouts with his teammates, alternately smoking a cigar and swigging from a champagne bottle. Later, I saw him in front of his locker with his arm around his father, Bob Blass, a plumber from Falls Village, Connecticut, who had once been a semi-pro pitcher; the two Blasses, I saw, were wearing identical delighted, non-stop smiles.

Near the end of an article I wrote about that 1971 World Series, I mentioned watching Steve Blass in batting practice just before the all-important seventh game and suddenly noticing that, in spite of his impending responsibilities, he was amusing himself with a comical parody of Clemente at the plate: "Blass . . . then arched his back, cricked his neck oddly, rolled his head a few times, took up a stance in the back corner of the batter's box, with his bat held high, and glared out at the pitcher imperiously—Clemente, to the life." I had never seen such a spirited gesture in a serious baseball setting, and since then I have come to realize that Steve Blass's informality and boyish play constituted an essential private style, as original and as significant as Clemente's eagle-like pride, and that each of them was merely responding in his own way to the challenges of an extremely difficult public profession. Which of the two, I keep wondering, was happier that afternoon about the Pirates' championship and his part in it? Roberto Clemente, of course, is dead; he was killed on December 31, 1972, in Puerto Rico, in the crash of a plane he had chartered to carry emergency relief supplies to the victims of an earthquake in Nicaragua. Steve Blass, who is now thirty-three, is out of baseball, having been recently driven into retirement by two years of pitching wildness—a sudden, near-total inability to throw strikes. No one, including Blass himself, can cure or explain it.

THE summer of 1972—the year after his splendid World Series—was in most respects the best season that Steve Blass ever had. He won nineteen games for the Pirates and lost only eight, posting an earned-run average of 2.48—sixth-best in the National League—and being selected for the N.L. All-Star team. What pleased him most that year was his consistency. He went the full distance in eleven of the thirty-two games he started, and averaged better than seven and a half innings per start—not dazzling figures (Steve Carlton, of the Phillies, had thirty complete games that year, and Bob Gibson, of the Cards, had twenty-three) but satisfying ones for a man who had once had inordinate difficulty in finishing games. Blass, it should be understood, was not the same kind of pitcher as a Carlton or a Gibson. He was never a blazer. When standing on the mound, he somehow looked more like a journeyman pitcher left over from the nineteen-thirties or forties than like one of the hulking, hairy young flingers of today. (He is six feet tall, and weighs about one hundred and eighty pounds.) Watching him work, you sometimes wondered how he was getting all those batters out. The word on him among the other clubs in his league was something like: Good but not overpowering stuff, excellent slider, good curve, good change-up curve. A pattern pitcher, whose slider works because of its location. No control problems. Intelligent, knows how to win.

I'm not certain that I saw Blass work in the regular season of 1972, but I did see him pitch the opening game of the National League playoffs that fall against the Cincinnati Reds, in Pittsburgh. After giving up a home run to the Reds' second batter of the day, Joe Morgan, which was hit off a first-pitch fastball, Blass readjusted his plans and went mostly to a big, slow curve, causing the Reds to hit innumerable rainmaking outfield flies, and won by 5–1. I can still recall how Blass looked that afternoon—his characteristic, feet-together stance at the outermost, first-base edge of the pitching rubber, and then the pitch, delivered with a swastika-like scattering of arms and legs and a final lurch to the left—and I also remember how I kept thinking that at any moment the sluggers of the Big Red Machine would stop overstriding and overswinging against such unintimidating deliveries and drive Blass to cover. But it never happened—Blass saw to it that it didn't. Then, in the fifth and deciding game, he returned and threw seven and one-third more innings of thoughtful and precise patterns, allowing only four hits, and departed with his team ahead by 3–2—a pennant-winning outing,



"Never mind the 'I frequently ask myself the same question.' Just answer yes or no."

except for the fact that the Pirate bullpen gave up the ghost in the bottom of the ninth, when a homer, two singles, and a wild pitch entitled the Reds to meet the Oakland A's in the 1972 World Series. It was a horrendous disappointment for the Pittsburgh Pirates and their fans, for which no blame at all could be attached to Blass.

My next view of Steve Blass on a baseball diamond came on a cool afternoon at the end of April this year. The game—the White Sox vs. the Orioles—was a close, 3–1 affair, in which the winning White Sox pitcher, John McKenzie, struck out seventeen batters, in six innings. A lot of the Sox struck out, too, and a lot of players on both teams walked—more than I could count, in fact. The big hit of the game was a triple to left center by the White Sox catcher, David Blass, who is ten years old. His eight-year-old brother, Chris, played second, and their father, Steve Blass, in old green slacks and a green T-shirt, coached at third. This was a late-afternoon date in the Upper St. Clair (Pennsylvania) Recreation League schedule, played between the White Sox and the Orioles on a field behind the Dwight D. Eisenhower Elementary School—Little League baseball, but at a junior and highly informal level. The low, *low* minors. Most of the action, or inaction, took place around home plate, since there was not much bat-on-ball contact, but there was a shrill non-stop piping of encouragement from the fielders, and disappointed batters were complimented on their overswings by a small, chilly assemblage of mothers, coaches, and dads. When Chris Blass went down swinging in the fourth, his father came over and said, "The sinker down and away is *tough*." Steve Blass has a longish, lightly freckled face, a tilted nose, and an alert and engaging expression. At this ballgame, he looked like any young suburban father who had caught an early train home from the office in order to see his kids in action. He looked much more like a commuter than like a professional athlete.

Blass coached quietly, moving the fielders in or over a few steps, asking the shortstop if he knew how many outs there were, reminding someone to take his hands out of his pockets. "Learning the names of all the kids is the hard part," he said to me. It was his second game of the spring as a White Sox coach, and between innings one of the young outfielders said to him, "Hey, Mr. Blass, how come you're not playing with the Pirates at Three Rivers today?"

"Well," Blass said equably, "I'm not *in* baseball anymore."

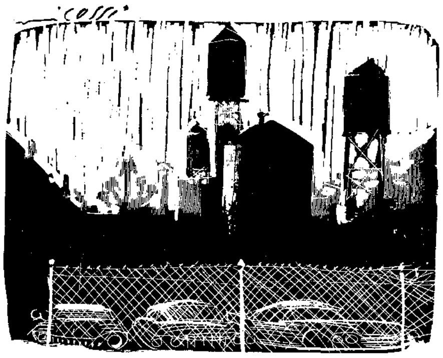
"Oh," said the boy.

Twilight and the end of the game approached at about the same speed, and I kept losing track of the count on the batters. Steve Blass, noticing my confusion, explained that, in order to avert a parade of walked batters in these games, any strike thrown by a pitcher was considered to have wiped out the balls he had already delivered to the same batter; a strike on the 3–0 count reconverted things to 0–1. He suddenly laughed. "Why didn't they have that rule in the N.L.?" he said. "I'd have lasted until I was fifty."

Then it was over. The winning (and undefeated) White Sox and the losing Orioles exchanged cheers, and Karen Blass, a winning and clearly undefeated mother, came over and introduced me to the winning catcher and the winning second baseman. The Blasses and I walked slowly along together over the thick new grass, toting gloves and helmets and Karen's fold-up lawn chair, and at the parking lot the party divided into two cars—Karen and the boys homeward bound, and Steve Blass and I off to a nearby shopping center to order one large cheese-and-peppers-and-sausage victory pizza, to go.

Blass and I sat in his car at the pizza place, drinking beer and waiting for our order, and he talked about his baseball beginnings. I said I had admired the relaxed, low-key tenor of the game we had just seen, and he told me that his own Little League coach, back in Connecticut—a man named Jerry Fallon—had always seen to it that playing baseball on his club was a pleasure. "On any level, baseball is a tough game if it isn't really fun," Blass said. "I think most progress in baseball comes from enjoying it and then wanting to extend yourself a little, wanting it to become more. There should be a feeling of 'Let's go! Let's keep on with this!' "

He kept on with it, in all seasons and circumstances. The Blasses' place in Falls Village included an old barn with an interestingly angled roof, against which young Steve Blass played hundreds of one-man games (his four brothers and sisters were considerably younger) with a tennis ball. "I had all kinds of games, with different, very complicated ground rules," he said. "I'd throw the ball up, and then I'd be diving into the weeds for pop-ups or running back and calling for the long fly balls, and all. I'd always play a full game—a made-up game, with two big-league teams—and I'd write down the line score as I went along, and keep the results. One of the teams always had to be the Indians. I was a *total* Indians fan, completely buggy. In the summer of '54, when they won that record one hundred and eleven games, I managed to find every single box score in the newspapers and clip it, which took some doing up where we lived. I guess Herb Score was my real hero—I actually pitched against him once in Indianapolis, in '63, when he was trying to make a comeback—but I knew the whole team by heart. Not just the stars but all the guys on the bench, like George Strickland and Wally Westlake and Hank Majeski and the backup third baseman, Rudy Regalado. My first big-league autograph was Hank Majeski."



Blass grew up into an athlete—a good sandlot football player, a second-team All-State Class B basketball star, but most of all a pitcher, like his father. ("He was wilder than hell," Blass said. "Once, in a Canaan game, he actually threw a pitch over the backstop.") Steve Blass pitched two no-hitters in his junior year at Housatonic Regional High School, and three more as a senior, but there were so many fine pitchers on the team that he did not get to be a starter until his final year. (One of the stars just behind him was John Lamb, who later pitched for the Pirates; Lamb's older sister, Karen, was a classmate of Steve's, and in time she found herself doubly affiliated with the Pirate mound staff.)

The Pittsburgh organization signed Steve Blass right out of Housatonic High in 1960, and he began moving up through the minors. He and Karen Lamb were married in the fall of 1963, and they went to the Dominican Republic that winter, where Steve played for the Cibaeñas Eagles and began working on a slider. He didn't quite make the big club when training ended in the spring, and was sent down to the Pirates' Triple A club in Columbus, but the call came three weeks later. Blass said, "We got in the car, and I floored it all the way across

"There's that damn singles ark again!"

• •

Ohio. I remember it was raining as we came out of the tunnel in Pittsburgh, and I drove straight to Forbes Field and went in and found the attendant and put my uniform on, at two in the afternoon. There was no *game* there, or anything—I just had to see how it looked."

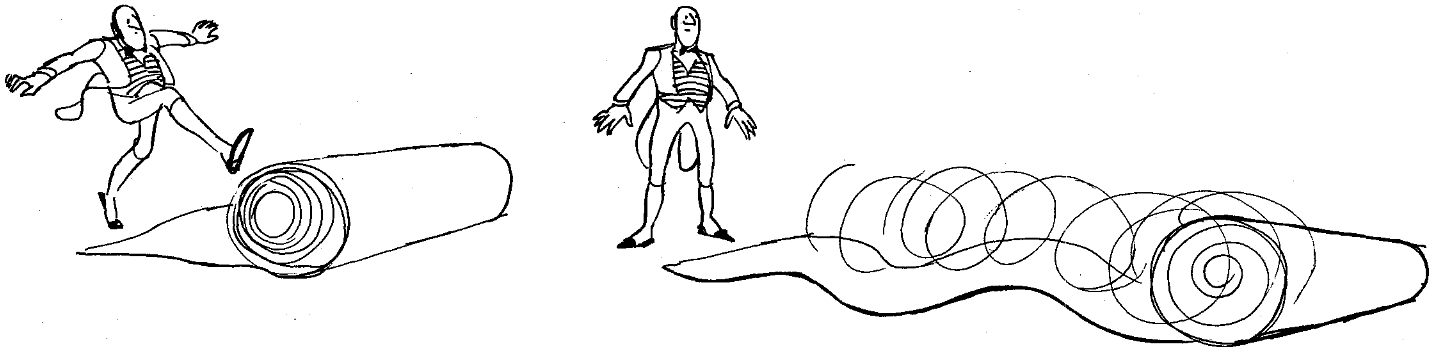
We had moved along by now to the Blasses' house, a medium-sized brick structure on a hillside in Upper St. Clair, which is a suburb about twelve miles southeast of Pittsburgh. The pizza disappeared rapidly, and then David and Chris went off upstairs to do their homework or watch TV. The Blass family room was trophied and comfortable. On a wall opposite a long sofa there was, among other things, a plaque representing the J. Roy Stockton Award for Outstanding Baseball Achievement, a Dapper Dan Award for meritorious service to Pittsburgh, a shiny metal bat with the engraved signatures of the National League All-Stars of 1972, a 1971 Pittsburgh Pirates World Champions bat, a signed photograph of President Nixon, and a framed, decorated proclamation announcing Steve Blass Day in Falls Village, Connecticut: "Be it known that this twenty-second day of October in the year of our Lord 1971, the citizens of Falls Village do set aside and do honor with pride Steve Blass, the tall skinny kid from Falls Village, who is now the hero of baseball and will be our hero always." It was signed by the town's three selectmen. The biggest picture in the room hung over the sofa—an enlarged color photograph of the Blass family at the Father-and-Sons Day at Three Rivers Stadium in 1971. In the photo, Karen Blass looks extremely pretty in a large straw hat, and all three male Blasses are wearing Pirate uniforms; the boys' uniforms look a little funny, because in their excitement each boy had put on the other's pants. Great picture.

Karen and Steve pointed this out to me, and then they went back to their arrival in the big time on that rainy long-ago first day in Pittsburgh and Steve's insisting on trying on his Pirate uniform, and they leaned back in their chairs and laughed about it again.

"With Steve, everything is right out in the open," Karen said. "Every accomplishment, every stage of the game—you have no idea how much he loved it, how he enjoyed the game."

That year, in his first outing Blass pitched five scoreless innings in relief against the Braves, facing, among others, Hank Aaron. In his first start, against the Dodgers in Los Angeles, he pitched against Don Drysdale and won, 4–2. "I thought I'd died and gone to Heaven," Blass said to me.

He lit a cigar and blew out a little smoke. "You know, this thing that's happened has been painted so bad, so tragic," he said. "Well, I don't go along with that. I know what I've done in baseball, and I give myself all the credit in the world for it. I'm not bitter about this. I've had the greatest moments a person could ever want. When I was a boy, I used to make up those fictitious games where I was always pitching in the bottom of the ninth in the World Series. Well, I really *did* it. It went on and happened to me. Nobody's ever enjoyed winning a big-league game more than I have. All I've ever wanted to do since I was six years old was to keep on playing baseball. It didn't even have to be major-league ball. I've never been a goal-planner—I've never said I'm going to do this or that. With me, everything was just a continuation of what had



come before. I think that's why I enjoyed it all so much when it did come along, when the good things did happen."

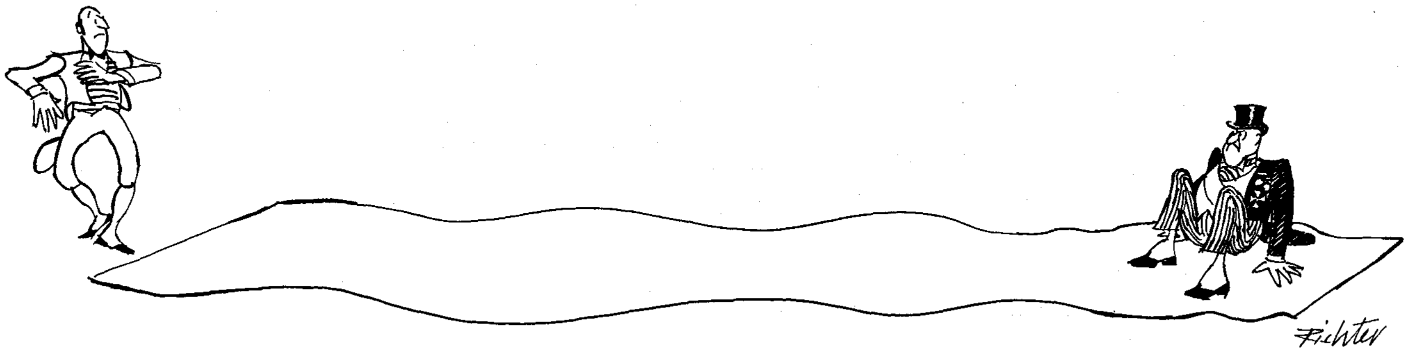
All this was said with an air of summing up, of finality, but at other times that evening I noticed that it seemed difficult for Blass to talk about his baseball career as a thing of the past; now and then he slipped into the present tense—as if it were still going on. This was understandable, for he was in limbo. The Pirates had finally released him late in March ("outrighted" him, in baseball parlance), near the end of the spring-training season, and he had subsequently decided not to continue his attempts to salvage his pitching form in the minor leagues. Earlier in the week of my visit, he had accepted a promising job with Josten's, Inc., a large jewelry concern that makes, among other things, World Series rings and high-school graduation rings, and he would go to work for them shortly as a travelling representative in the Pittsburgh area. He was out of baseball for good.

PITCHING consistency is probably the ingredient that separates major-league baseball from the lesser levels of the game. A big-league fastball comes in on the batter at about eighty-five or ninety miles an hour, completing its prescribed journey of sixty feet six inches in less than half a second, and, if it is a strike, generally intersects no more than an inch or two of the seventeen-inch-wide plate, usually near the upper or lower limits of the strike zone; curves and sliders arrive a bit later but with intense rotation, and must likewise slice off only a thin piece of the black if they are to be effective. Sustaining this kind of control over a stretch of, say, one hundred and thirty pitches in a seven- or eight-inning appearance places such excruciating demands on a hurler's body and psyche that even the most successful pitchers regularly have games when they simply can't get the job done. Their fastball comes in high, their curves hang, the rest of their prime weapons desert them. The pitcher is knocked about, often by an inferior rival team, and leaves within a few innings; asked about it later, he shrugs and says, "I didn't have it today." He seems unsurprised. Pitching, it sometimes appears, is too hard for *anyone*. Occasionally, the poor performance is repeated, then extended. The pitcher goes into a slump. He sulks or rages, according to his nature; he asks for help; he works long hours on his motion. Still he cannot win. He worries about his arm, which almost always hurts to some degree. Has it gone dead? He worries about his stuff. Has he lost his velocity? He wonders whether he will ever win again or whether he will now join the long, long list—the list that awaits him, almost surely, in the end—of suddenly slow, suddenly sore-armed pitchers who have abruptly vanished from the big time, down the drain to oblivion. Then, unexpectedly, the slump ends—most of the time, that is—and he is back where he was: a winning pitcher. There is rarely an explanation for this, whether the slump has lasted for two games or a dozen, and managers and coaches, when pressed for one, will usually mutter that "pitching is a delicate thing," or—as if it explained anything—"he got back in the groove."

In spite of such hovering and inexplicable hazards, every big-league pitcher knows exactly what is expected of him. As with the other aspects of the game, statistics define his work and—day by day, inning by inning—whether he is getting it done. Thus, it may be posited as a rule that a major-league hurler who gives up an average of just over three and a half runs per game is about at the middle of his profession—an average pitcher. (Last year, the National League and the American League both wound up with a per-game earned-run average of 3.62.) At contract-renewal time, earned-run averages below 3.30 are invariably mentioned by pitchers; an E.R.A. close to or above the 4.00 level will always be brought up by management. The select levels of pitching proficiency (and salary) begin below the 3.00 line; in fact, an E.R.A. of less than 3.00 certifies true quality in almost exactly the same fashion as an over-.300 batting average for hitters. Last year, both leagues had ten pitchers who finished up below 3.00, led by Buzz Capra's N.L. mark of 2.28 and Catfish Hunter's 2.49 in the A.L. The best season-long earned-run average of the modern baseball era was Bob Gibson's 1.12 mark, set in 1968.

Strikeouts are of no particular use in defining pitching effectiveness, since there are other, less vivid ways of retiring batters, but bases on balls matter. To put it in simple terms, a good, middling pitcher should not surrender more than three or four walks per game—unless he is also striking out batters in considerable clusters. Last year, Ferguson Jenkins, of the Texas Rangers, gave up only forty-five walks in three hundred and twenty-eight innings pitched, or an average of 1.19 per game. Nolan Ryan, of the Angels, walked two hundred and two men in three hundred and thirty-three innings, or 5.4 per game; however, he helped himself considerably by fanning three hundred and sixty-seven, or just under ten men per game. The fastball is a great healer.

At the beginning of the 1973 season, Steve Blass had a lifetime earned-run average of 3.25 and was averaging 1.9 walks per game. He was, in short, an extremely successful and useful big-league pitcher, and was understandably enjoying his work. Early that season, however, baseball suddenly stopped being fun for him. He pitched well in spring training in Bradenton, which was unusual, for he has always been a very slow starter. He pitched on opening day, against the Cards, but threw poorly and was relieved, although the Pirates eventually won the game. For a time, his performance was borderline, but his few wins were in sloppy, high-scoring contests, and his bad outings were marked by streaks of uncharacteristic wildness and ineffectuality. On April 22nd, against the Cubs, he gave up a walk, two singles, a homer, and a double in the first inning,



sailed through the second inning, and then walked a man and hit two batsmen in the third. He won a complete game against the Padres, but in his next two appearances, against the Dodgers and the Expos, he survived for barely half the distance; in the Expos game, he threw three scoreless innings, and then suddenly gave up two singles, a double, and two walks. By early June, his record was three wins and three losses, but his earned-run average suggested that his difficulties were serious. Bill Virdon, the Pirate manager, was patient and told Blass to take all the time he needed to find himself; he reminded Blass that once—in 1970—he had had an early record of two and eight but had then come back to finish the season with a mark of ten and twelve.

What was mystifying about the whole thing was that Blass still had his stuff, especially when he warmed up or threw on the sidelines. He was in great physical shape, as usual, and his arm felt fine; in his entire pitching career, Blass never experienced a sore arm. Virdon remained calm, although he was clearly puzzled. Some pitching mechanics were discussed and worked on: Blass was sometimes dropping his elbow as he threw; often he seemed to be hurrying his motion, so that his arm was not in synchronization with his body; perhaps he had exaggerated his peculiar swoop toward first base and thus was losing his power. These are routine pitching mistakes, which almost all pitchers are guilty of from time to time, and Blass worked on them assiduously. He started again against the Braves on June 11th, in Atlanta; after three and one-third innings he was gone, having given up seven singles, a home run, two walks, and a total of five runs. Virdon and Blass agreed that a spell in the bullpen seemed called for; at least he could work on his problems there every day.

Two days later, the roof fell in. The team was still in Atlanta, and Virdon called Blass into the game in the fifth inning, with the Pirates trailing by 8–3. Blass walked the first two men he faced, and gave up a stolen base and a wild pitch and a run-scoring single before retiring the side. In the sixth, Blass walked Darrell Evans. He walked Mike Lum, throwing one pitch *behind* him in the process, which allowed Evans to move down to second. Dusty Baker singled, driving in a run. Ralph Garr grounded out. Davey Johnson singled, scoring another run. Marty Perez walked. Pitcher Ron Reed singled, driving in two more runs, and was wild-pitched to second. Johnny Oates walked. Frank Tepedino singled, driving in two runs, and Steve Blass was finally relieved. His totals for the one and one-third innings were seven runs, five hits, six bases on balls, and three wild pitches.

"It was the worst experience of my baseball life," Blass told me. "I don't think I'll ever forget it. I was embarrassed and disgusted. I was totally unnerved. You can't imagine the feeling that you suddenly have no *idea* what you're doing out there. You have no business being there, performing that way as a major-league pitcher. It was kind of scary."

None of Blass's appearances during the rest of the '73 season were as dreadful as the Atlanta game, but none of them were truly successful. On August 1st, he started against the Mets and Tom Seaver at Shea Stadium and gave up three runs and five walks in one and two-thirds innings. A little later, Virdon gave him a start in the Hall of Fame game at Cooperstown; this is a meaningless annual exhibition, played that year between the Pirates and the Texas Rangers, but Blass was as wild as ever and had to be relieved after two and one-third innings. After that, Bill Virdon announced that Blass would probably not start another game; the Pirates were in a pennant race, and the time for patience had run out.

Blass retired to the bullpen and worked on fundamentals. He threw a lot, once pitching a phantom nine-inning game while his catcher, Dave Ricketts, called the balls and strikes. At another point, he decided to throw every single day in the bullpen, to see if he could recapture his groove. "All it did was to get me very, very tired," Blass told me. He knew that Virdon was not going to use him, but whenever the Pirates fell behind in a game, he felt jumpy about the possibility of being called upon. "I knew I wasn't capable of going in there," he said. "I was afraid of embarrassing myself again, and letting down the club."

On September 6th, the Pirate front office announced that Danny Murtaugh, who had served two previous terms as the Pirates' manager, was replacing Bill Virdon at the helm; the Pirates were caught up in a close, four-team division race, and it was felt that Murtaugh's experience might bring them home. One of Murtaugh's first acts was to announce that Steve Blass would be given a start. The game he picked was against the Cubs, in Chicago, on September 11th. Blass, who had not pitched in six weeks, was extremely anxious about this test; he walked the streets of Chicago on the night before the game, and could not get to sleep until after five in the morning. The game went well for him. The Cubs won, 2–0, but Steve gave up only two hits and one earned run in the five innings he worked. He pitched with extreme care, throwing mostly sliders. He had another pretty good outing against the Cardinals, for no decision, and then started against the Mets, in New York, on September 21st, but got only two men out, giving up four instant runs on a walk and four hits. The Mets won, 10–2, dropping the Pirates out of first place, but Blass, although unhappy about his showing, found some hope in the fact that he had at least been able to get the ball over the plate. "At that point," he said, "I was looking for even a little bit of success—one good inning, a few real fastballs, anything to hold on to that might halt my negative momentum. I wanted to feel I had at least got things turned around and facing in the right direction."

The Mets game was his last of the year. His statistics for the 1973 season were three wins and nine defeats, and an earned-run average of 9.81. That figure and his record of eighty-four walks in eighty-nine innings pitched were the worst in the National League.

I WENT to another ballgame with Steve Blass on the night after the Little League affair—this time at Three Rivers Stadium, where the Pirates were meeting the Cardinals. We sat behind home plate, down near the screen, and during the first few innings a lot of young fans came clustering down the aisle to get Steve's autograph. People in the sections near us kept calling and waving to him. "Everybody has been great to me, all through this thing," Blass said. "I don't think there are too many here who are thinking, 'Look, there's the wild man.' I've had hundreds and hundreds of letters—I don't know how many—and not one of them was down on me."

In the game, Bob Gibson pitched against the Pirates' Jerry Reuss. When Ted Simmons stood in for the visitors, Blass said, "He's always hit me pretty good. He's really developed as a hitter." Then there was an error by Richie Hebner, at third, on a grounder hit by Ken Reitz, and Blass said, "Did you notice the batter take that big swing and then hit it off his hands? It was the swing that put Richie back on his heels like that." Later on, Richie Zisk hit a homer off Gibson, on a three-and-two count, and Blass murmured, "The high slider is one of *the* hittable pitches when it isn't just right. I should know."

The game rushed along, as games always do when Gibson is pitching. "You know," Blass said, "before we faced him we'd always have a team meeting and we'd say, 'Stay out of the batter's box, clean your spikes—anything to make him slow up.' But it never lasted more than an inning or two. He makes you play his game."

A little later, however, Willie Stargell hit a homer, and then Manny Sanguillen drove in another run with a double off the left-field wall ("*Get* out of here!" Steve said while the ball was in flight), and it was clear that this was not to be a Gibson night. Blass was enjoying himself, and it seemed to me that the familiarities and surprises of the game had restored something in him. At one point, he leaned forward a little and peered into the Pirate dugout and murmured, "Is Dock Ellis over in his regular corner there?," but for the most part he kept his eyes on the field. I tried to imagine what it felt like for him not to be down in the dugout.

I had talked that day to a number of Blass's old teammates, and all of them had mentioned his cheerfulness and his jokes, and what they had meant to the team over the years. "Steve's humor in the clubhouse was unmatched," relief pitcher Dave Giusti said. "He was a terrific mimic. Perfect. He could do Robert Kennedy. He could do Manny Sanguillen. He could do Roberto Clemente—not just the way he moved but the way he talked. Clemente loved it. He could do rat sounds—the noise a rat makes running. Lots of other stuff. It all made for looseness and togetherness. Because of Steve, the clubhouse was never completely silent, even after a loss." Another Pirate said, "Steve was about ninety per cent of the good feeling on this club. He was always up, always agitating. If a player made a mistake, Steve knew how to say something about it that would let the guy know it was O.K. Especially the young guys—he really understood them, and they put their confidence in him because of that. He picked us all up. Of course, there was a hell of a lot less of that from him in the last couple of years. We sure missed it."

For the final three innings of the game, Blass and I moved upstairs to general manager Joe Brown's box. Steve was startled by the unfamiliar view. "Hey, you can really see how it *works* from here, can't you?" he said. "Down there, you've got to look at it all in pieces. No wonder it's so hard to play this game right."

In the Pirates' seventh, Bill Robinson pinch-hit for Ed Kirkpatrick, and Blass said, "Well, *that* still makes me wince a little." It was a moment or two before I realized that Robinson was wearing Blass's old uniform number. Robinson fanned, and Blass said, "Same old twenty-eight."

The Pirates won easily, 5–0, with Jerry Reuss going all the way for the shutout, and just before the end Steve said, "I always had trouble sleeping after pitching a real good game. And if we were home, I'd get up about seven in the morning, before anybody else was up, and go downstairs and make myself a cup of coffee, and then I'd get the newspaper and open it to the sports section and just— Just soak it all in."

We thanked Joe Brown and said good night, and as we went down in the elevator I asked Steve Blass if he wanted to stop off in the clubhouse for a minute and see his old friends. "Oh, no," he said. "No, I couldn't do that."

AFTER the end of the 1973 season, Blass joined the Pirates' team in the Florida Instructional League (an autumn institution that exists mostly to permit the clubs to look over their prime minor-league prospects), where

NEW ENGLAND, COMPLINE

A dark thick branch in the last light is like
The hand of your grandmother
Dropping linen napkins on the shrubs to dry
Hopelessly in the few hours before night.
Across the garden
In the back a girl strikes a piano key just once
And then there is the sound of crickets. The evening

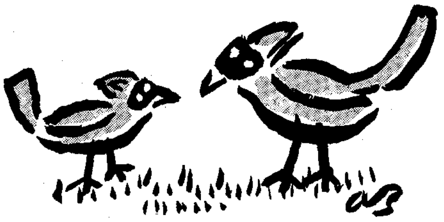
Itself seems slow with the oldest feelings:
A boy walks up the hill
With a glass jar; inside he has, perhaps, a snake,
A firefly, or minnows. Three houses away
A man standing on his roof passes a short ladder
Down to his wife.

The stone nude beside the garden is bathing
In a deep shade while inside the mouth
Of the nude in a copper dish a sparrow washes
Both its wings. It's night.

In the dark there's a last sound, it is
A large jar breaking in the street, and up into the night
Almost heavy
Go six fireflies striking their soft, yellow lights.

—NORMAN DUBIE

• •



he worked intensively with a longtime pitching coach, Don Osborn, and appeared in three games. He came home feeling a little hopeful (he was almost living on such minimal nourishments), but when he forced himself to think about it he had to admit that he had been too tense to throw the fastball much, even against rookies. Then, in late February, 1974, Blass reported to Bradenton with the other Pirate pitchers and catchers. "We have a custom in the early spring that calls for all the pitchers to throw five minutes of batting practice every day," he told me. "This is before the rest of the squad arrives, you understand, so you're just pitching to the other pitchers. Well, the day before that first workout I woke up at four-thirty in the morning. I was so worried that I couldn't get back to sleep—and all this was just over going out and throwing to *pitchers.* I don't remember what happened that first day, but I went out there very tense and anxious every time. As you can imagine, there's very little good work or improvement you can do under those circumstances."

"You're not the man I love to hate. The only man I ever loved to hate was Erich von Stroheim."

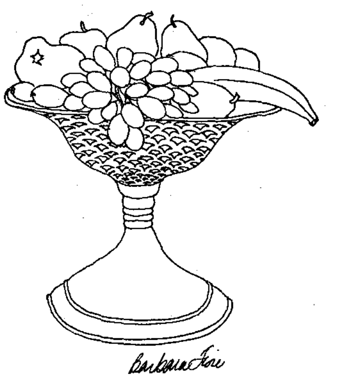
The training period made it clear that nothing had altered with him (he walked twenty-five men in fourteen innings in exhibition play), and when the club went North he was left in Bradenton for further work. He joined the team in Chicago on April 16th, and entered a game against the Cubs the next afternoon, taking over in the fourth inning, with the Pirates down by 10–4. He pitched five innings, and gave up eight runs (three of them unearned), five hits, and seven bases on balls. The Cubs batted around against him in the first inning he pitched, and in the sixth he gave up back-to-back home runs. His statistics for the game, including an E.R.A. of 9.00, were also his major-league figures for the year, because late in April the Pirates sent him down to the Charleston (West Virginia) Charlies, their farm team in the Class AAA International League. Blass did not argue about the decision; in fact, as a veteran with more than eight years' service in the majors, he had to agree to the demotion before the parent club could send him down. He felt that the Pirates and Joe Brown had been extraordinarily patient and sympathetic in dealing with a baffling and apparently irremediable problem. They had also been generous, refusing to cut his salary by the full twenty per cent permissible in extending a major-league contract. (His pay, which had been ninety thousand dollars in 1973, was cut to seventy-five thousand for the next season, and then to sixty-three thousand this spring.) In any case, Blass wanted to go. He needed continuous game experience if he was ever to break out of it, and he knew he no longer belonged with a big-league club.

The distance between the minors and the majors, always measurable in light-years, is probably greater today than ever before, and for a man making the leap in the wrong direction the feeling must be sickening. Blass tries to pass off the experience lightly (he is apparently incapable of self-pity), but one can guess what must have been required of him to summon up even a scrap of the kind of hope and aggressive self-confidence that are prerequisites, at every level, of a successful athletic performance. He and Karen rented an apartment in Charleston, and the whole family moved down when the school year ended; David and Chris enjoyed the informal atmosphere around the ballpark, where they were permitted to shag flies in batting practice. "It wasn't so bad," Blass told me.

But it was. The manager of the Charlies, Steve Demeter, put Blass in the regular starting rotation, but he fared no better against minor-leaguers than he had in the big time. In a very brief time, his earned-run average and his bases-on-balls record were the worst in the league. Blass got along well with his teammates, but there were other problems. The mystery of Steve Blass's decline was old stuff by now in most big-league-city newspapers, but as soon as he was sent down, there was a fresh wave of attention from the national press and the networks, and sportswriters for newspapers in Memphis and Rochester and Richmond and the other International League cities looked on his arrival in town as a God-given feature story. Invariably, they asked him how much money he was earning as a player; then they asked if he thought he was worth it.

The Charlies did a lot of travelling by bus. One day, the team made an eight-hour trip from Charleston to Toledo, where they played a night game. At eleven that same night, they reboarded the bus and drove to Pawtucket, Rhode Island, for their next date, arriving at about nine in the morning. Blass had started the game in Toledo, and he was so disgusted with his performance that he got back on the bus without having showered or taken off his uniform. "We'd stop at an all-night restaurant every now and then, and I'd walk in with a two-day beard and my old Charleston Charlies uniform on, looking like go-to-hell," Blass said. "It was pretty funny to see people looking at me. I had some books along, and we had plenty of wine and beer on the bus, so the time went by somehow." He paused and then shook his head. "*God*, that was an awful trip," he said.

By early August, Blass's record with Charleston was two and nine, and 9.74. He had had enough. With Joe Brown's permission, he left the Charlies and flew West to consult Dr. Bill Harrison, of Davis, California. Dr. Harrison is an optometrist who has helped develop a system of "optometherapy," designed to encourage athletes to concentrate on the immediate physical task at hand—hitting a ball, throwing a strike—by visualizing the act in advance; his firm was once retained by the Kansas City Royals baseball team, and his patients have included a number of professional golfers and football players. Blass spent four days with him, and then rejoined the Pirates, this time as a batting-practice pitcher. He says now that he was very interested in Dr. Harrison's theories but that they just didn't seem to help him much.



In truth, nothing helped. Blass knew that his case was desperate. He was almost alone now with his problem—a baseball castaway—and he had reached the point where he was willing to try practically anything. Under the guidance of pitching coach Don Osborn, he attempted some unusual experiments. He tried pitching from the outfield, with the sweeping motion of a fielder making a long peg. He tried pitching while kneeling on the mound. He tried pitching with his left foot tucked up behind his right knee until the last possible second of his delivery. Slow-motion films of his delivery were studied and compared with films taken during some of his best games of the past; much of his motion, it was noticed, seemed extraneous, but he had thrown exactly the same way at his peak. Blass went back and corrected minute details, to no avail.

The frustrating, bewildering part of it all was that while working alone with a catcher Blass continued to throw as well as he ever had; his fastball was alive, and his slider and curve shaved the corners of the plate. But the moment a batter stood in against him he became a different pitcher, especially when throwing a fastball—a pitcher apparently afraid of seriously injuring somebody. As a result, he was of very little use to the Pirates even in batting practice.

Don Osborn, a gentle man in his mid-sixties, says, "Steve's problem was mental. He had mechanical difficulties, with some underlying mental cause. I don't think anybody will ever understand his decline. We tried everything—I didn't know anything else to do. I feel real bad about it. Steve had a lot of guts to stay out there as long as he did. You know, old men don't dream much, but just the other night I had this dream that Steve Blass was all over his troubles and could pitch again. I said, 'He's ready, we can use him!' Funny . . ."

It was probably at this time that Blass consulted a psychiatrist. He does not talk about it—in part out of a natural reticence but also because the Pirate front office, in an effort to protect his privacy, turned away inquiries into this area by Pittsburgh writers and persistently refused to comment on whether any such therapy was undertaken. It is clear, however, that Blass does not believe he gained any profound insights into possible unconscious causes of his difficulties. Earlier in the same summer, he also experimented briefly with transcendental meditation. He entered the program at the suggestion of Joe Brown, who also enrolled Dave Giusti, Willie Stargell, pitcher Bruce Kison, and himself in the group. Blass repeated mantras and meditated twice a day for about two months; he found that it relaxed him, but it did not seem to have much application to his pitching. Innumerable other remedies were proposed by friends and strangers. Like anyone in hard straits, he was deluged with unsolicited therapies, overnight cures, naturopathies, exorcisms, theologies, and amulets, many of which arrived by mail. Blass refuses to make jokes about these nostrums. "Anyone who takes the trouble to write a man who is suffering deserves to be thanked," he told me.

Most painful of all, perhaps, was the fact that the men who most sympathized with his incurable professional difficulties were least able to help. The Pirates were again engaged in a close and exhausting pennant race fought out over the last six weeks of the season; they moved into first place for good only two days before the end, won their half-pennant, and then were eliminated by the Dodgers in a four-game championship playoff. Steve Blass was with the team through this stretch, but he took no part in the campaign, and by now he was almost silent in the clubhouse. He had become an extra wheel. "It must have been hell for him," Dave Giusti says. "I mean *real* hell. I never could have stood it."

When Blass is asked about this last summer of his baseball career, he will only say that it was "kind of a difficult time" or "not the most fun I've had." In extended conversations about himself, he often gives an impression of an armored blandness that suggests a failure of emotion; this apparent insensitivity about himself contrasts almost shockingly with his subtle concern for the feelings of his teammates and his friends and his family, and even of strangers. "My overriding philosophy is to have a regard for others," he once told me. "I don't want to put myself over other people." He takes pride in the fact that his outward, day-to-day demeanor altered very little through his long ordeal. "A person lives on," he said more than once, smiling. "The sun will come up tomorrow." Most of all, perhaps, he sustained his self-regard by not taking out his terrible frustrations on Karen and the boys. "A ballplayer learns very early that he can't bring the game home with him every night," he said once. "Especially when there are young people growing up there. I'm real proud of the fact that this thing hasn't bothered us at home. David and Chris have come through it all in fine shape. I think Karen and I are closer than ever because of this."

Karen once said to me, "Day to day, he hasn't changed. Just the other morning, he was out working on the lawn, and a couple of the neighbors' children came over to see him. Young kids—maybe three or four years old. Then I looked out a few minutes later, and there was a whole bunch of them yelling and rolling around on the grass with him, like puppies. He's always been that way. Steve has worked at being a man and being a father and a husband. It's something he has always felt very strongly about, and I have to give him all the credit in the world. Sometimes I think I got to hate the frustration and pain of this more than he did. He always found something to hold on to—a couple of good pitches that day, some little thing he had noticed. But I couldn't always share that, and I didn't have his ability to keep things under control."

I asked if maintaining this superhuman calm might not have damaged Steve in some way, or even added to his problems.

"I don't know," she said. "Sometimes in the evening—once in a great while—we'd be sitting together, and we'd have a couple of drinks and he would relax enough to start to talk. He would tell me about it, and get angry and hurt. Then he'd let it come out, and yell and scream and pound on things. And I felt that even this might not be enough for him. He would never do such a thing outside. Never." She paused, and then she said, "I think he directed his anger toward making the situation livable here at home. I've had my own ideas about Steve's pitching, about the mystery, but they haven't made much difference. You can't force your ideas on somebody, especially when he is doing what he thinks he has to do. Steve's a very private person."

"Uncle Elwood? Are you all right? Your bulb just burned out."

• •

STEVE BLASS stayed home last winter. He tried not to think much about baseball, and he didn't work on his pitching. He and Karen had agreed that the family would go back to Bradenton for spring training, and that he would give it one more try. One day in January, he went over to the field house at the University of Pittsburgh and joined some other Pirates there for a workout. He threw well. Tony Bartirome, the Pirate trainer, who is a close friend of Steve's, thought he was pitching as well as he ever had. He told Joe Brown that Steve's problems might be over. When spring training came, however, nothing had altered. Blass threw adequately in brief streaks, but very badly against most batters. He hit Willie Stargell and Manny Sanguillen in batting practice; both players told him to forget it. They urged him to cut loose with the fastball.

Joe Brown had told Blass that the end of the line might be approaching. Blass agreed. The Pirate organization had been extraordinarily patient, but it was, after all, in the business of baseball.

On March 24th, Steve Blass started the second game of a doubleheader against the White Sox at Bradenton. For three innings, he escaped serious difficulty. He gave up two runs in the second, but he seemed to throw without much tension, and he even struck out Bill Melton, the Chicago third baseman, with a fastball. Like the other Pirates, Dave Giusti was watching with apprehensive interest. "I really thought he was on his way," he told me. "I was encouraged. Then, in the fourth, there were a couple of bases on balls and maybe a bad call by the ump on a close pitch, and suddenly there was a complete reversal. He was a different man out there."

Blass walked eight men in the fourth inning and gave up eight runs. He threw fifty-one pitches, but only seventeen of them were strikes. Some of his pitches were close to the strike zone, but most were not. He worked the count to 3–2 on Carlos May, and then threw the next pitch behind him. The booing from the fans, at first scattered and uncomfortable, grew louder. Danny Murtaugh waited, but Blass could not get the third out. Finally, Murtaugh came out very slowly to the mound and told Blass that he was taking him out of the game; Dave Giusti came in to relieve his old roommate. Murtaugh, a peaceable man, then charged the home-plate umpire and cursed him for the bad call, and was thrown out of the game. Play resumed. Blass put on his warmup jacket and trotted to the outfield to run his wind sprints. Roland Hemond, the general manager of the White Sox, was at Bradenton that day, and he said, "It was the most heartbreaking thing I have ever seen in baseball."

Three days later, the Pirates held a press conference to announce that they had requested waivers from the other National League clubs, with the purpose of giving Blass his unconditional release. Blass flew out to California to see Dr. Bill Harrison once more, and also to visit a hypnotist, Arthur Ellen, who has worked with several major-league players, and has apparently helped some of them, including Dodger pitcher Don Sutton, remarkably. Blass made the trip mostly because he had promised Maury Wills, who is now a baserunning consultant to several teams, that he would not quit the game until he had seen Mr. Ellen.

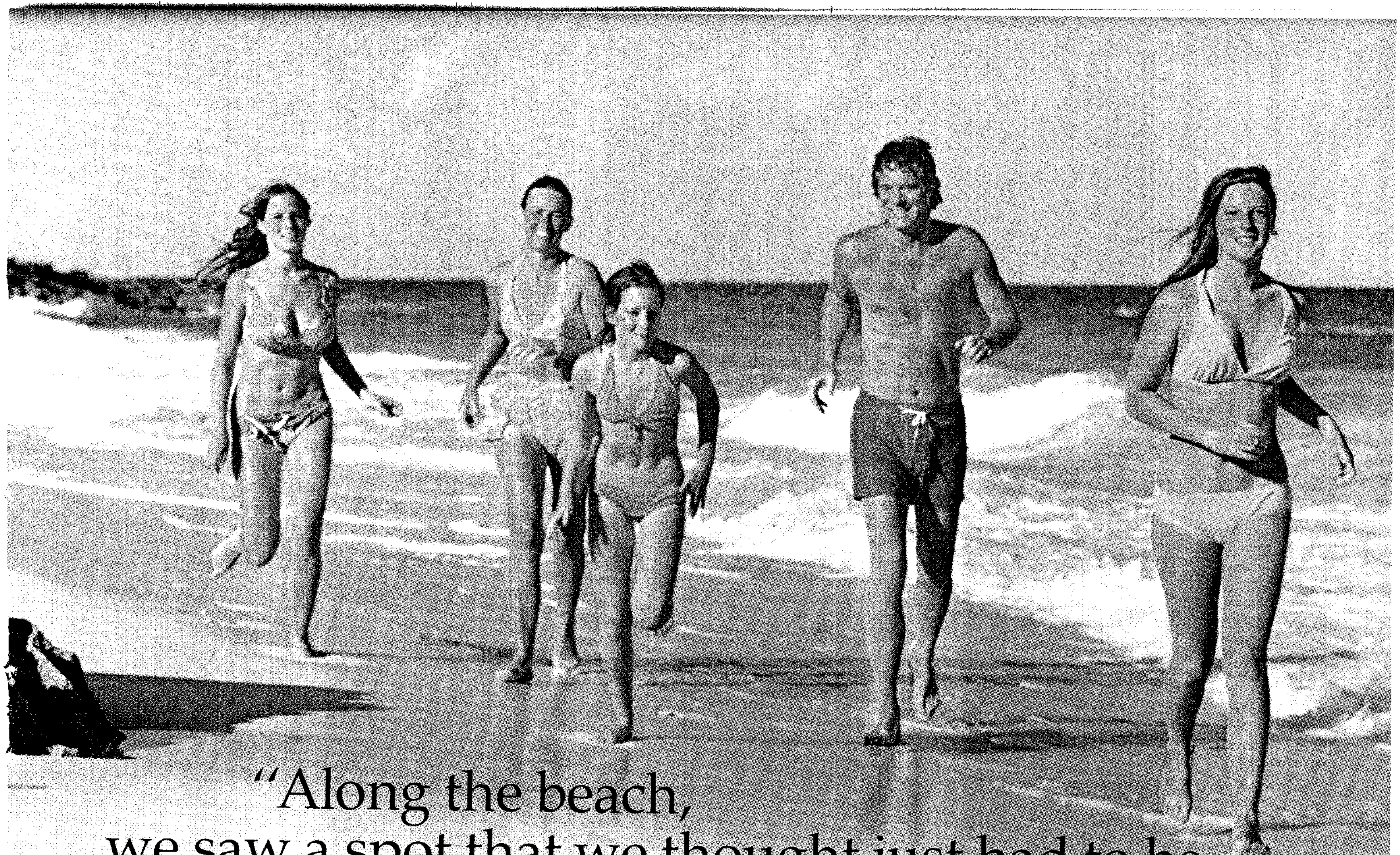
Blass then returned to Bradenton and worked for several days with the Pirates' minor-league pitching coach, Larry Sherry, on some pitching mechanics. He made brief appearances in two games against Pirate farmhands, and threw well. He struck out some players with his fastball. After the second game, he showered and got into his Volkswagen and started North to join his family, who had returned to Pittsburgh. It was a good trip, because it gave him time to sort things out, and somewhere along the way he decided to give it up. The six-day waiver period had expired, and none of the other clubs had claimed him. He was encouraged about his pitching, but he had been encouraged before. This time, the fastball had been much better, and at least he could hold on to that; maybe the problem had been mechanical all along. If he came back now, however, it would have to be at the minor-league level, and even if he made it back to the majors, he could expect only three or four more years before his effectiveness would decline because of age and he would have to start thinking about retirement. At least *that* problem could be solved now. He didn't want to subject Karen to more of the struggle. It was time to get out.

367
Stan Hunt

"He's the cutting edge of Babcock, Wilkins, Cunningham & Dunn."

Of all the mysteries that surround the Steve Blass story, perhaps the most mysterious is the fact that his collapse is unique. There is no other player in recent baseball history—at least none with Blass's record and credentials—who has lost his form in such a sudden and devastating fashion and been totally unable to recover. The players and coaches and fans I talked to about Steve Blass brought up a few other names, but then they quickly realized that the cases were not really the same. Some of them mentioned Rex Barney, a Dodger fastball pitcher of the nineteen-forties, who quit baseball while still a young man because of his uncontrollable wildness; Barney, however, had only one good year, and it is fair to say that he never *did* have his great stuff under control. Dick Radatz, a very tall relief pitcher with the Red Sox a decade ago, had four good years, and then grew increasingly wild and ineffective. (He is said to have once thrown twenty-seven consecutive balls in a spring-training game.) His decline, however, was partially attributable to his failure to stay in shape. Von McDaniel, a younger brother of Lindy McDaniel, arrived suddenly as a pitcher with the Cardinals, and disappeared just as quickly, but two years' pitching hardly qualifies as a record. There have been hundreds of shiningly promising rookie pitchers and sluggers who, for one reason or another, could not do their thing once they got up to the big time. Blass's story is different. It should also be understood that his was not at all the somewhat commonplace experience of an established and well-paid major-league star who suffers through one or two mediocre seasons. Tom Seaver went through such a slump last summer. But Seaver's problems were only relatively serious (his record for 1974 was 11–11), and were at least partly explicable (he had a sore hip), and he has now returned to form. Blass, once his difficulties commenced, was helpless. Finally, of course, one must accept the possibility that a great many players may have suffered exactly the same sort of falling off as Blass for exactly the same reasons (whatever they may be) but were able to solve the problem and continue their athletic careers. Sudden and terrible batting and pitching slumps are mysterious while they last; the moment they end, they tend to be forgotten.

What happened to Steve Blass? Nobody knows, but some speculation is permissible—indeed, is perhaps de-



"Along the beach, we saw a spot that we thought just had to be the most beautiful spot in the world."

Mary Lou and Cecil Lear on their first visit to Bermuda.

"In St. George we met a woman who makes dolls out of reeds and all natural things. She was so gracious and articulate and she really had the time to talk to us about them."

"The kids never thought they'd eat turtle steak. But they did and they loved it. Clarence, the chef, was quite charming. (But he still wouldn't give us his recipe.)

"Everyone is so friendly here. The genuine, honest friendliness is quite a revelation."

Bermuda

Unspoiled. Unhurried. Uncommon.

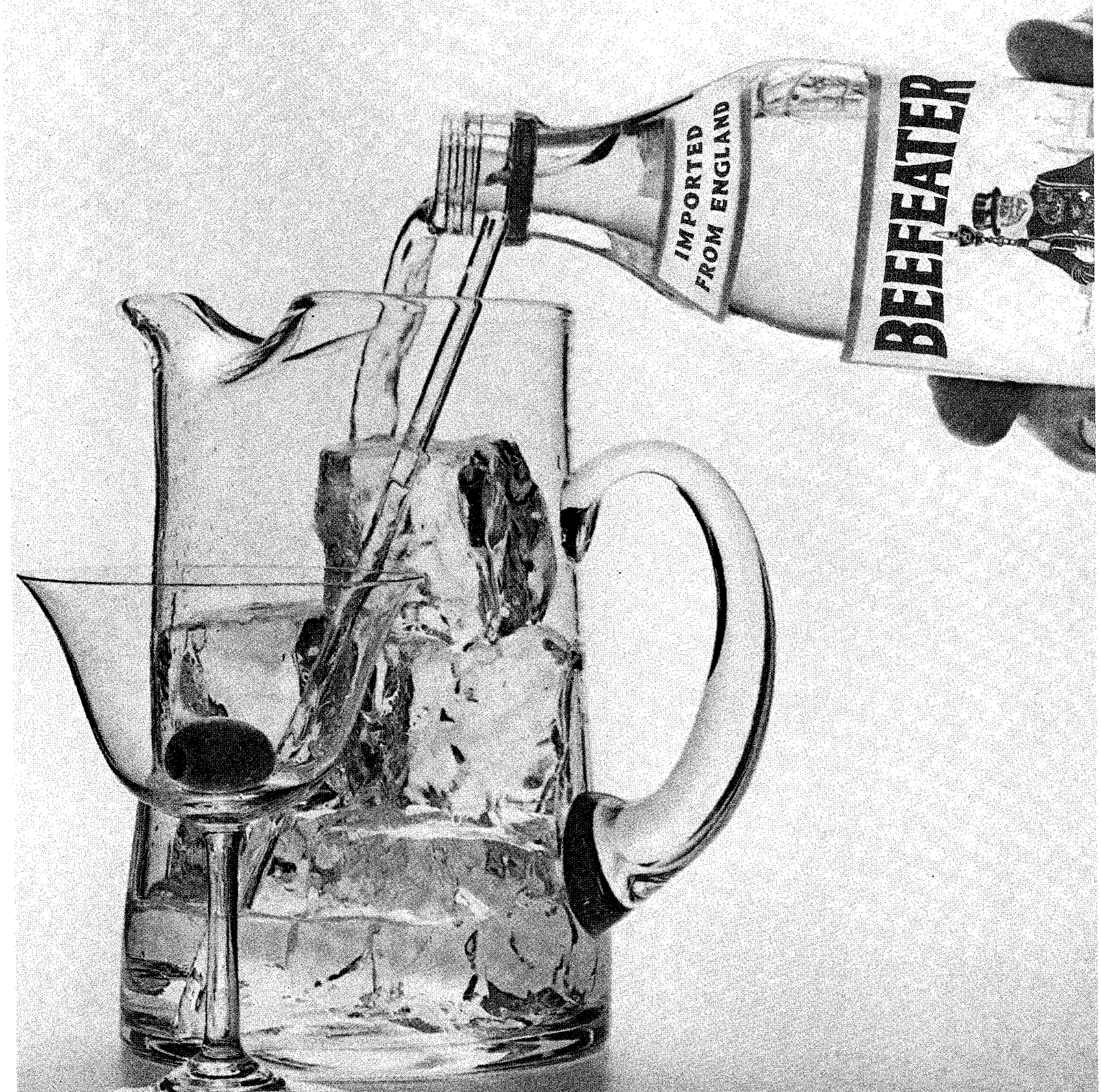
See your travel agent or write Bermuda, Dept. 821.
610 Fifth Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10020 or 711 Statler Office Bldg., Boston, Mass. 02116

Give your gin and tonic the same

BEEFEATER
IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND
London
1873 · 1911 · 1924

Beefeater® Gin. Since 1820, the same family, t

IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND BY KOBRAND, N.Y., N.Y. 94 PROOF. 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS dvantage you give your martini.


IMPORTED
FROM ENGLAND
BEEFEATER

me formula, the same identifiable excellence.

Your flying office

A dictating machine-a calculator-
a business library-right at your fingertips,
30,000 feet up. Sabena 1st class.

Now your Sabena 1st class hostess can provide you with everything from a dictating machine, a calculator, a dictionary in 7 languages and marketing books, down to a stapler and paper clips.
This is your Flying Office, a place for getting down to work in peace. Like your office on a Saturday morning, but with all the pleasures and privileges of Sabena 1st class travel, including a superb menu (Sabena is a member of the Club des Gastronomes).
Time and tools to work, delicious food and drink, a chance to rest, and you'll arrive in top form, ready to meet those tough business problems head-on.
The Flying Office is a world-wide exclusive feature of Sabena 1st class long-distance flights.

Sabena, the hard-working airline.

SABENA
belgian world airlines

AIRLINES

Tips for better business flying.

Airlines today are trying more and more to extend additional services to businessmen who travel hard and work hard. Sabena, for example, has just introduced a full range of facilities to ensure better business flying. Whether you fly 1st class or economy, Sabena's aim is to provide businessmen with quality service and after-flight assistance.

Helpful services designed for businessmen.

The Sabena Business Executive Service is a multi-faceted network. At Brussels National Airport you have: a private lounge and specially equipped reception room with telex, telephone, typewriter, dictating machine, photocopier, calculator, bar, and business information at your disposal, plus a large meeting room which should be reserved in advance.

The Service doesn't stop there. Throughout Belgium, it provides businessmen with contacts with representatives of Belgian trade, finance, industry, tourism, etc.; information on Belgian products and services, etc.; visits to trade centers, development areas, factories, etc.; all in collaboration with the Belgian Office for Foreign Trade.

A representative of the Belgian Office for Foreign Trade, if requested in advance, will assist the businessman during his stay in Belgium and will even, in certain cases, accompany him with a car on local business trips.

Extending the world over, the Service supplies business information and handles contacts abroad for businessmen, all under the auspices of the Sabena Business Liaison Offices and the Belgian Office for Foreign Trade.

Sabena's specialized consultants are on hand in 10 countries to assist businessmen in all aspects of their work. Requests for any of these services should be made at least 15 days in advance.

Sabena understands the difficulties and problems of businessmen who travel during a large percentage of the work year.

To answer a growing need, Sabena has organized a very private club, the Sabena Business Club, which offers unique privileges to top travelers.

To take advantage of these services, get in touch with your travel agent or with the local Sabena representative or write:

The Sabena Business Executive
Service-Air Terminal
1000 Brussels-Belgium.

manded of anyone who is even faintly aware of the qualities of Steve Blass and the depths of his suffering. Professional sports have a powerful hold on us because they display and glorify remarkable physical capacities, and because the artificial demands of games played for very high rewards produce vivid responses. But sometimes, of course, what is happening on the field seems to speak to something deeper within us; we stop cheering and look on in uneasy silence, for the man out there is no longer just another great athlete, an idealized hero, but only a man—only ourself. We are no longer at a game. The enormous alterations of professional sport in the past three decades, and especially the prodigious inflation of franchises and salaries, have made it evident even to the most thoughtless fan that the play he has come to see is serious indeed, and that the heart of the game is not physical but financial. Sport is no longer a release from the harsh everyday American business world but its continuation and apotheosis. Those of us (fans and players alike) who return to the ballpark in the belief that the game and the rules are unchanged—merely a continuation of what we have known and loved in the past—are deluding ourselves, perhaps foolishly, perhaps tragically.

Blass once told me that there were "at least seventeen" theories about the reason for his failure. A few of them are bromides: He was too nice a guy. He became smug and was no longer hungry. He lost the will to win. His pitching motion, so jittery and unclassical, at last let him down for good. His eyesight went bad. (Blass is myopic, and wears glasses while watching television and driving. He has never worn glasses when pitching, which meant that Pirate catchers had to flash him signals with hand gestures rather than with finger waggles; however, he saw well enough to win when he was winning, and his vision has not altered in recent years.) The other, more serious theories are sometimes presented alone, sometimes in conjunction with others. Answers here become more gingerly.

He was afraid of injury—afraid of being struck by a line drive.

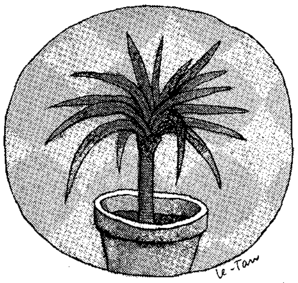
Blass was injured three times while on the mound. He cracked a thumb while fielding a grounder in 1966. He was struck on the right forearm by a ball hit by Joe Torre in 1970, and spent a month on the disabled list. While trying for his twentieth victory in his last start in 1972, he was hit on the point of the elbow of his pitching arm by a line drive struck by the Mets' John Milner; he had to leave the game, but a few days later he pitched that first playoff game for the Pirates and won it handily. (Blass's brother-in-law, John Lamb, suffered a fractured skull when hit by a line drive in spring training in 1971, and it was more than a year before he recovered, but Blass's real pitching triumphs all came after that.)

He was afraid of injuring someone—hitting a batter with a fastball.

Blass did hit a number of players in his career, of course, but he never caused anyone to go on the disabled list or, for that matter, to miss even one day's work. He told me he did not enjoy brushing back hitters but had done so when it was obviously called for. During his decline, he was plainly unable to throw the fastball effectively to batters—especially to Pirate batters in practice. He says he hated the idea of hitting and possibly sidelining one of his teammates, but he is convinced that this anxiety was the result of his control problems rather than the cause.

He was seriously affected by the death of Roberto Clemente.

There is no doubt but that the sudden taking away of their most famous and vivid star affected all the Pirates, including Steve Blass. He and Clemente had not been particularly close, but Blass was among the members of the team who flew at once to Puerto Rico for the funeral services, where Blass delivered a eulogy in behalf of the club. The departure of a superstar leaves an almost visible empty place on a successful team, and the leaders next in line—who in this case would certainly include Steve Blass—feel the inescapable burden of trying to fill the gap. A Clemente, however, can never be replaced. Blass never pitched well in the majors after Clemente's death. This argument is a difficult one, and is probably impossible to resolve. There are Oedipal elements here, of course, that are attractive to those who incline in such a direction.



He fell into a slump, which led to an irreparable loss of confidence.

This is circular, and perhaps more a description of symptoms than of the disability itself. However, it is a fact that a professional athlete—and most especially a baseball player—faces a much more difficult task in attempting to regain lost form than an ailing businessman, say, or even a troubled artist; no matter how painful his case has been, the good will of his associates or the vagaries of critical judgment matter not at all when he tries to return. All that matters is his performance, which will be measured, with utter coldness, by the stats. This is one reason that athletes are paid so well, and one reason that fear of failure—the unspeakable "choking"—is their deepest and most private anxiety. Steve Blass passed over my questions about whether he had ever felt this kind of fear when on the mound. "I don't think pitchers, by their nature, allow themselves to think that way," he said. "To be successful, you turn that kind of thought away." On the other hand, he often said that two or three successive well-pitched games probably would have been all he needed to dissipate the severe tension that affected his performances once things began to go badly for him. They never came.

The remaining pieces of evidence (if, indeed, they have any part in the mystery) have been recounted here. Blass is a modest man, both in temperament and in background, and his success and fame were quite sudden and, to some degree, unexpected. His salary at the beginning of 1971—the year of his two great Series wins—was forty thousand dollars; two years later, it was ninety thousand, and there were World Series and playoff checks on top of that. Blass was never thought of as one of the great pitchers of his time, but in the late sixties and early seventies he was probably the most consistent starter on the Pirate staff; it was, in fact, a staff without stars. On many other teams, he would have been no more than the second- or third-best starter, and his responsibilities, real and imagined, would have been less acute.

I took some of these hard questions to Blass's colleagues. Danny Murtaugh and Bill Virdon (who is now the Yankees' pilot) both expressed their admiration for Blass but said they had no idea what had happened to him. They seemed a bit brusque about it, but then I realized, of course, that ballplayers are forever disappearing from big-league dugouts; the manager's concern is with those who remain—with today's lineup. "I don't know the answer," Bill Virdon told me in the Yankee clubhouse. "If I did, I'd go get Steve to pitch for me. He sure won a lot of big games for us on the Pirates."

Joe Brown said, "I've tried to keep my distance and not to guess too much about what happened. I'm not a student of pitching and I'm not a psychologist. You can tell a man what to do, but you can't *make* him do it. Steve is an outstanding man, and you hate to quit on him. In this business, you bet on character. Big-league baseball isn't easy, yet you can stand it when things are going your way. But Steve Blass never had a good day in baseball after this thing hit him."

Blass's best friends in baseball are Tony Bartirome, Dave Giusti, and Nelson King (who, along with Bob Prince, is part of the highly regarded radio-and-television team that covers the Pirate games).

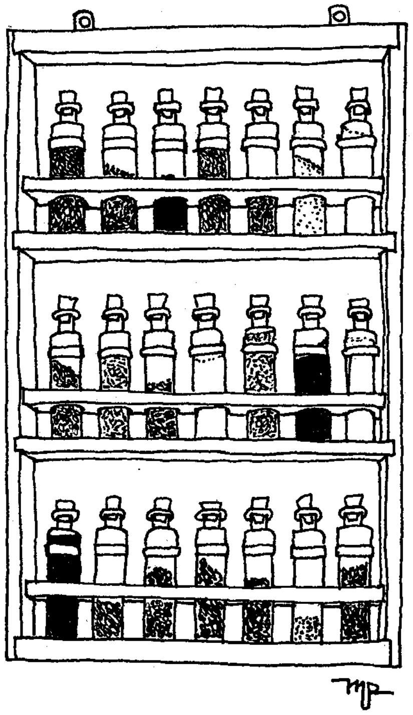
Tony Bartirome (*He is forty-three years old, dark-haired, extremely neat in appearance. He was an infielder before he became a trainer, and played one season in the majors—with the Pirates, in 1952*): "Steve is unique physically. He has the arm of a twenty-year-old. Not only did he never have a sore arm but he never had any of the stiffness and pain that most pitchers feel on the day after a game. He was always the same, day after day. You know, it's very important for a trainer to know the state of mind and the feelings of his players. What a player is *thinking* is about eighty per cent of it. The really strange thing is that after this trouble started, Steve never showed any feelings about his pitching. In the old days, he used to get mad at himself after a bad showing, and sometimes he threw things around in the clubhouse. But after this began, when he was taken out of a game he only gave the impression that he was happy to be out of there—relieved that he no longer had to face it that day. Somehow, he didn't show any emotion at *all*. Maybe it was like his never having a sore arm. He never talked in any detail about his different treatments—the psychiatry and all. I think he felt he didn't need any of that—that at any moment he'd be back where he was, the Blass of old, and that it all was up to him to make that happen."

Dave Giusti (*He is one of the great relief pitchers in baseball. He earned a B.A. and an M.A. in physical education at Syracuse. He is thirty-five—dark hair, a mustache, and piercing brown eyes*): "Steve has the perfect build for a pitcher—lean and strong. He is remarkably open to all kinds of people, but I think he has closed his mind to his inner self. There are central areas you can't infringe on with him. There is no doubt that during the past two years he didn't react to a bad performance the way he used to, and you have to wonder why he couldn't apply his competitiveness to his problem. Karen used to bawl out me and Tony for not being tougher on him, for not doing more. Maybe I should have come right out and said he seemed to have lost his will to fight, but it's hard to shock somebody, to keep bearing in on him. You're afraid to lose a friend, and you want to go easy on him because he is your friend.

"Last year, I went through something like Steve's crisis. The first half of the season, I was atrocious, and I lost all my confidence, especially in my fastball. The fastball is my best pitch, but I'd get right to the top of my delivery and then something would take over, and I'd know even before I released the ball that it wasn't going to be in the strike zone. I began worrying about making big money and not performing. I worried about not contributing to the team. I worried about being traded. I thought it might be the end for me. I didn't know how to solve my problem, but I knew I *had* to solve it. In the end, it was talking to people that did it. I talked to everybody, but mostly to Joe Brown and Danny and my wife. Then, at some point, I turned the corner. But it was talking that did it, and my point is that Steve can't talk to people that way. Or won't.

"Listen, it's tough out there. It's hard. Once you start maintaining a plateau, you've got to be absolutely sure what your goals are."

Nellie King (*A former pitcher with the Pirates. He is friendly and informal, with an attractive smile. He is very tall—six-six. Forty-seven years old*): "Right after that terrible game in Atlanta, Steve told me that it had felt as if the whole world was pressing down on him while he was out there. But then he suddenly shut up about it, and he never talked that way again. He covered it all up. I think there *are* things weighing on him, and I think he may be so angry inside that he's afraid to throw the ball. He's afraid he might kill somebody. It's only nickel psychology, but I think there's a lost kid in Steve. I remember that after the '71 Series he said, 'I didn't think I was as good as this.' He seemed truly surprised at what he'd done. The child in him is a great thing—we've all loved it—and maybe he was suddenly afraid he was losing it. It was being forced out of him.



"Being good up here is *so* tough—people have *no* idea. It gets much worse when you have to repeat it: 'We know you're great. Now go and do that again for me.' So much money and so many people depend on you. Pretty soon you're trying so hard that you can't function."

I ventured to repeat Nellie King's guesses about the mystery to Steve Blass and asked him what he thought.

"That's pretty heavy," he said after a moment. "I guess I don't have a tendency to go into things in much depth. I'm a surface reactor. I tend to take things not too seriously. I really think that's one of the things that's *helped* me in baseball."

A smile suddenly burst from him.

"There's one possibility nobody has brought up," he said. "I don't think anybody's ever said that maybe I just lost my control. Maybe your control is something that can just go. It's no big thing, but suddenly it's gone." He paused, and then he laughed in a self-deprecating way. "Maybe that's what I'd like to believe," he said.

On my last morning with Steve Blass, we sat in his family room and played an imaginary ballgame together—half an inning of baseball. It had occurred to me that in spite of his enforced and now permanent exile from the game, he still possessed a rare body of precise and hard-won pitching information. He still knew most of the hitters in his league, and, probably as well as any other pitcher around, he knew what to pitch to them in a given situation. I had always wanted to hear a pitcher say exactly what he would throw next and why, and now I invited Blass to throw against the Cincinnati Reds, the toughest lineup of hitters anywhere. I would call the balls and strikes and hits. I promised he would have no control problems.

He agreed at once. He poured himself another cup of coffee and lit up a Garcia y Vega. He was wearing slacks and a T-shirt and an old sweater (he had a golfing date later that day), and he looked very young.

"O.K.," he said. "Pete Rose is leading off—right? First of all, I'm going to try to keep him off base if I can, because they have so many tough hitters coming up. They can bury you before you even get started. I'm going to try to throw strikes and not get too fine. I'll start him off with a slider away. He has a tendency to go up the middle, and I'll try to keep it a bit away."

Rose, I decided, didn't offer. It was ball one.

"Now I'll throw him a sinking fastball, and still try to work him out that way. The sinking fastball tends to tail off just a little."

Rose fouled it into the dirt.

"Well, now we come back with another slider, and I'll try to throw it inside. That's just to set up another slider *outside*."

Rose fouled that one as well.

"We're ahead one and two now—right?" Blass said. "Well, this early in the game I wouldn't try to throw him that slow curve—that big slop off-speed pitch. I'd like to work on that a couple of times first, because it's early and he swings so well. So as long as I'm ahead of him, I'll keep on throwing him sliders—keep going that way."

Rose took another ball, and then grounded out on a medium-speed curveball.

Joe Morgan stood in, and Blass puffed on his cigar and looked at the ceiling.

"Joe Morgan is strictly a fastball hitter, so I want to throw him a *bad* fastball to start him off," he said. "I'll throw it in the dirt to show it to him—get him geared to that kind of speed. Now, after ball one, I'll give him a medium-to-slow curveball and try to get it over the plate—just throw it for a strike."

Morgan took: one and one.

"Now I throw him a *real* slow curveball—a regular rainbow. I've had good luck against him with that sort of stuff."

And so it went. Morgan, I decided, eventually singled to right on a curve in on the handle—a lucky hit—but then Blass retired his next Cincinnati hitter, Dan Driessen, who popped out on a slider. Blass laid off slow pitches here, so Sanguillen would have a chance to throw out Morgan if he was stealing.

Johnny Bench stood in, with two out.

"Morgan won't be stealing, probably," Blass said. "He won't want to take the bat out of Bench's hands." He released another cloud of cigar smoke, thinking hard. "Well, I'll start him out with a good, tough fastball outside. I've got to work very carefully to him, because when he's hot he's capable of hitting it out anytime."

Ball one.

"Well, the slider's only been fair today. . . . I'll give him a slider, but away—off the outside."

Swinging strike. Blass threw another slider, and Bench hit a line single to left, moving Morgan to second. Tony Perez was the next batter.

"Perez is not a good high, hard fastball hitter," Blass said. "I'll begin him with that pitch, because I don't want to get into any more trouble with the slider and have him dunk one in. A letter-high fastball, with good mustard on it."

Perez took a strike.

"Now I'll do it again, until I miss—bust him up and in. He has a tendency to go after that kind of pitch. He's an exceptional offspeed hitter, and will give himself up with men on base—give up a little power to get that run in."

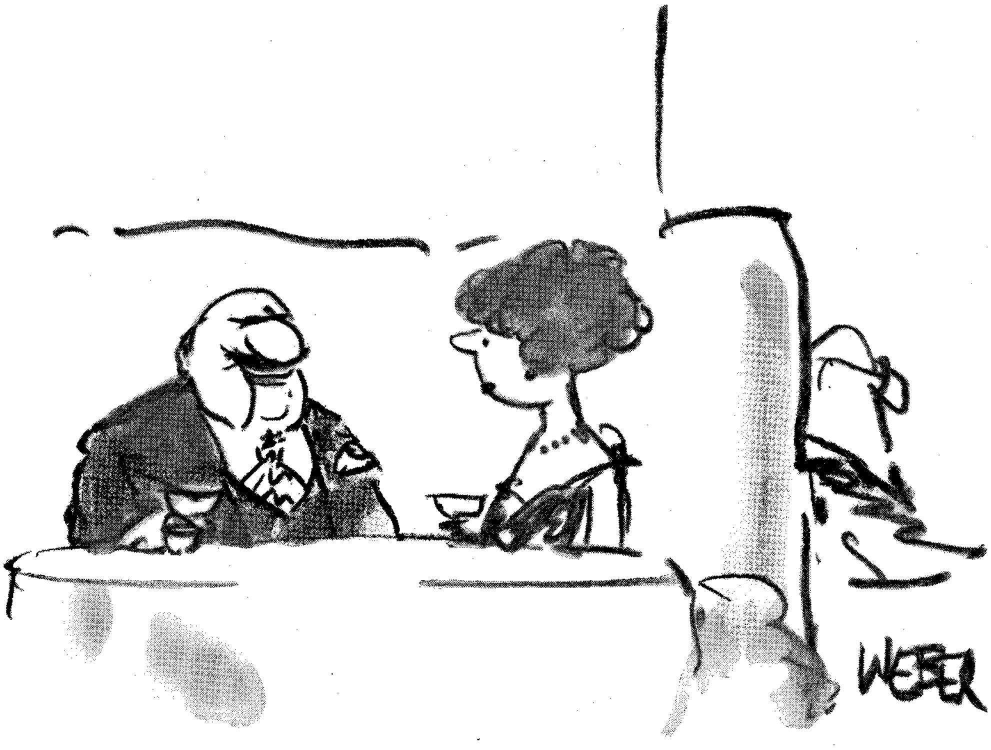
Perez took, for a ball, and then Blass threw him an intentional ball—a very bad slider inside. Perez had shortened up on the bat a little, but he took the pitch. He then fouled off a fastball, and Blass threw him another good fastball, high and inside, and Perez struck out, swinging, to end the inning.

"Pretty good inning," I said. "Way to go." We both laughed.

"Yes, you know that *exact* sequence has happened to Perez many times," Blass said. "He shortens up and then chases the pitch up here."

He was animated. "You know, I can almost *see* that fastball to Perez, and I can see his bat going through it, swinging through the pitch and missing," he said. "That's a good feeling. That's one of the concepts of Dr. Harrison's program, you know—visualization. When I was pitching well, I was doing that very thing. You get so locked in, you see yourself doing things before they happen. That's what people mean when they say you're in the groove. That's what happened in that World Series game, when I kept throwing that big slop curveball to Boog Powell, and it really ruined him. I must have thrown it three out of four pitches to him, and I just *knew* it was going to be there. There's no doubt about it—no information needed. The crowd is there, this is the World Series, and all of a sudden you're locked into something. It's like being plugged into a computer. It's 'Gimme the ball, *boom!* Click, click, click . . . *shoom!*' It's that good feeling. You're just flowing easy."

—Roger Angell



"They say my bark is worse than my bite."

• •

•

Vodka is defined by federal regulation "to be without distinctive character, aroma or Encyclopaedia Britannica.
—*Austin* (*Texas*) *American*.

You wonder anybody drinks it.

REFLECTIONS

THE TIME OF ILLUSION

IV—FOR THE RE-ELECTION OF THE PRESIDENT

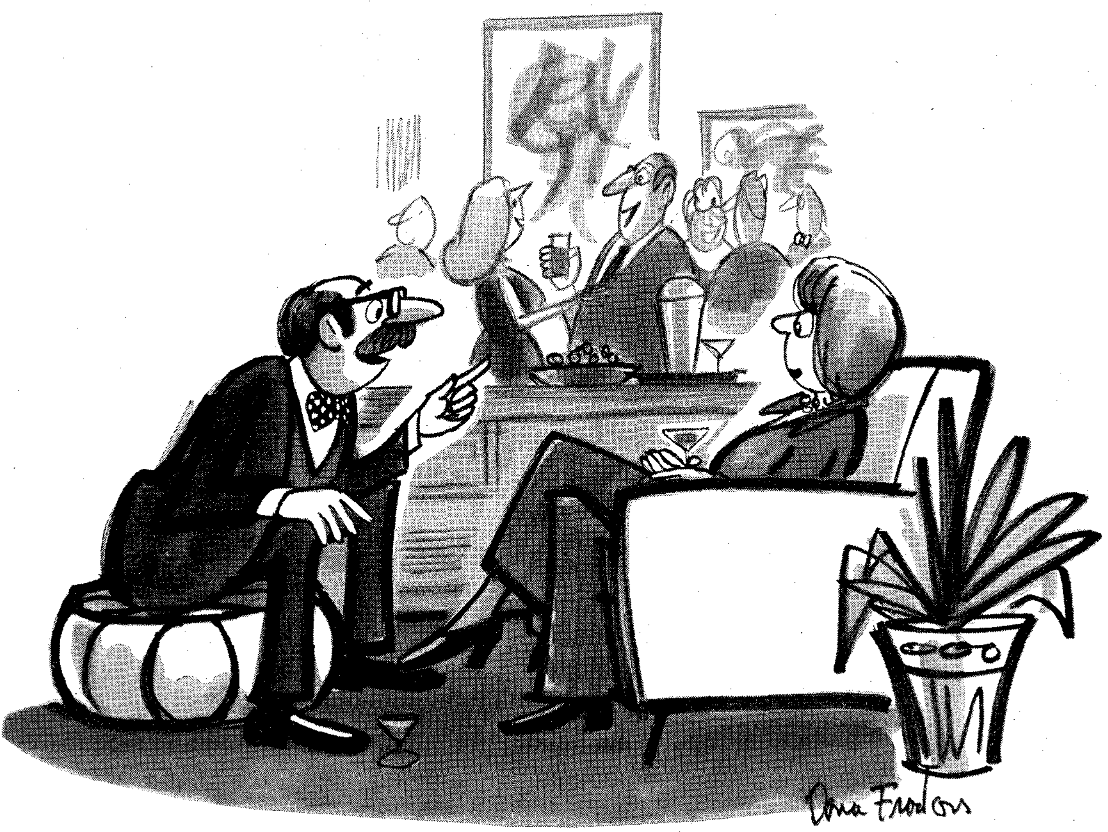
A Government policy ordinarily consists of actions together with explanations of the actions, but during the summer and fall of 1971 President Nixon developed policies in which he made bold moves on the world stage without offering any explanations. Some of the moves, such as the announcements of his trips to China and Russia, were widely acclaimed, and others, such as the American intervention in the India-Pakistan war, were widely condemned, but all of them were presented to the public as *faits accomplis*. Then, in early 1972, the President made a move of exactly the opposite kind: it was all explanation and no action. On January 25th, he appeared on national television to reveal that his national-security adviser Henry Kissinger, while the formal Vietnam peace talks were going on in Paris, had been engaged for more than a year in secret talks with the North Vietnamese, but that these talks had failed. He said that the Administration had been offering terms in private which were more generous than the ones it had been offering in public, and implied that since the North Vietnamese had refused to accept those lenient terms, the fault for the continuation of the war was theirs. Disclosure of this diplomatic failure naturally had no effect on the war, but it had a dramatic effect on domestic politics. The Democrats had been scoring political points off the Administration by condemning the President for not offering the North Vietnamese a withdrawal of American troops from South Vietnam in exchange for the return of American prisoners of war. Now the President was saying that he had been doing just that, but in secret. The Democrats were generally considered to have been badly undercut; the President, it was said, had taken away one of their most promising issues—the war in Indo-China. The Administration pressed its advantage in a public-relations offensive on the war issue. H. R. Haldeman, the President's chief of staff, made a rare appearance on television to assert that Democrats who continued to oppose the President's war policy were "consciously aiding and abetting the enemy of the U.S."—language that was close to the Constitutional definition of treason. Secretary of State William Rogers attacked Senator Edmund Muskie, of Maine—then considered the "front-runner" for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency—saying that his criticism of the war policy was damaging the chances for peace.

The President had previously been criticized for using the tool of concealment for domestic political purposes. Now his opposition was learning that disclosure, too, could be a powerful political weapon. The President had stunned the opposition twice by disclosing successes: the arrangements for the China trip and the Russia trip. Now he stunned them by disclosing a failure. In much the same way that in 1969 he had won credit with Southern voters for trying, but failing, to undermine court-ordered integration, he now won credit with the whole public for trying, but failing, to negotiate a peace. He had mastered the public relations of failure. But whether he was concealing or disclosing, succeeding or failing, he was, through the deft manipulation of information, keeping the opposition off balance. It wandered in a world of fact and non-fact which he had constructed and could manipulate to his own advantage. In other words, as the election year was beginning, the factual world on which all the candidates for the Presidency relied as the foundation for the planning of their strategy was under the control of the candidate who was the incumbent. He gave them the factual ground on which they stood and then he took it away. In this instance, he opened up a supposed piece of the public record—the American negotiating position on the war—like a trapdoor beneath their feet, and swallowed them up.

Between Christmas of 1971 and New Year's Day of 1972, the United States sent some three hundred and fifty planes each day to bomb North Vietnam. No explanation was offered. The official announcement from the American command in South Vietnam read, in its entirety, "For a limited duration, protective-reaction air strikes against military targets in North Vietnam are being conducted by United States Air Force and United States Navy aircraft. The air strikes are in reaction to enemy activity which imperils the diminishing United States forces currently in South Vietnam. When these limited-duration air strikes, which are being conducted to protect the safety and security of our remaining American forces in South Vietnam, are completed, additional details will be provided. Until that time, for reasons of military security and safety of our pilots, we will have nothing further to say." A "senior Pentagon official," speaking off the record, added, "We don't intend to allow Hanoi to take advantage of our troop drawdown to threaten a rout against those who remain. Every once in a while, we feel we have to remind Hanoi of this."

On January 4th, Senator Muskie formally announced his candidacy. "I am seeking the Presidency not merely to change Presidents but to change the country," he stated. And he said, "For a generation what we have done has not been good enough." A week later, Senator Hubert Humphrey, of Minnesota, who had been Mr. Nixon's Democratic rival for the Presidency four years earlier, entered the race. He promised to "get our country moving again," and he also promised to "put our house in order." One of his remarks had to do with what he might have done. "Had I been elected in 1968, we would now be out of that war," he said. Senator George McGovern, of South Dakota, had announced his candidacy almost a year before, and had promised, before all else, to end the war. From the White House point of view, the principal "enemies" were in the field.

In these months of summit plans, secret negotiations, and early election maneuverings, the country developed a fascination with the techniques whereby the President and Henry Kissinger brought forth their surprises: now peace, now war; now "anarchy," now "the lift of a driving dream." A virtual cult of Henry Kissinger grew up in the press. Reporters followed him in packs. His facial expressions made



"Shakespeare, Marlowe, Bacon, Pope, Swift, Pepys, Dryden, Chaucer, Milton, Aristophanes, Euripides, Cervantes, Donne, Goethe, Blake, Schiller, Keats, Byron, Johnson, Moore, Emerson— Uh, I've forgotten the point I was going to make."

• •

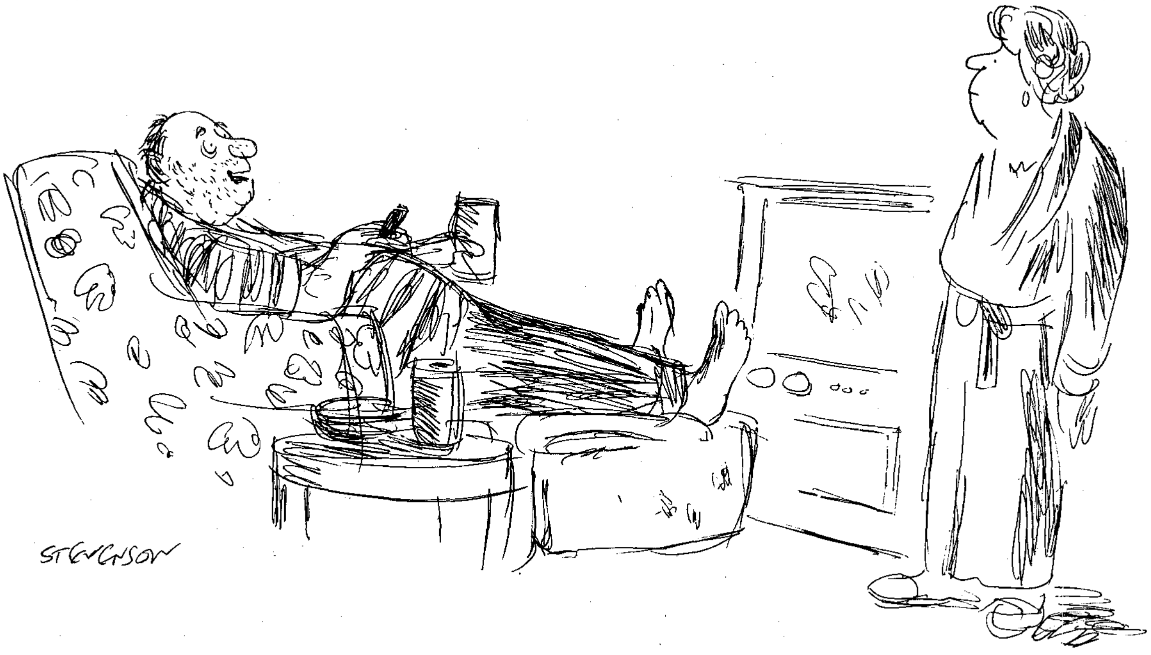
news. He was given sobriquets like Mr. Nixon's Secret Agent and the Superstar of the Nixon Administration. Articles were titled "The Clandestine Life of Dr. Henry Kissinger" and "I Wonder Where's Kissinger Now." He was seen in the company of beautiful women, and he jokingly suggested that they were merely a cover for his secret negotiations. On one occasion, he revealed to fascinated newsmen that at a time when "a few hundred of you were chasing me around Paris rather intensely," he had managed nevertheless to hold several secret meetings with the North Vietnamese.

As these episodes were made known, tales of secrecy and intrigue became a vogue. When the public was not reading about Kissinger's secret trips and gorgeous dinner partners, it could read the story of Clifford Irving, a writer who pretended to have been co-author of an autobiography of the multimillionaire recluse Howard Hughes. This story, pitting a con man against an incalculably wealthy mystery man, involved such goings on as a young woman making secret trips under an alias to deposit money in a Swiss bank account, and a phone call to an entire group of newsmen, said to be from Mr. Hughes, denouncing Mr. Irving. The public might have been even more taken with the constantly shifting and dissolving story if it had known that Hughes was also involved with the President: that a figure with not only an alias but a disguise—Howard Hunt, of the White House undercover group—was on the scene at the behest of the White House, plotting a burglary of materials having to do with Hughes from a publisher's safe in Nevada; that the C.I.A., Hunt's former employer, had gone into partnership with Hughes to raise a sunken Soviet submarine from the bottom of the Pacific; that a brother of the President's also had connections with Hughes; and that the President had ordered the Secret Service to place a wiretap on that brother. As it was, the public, knowing the little it did know, had become entranced, in politics as in entertainment, with the processes of its own deception.

BY mid-December of 1971, Hunt's partner in the White House undercover group, G. Gordon Liddy, had a new title. He was chief legal counsel to the recently established Committee for the Re-Election of the President. That is, he was the man to whom the men of the Committee for the Re-Election of the President now turned when they wanted advice concerning the law. (In the White House, it was to John Dean, the President's legal counsellor, that the President's men turned.) But part of Liddy's job was still the same—to commit crimes against the political opposition. If his title was hardly in keeping with the work he would be doing, it was perfect as a cover. On January 27th, he met with Attorney General Mitchell, John Dean, and Jeb Magruder, a former aide to Haldeman, who, like Liddy, had moved over from the White House to the reëlection committee. Liddy had brought a set of charts to the meeting, and displayed them on an easel to elucidate the points he was making. On the charts were words and diagrams, but the other men could not grasp what some of them meant. Liddy explained why: they were in code. The cryptic charts, Liddy continued, outlined an extensive plan of sabotage and surveillance of the opposition. Mugging squads would be mustered to beat up demonstrators at the Republican Convention. Teams would be formed to kidnap the leaders of demonstrations. Electronic surveillance would be employed against the Democrats both in their Washington headquarters and at their Convention. At the Convention, too, prostitutes ("high-class" ones, "the best in the business," Liddy is reported to have said) would be sent out to lure Democrats to a yacht rigged with secret cameras and recording equipment. The cost would be about a million dollars. Mitchell found the plan too expensive, and rejected it.

In early February, Liddy returned to Mitchell's office with a reduced plan, costing half a million dollars. Mitchell found even half a million dollars too high, and rejected that plan, too. Liddy, undiscouraged, returned to his drawing board.

IN late February, on the eve of the Presidential primaries, the President made his journey to China. The coverage alone was dazzling. For the first time in history, a summit meeting was broadcast live, by satellite, back to the United States, and to other parts of



"Remember when I used to think I would age with dignity?"

the world as well. In America, it was night when the nation settled down before its television sets to await the arrival of Air Force One at the Peking Airport, but it was morning on the television sets. The broadcast of the daytime hemisphere into the nighttime hemisphere made the earth's oneness palpable. The whole globe seemed to have been wired for picture and sound. All America looked on as a camera took in an eventless hour in a public square in Peking. Network commentators, waiting, like the rest of the world, for the President's arrival, spoke in reverential, lowered voices, as though afraid of disrupting a respectful global silence. They had nothing to say, for they had been told nothing. ("Is there a mood of anticipation in Peking, Roger?" "No, there isn't, Walter.") But the newsmen's humble ignorance of what, if anything, was to be transacted only enhanced the grandeur of the occasion. The information that emerged in the course of the President's visit was no more substantial. There were banquets, toasts of friendship, a visit to the Great Wall of China one frosty morning (evening here), and a handshake and an exchange of jokes with Chairman Mao.

A few thousand miles to the south, in Indo-China, a war still raged in which United States troops were engaged—according to recent explanations to the American people—in "containing" China. No explanations had been offered of how the President could be drinking toasts of friendship with the Chinese at the very time he was sending men to die in a war directed against them. And yet this split, instead of detracting from the spectacle, seemed only to add to its mystery and awesomeness. As we in America watched the President and Henry Kissinger and Chairman Mao shake hands and burst into gales of silent, unrecorded laughter, we were made aware that we were watching men of authority so tremendous and of designs so esoteric that they could laugh and shake hands while in other parts of the globe men died and nations burned in their names.

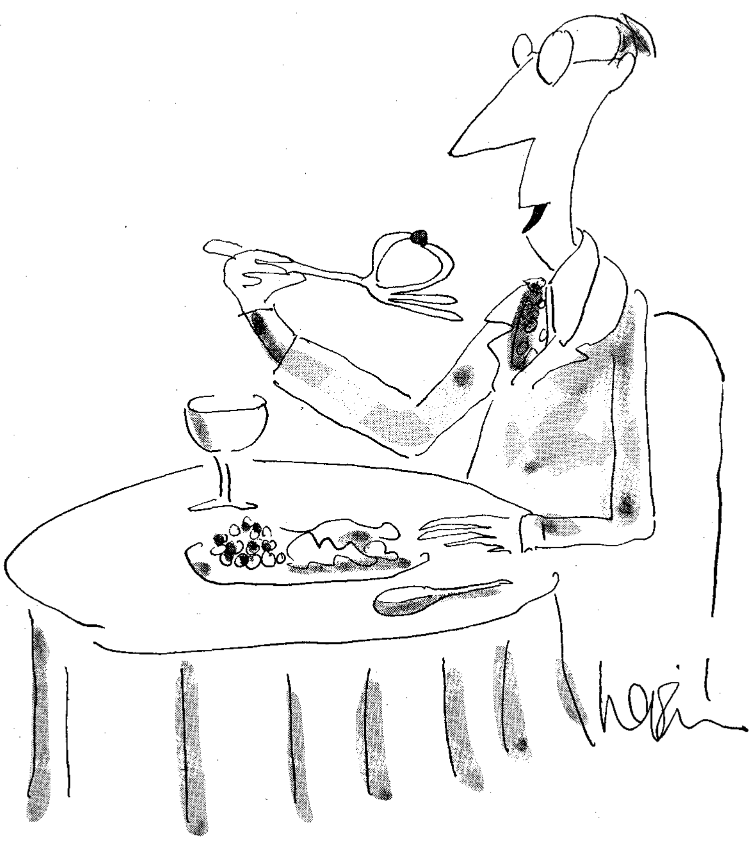
On the last full day of the President's visit, the two nations affixed their official stamps of approval to a paradoxical document that affirmed the spirit of agreement while evading the substance by recourse to the device of having the two nations write down their clashing views on each issue side by side. The nation had been introduced to a new world—a world in which benevolent televised beings seemed to cradle the fate of the earth in their hands as the country looked on. We had been allowed a glimpse, it seemed, of that "office of the command" where, in Franz Kafka's words, "one may be certain that all human thoughts and desires revolved in a circle and all human aims and fulfillments in a countercircle," and where "through the window, the reflected splendors of divine worlds fell on the hands of the leaders as they traced their plans."

THE White House was now fully prepared for the election. While barely a word concerning the Presidential contest of 1972 had been heard from the Administration, the fourteen months between the Republicans' failure in the congressional races in 1970 and the President's trip to Peking had been a time of vast hidden preparations. Everything that had been done in that period had been done with one eye—and often with both eyes—on the political test ahead. The fruit of these efforts was a campaign strategy coextensive with the full range of United States policy, and a campaign machine coextensive with the machinery of the executive branch of the federal government. The immense whole was divided, as in a cosmology, into three distinct but related realms.

The uppermost realm was the empyrean of the summit, where radiant figures, bathed in publicity, seemed to personify the aspirations of a humanity anxious to escape its own extinction. In the electoral scheme, the President's public place was there—floating above politics (so the phrase went) as he attended to matters of state. By his side was Kissinger, Administration superstar and diplomatic magician. He alone among the men in the President's official family was allowed to reside above the electoral fray, with the President. All the rest were—in the words of a White House strategy memo—"dogs," to be turned loose from their "kennels" upon the opposition. The summit realm was the abode of the President's new image. He had discovered the political potential inherent in the perilous situation of mankind in the nuclear age. The new image had been long in the making, but now, after several false starts, it had emerged in its full effulgence. As far back as 1970, the President's advisers had wanted to have him reëlected as a "statesman," and now he was a statesman: the man of peace. A week before his departure for China, Mr. Nixon sent to the Congress his third annual State of the World report, titled "United States Foreign Policy for the 1970's: The Emerging Structure of Peace." Although his tone—and the tone associated with the new image generally—was not the high-pitched tone of alarm about the "age of anarchy" which had worked out so poorly in the recent congressional elections, neither was it the euphoric, almost delirious tone of the speeches written for the President by Raymond Price, who was known within the White House as Mr. Outside—as opposed to the speechwriter Patrick Buchanan, who was known as Mr. Inside. The new tone was majestic and serene. "The United States is once again acting with assurance and purpose on the world stage," the President said. "We know where we are going. We are moving with history and moving history." "History" seemed to be more than ever on the President's mind. In December, for example, he had described a new monetary agreement—one in which the United States had a prominent role—as "the most significant monetary agreement in the history of the world." Vietnam was read out of the picture containing the new image. "Vietnam no longer distracts our attention from the fundamental issues of global diplomacy," the President declared. (The country had already had an example of Vietnam's not distracting its attention: the unannounced invasion of Laos early in 1971 by the South Vietnamese with American support.) The official picture of life at home, too, had been brought into line with the new image. The league of terrors that had supposedly menaced the nation during the first two years of the Administration had vanished. In the fall of 1971, Attorney General Mitchell had taken the first step in putting an end, oratorically, to the "wave of crime" that had been a key element of the "age of anarchy" in its domestic manifestations. "Fear is being swept from the streets of some—though not all—American cities," the Attorney General had said, with a touch of modesty, in an address before a conference of law-enforcement officials. The President was now speaking of national division and turmoil of all kinds as things of the remote past. In his State of the Union address for 1972, he told the joint session of Congress, in the Capitol, "When I took the oath of office on the steps of this building just three years ago today, the nation was ending one of the most tortured decades in its history. The nineteen-sixties were a time of great progress in many areas. But, as we all know, they were also times of great agony—the agonies of war, of inflation, of rapidly rising crime . . . and of anger and frustration that led finally to violence and to the worst civil disorder in a century." The image of 1972 was being made retroactive to 1969. The national "violence" and "disorder," which had in fact reached their peak in the first two years of his Administration, were being pushed back into the Administration of Lyndon Johnson. The new image had no room for Vice-President Agnew's tirades, and for some time he had been held in check. The restriction evidently did not please him, for in the fall of 1971 he had said upon excusing himself from a meeting, "The President needs me at the White House. It's autumn, you know, and the leaves need raking."

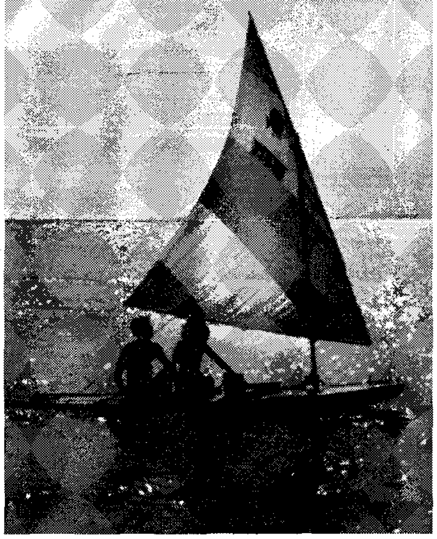
The middle realm of the election effort was the domain of the White House election "planning group." The aim there—"dividing the Democrats"—fell off considerably from the high purpose of the summit realm, and the publicity was correspondingly dimmed. The policies designed by the planning group with this ulterior aim in mind naturally unfolded in public view, but their divisive intent was veiled. In this realm, also, poison-pen letters were streaming out to editors of publications; semi-concealed attempts to intimidate the press into giving more favorable coverage of the Administration were going ahead; and the shadowy Nixon campaign apparatus was busy raising funds. The Committee for the Re-Election of the President was turning out to be a characteristic offspring of the Nixon Administration. It brought the well-tested principles of reorganization to the election effort. Like the Domestic Council, the Office of Management and Budget, and any number of other organizations created by the Administration, the Committee for the Re-Election of the President, as well as the offshoot Finance Committee for the Re-Election of the President, had duties that ran parallel to those of a traditional organization—in this case, the Republican Party, and, more specifically, the Republican National Committee. Like the other creations of reorganization, the campaign committee had been set up in secrecy and staffed by men from the White House whose personal loyalty to the President was beyond question. In other words, the campaign committee was to the Republican Party what the reorganized White House staff was to the Cabinet system: its replacement.

The lowest realm of the election effort—its hellish netherworld—was the realm of the White House spies, burglars, forgers, and bagmen, all of them burrowing out of sight in their efforts to undermine and "discredit" the opposition. Here the high purposes of the summit realm were entirely eclipsed, and there was, of course, no publicity at all. In this netherworld, federal agencies were being converted into instruments for punishing and rewarding the political friends and enemies of the Administration, public servants were massing to "nail" Daniel Ellsberg, and White House staff men were at work trying to frame President John Kennedy for the murder of President Ngo Dinh Diem. Of course, everything that was done in every realm of the election effort was a product of one White House, and in that White House, regardless of how large its staff might grow, there was one elected authority. He had fixed



COME
TO EASY
ISLAND

Seabrook Island. Easy living, among the sand dunes, stately palmetto palms, and natural tidal creeks and marsh. Easy enjoyment—the remarkable oceanside golf course, the fishing, the tennis courts, the three miles of uncrowded, unspoiled beach, the comfortable sea-island elegance of the Beach and Golf Club, at the ocean's edge. And easy to get to—historic Charleston, just twenty miles away, is served by five major airlines and the interstate highway system. Come rent a luxurious, privately-owned fairway villa and live easy for a few days. You'll be surprised how easy it is.



GENTLEMEN: I like the idea of living easy for a few days. Please send me full information on vacationing on Seabrook.

Name ______

Address ______

City ______ State ______ Zip ______

Phone ______

SEABROOK ISLAND
Dept. 2, P.O. Box 99
Charleston, S. C. 29402
(803) 559-5521

A Land Logistics Corporation Development

the size of the staff, fixed its members' positions and ranks, and put them to work at whatever it was they were doing.

FOR the fund-raising side of the President's reëlection campaign, March was a special month. Shortly after the middle of January, the Congress completed action on a new Federal Elections Campaign Act, which tightened the disclosure requirements for contributions to political campaigns but which contained a clause delaying the effective date of the act until sixty days after it was signed. In early February, the President signed the act, and said, "By giving the American public full access to the facts of political financing, this legislation will guard against campaign abuses and will work to build public confidence in the integrity of the electoral process." It did not, however, guard against abuses committed by his finance committee in the sixty-day gap. Maurice Stans, the former Secretary of Commerce, who had become chairman of the Finance Committee for the Re-Election of the President, wrote a letter urging donors to contribute before the new law became effective, on April 7th, in order to avoid the requirement of disclosure. The Finance Committee organized a system of fund raising that was, in effect, a political tithe on wealthy corporations and persons having dealings with or seeking posts in the federal government. The dealings might involve a federal regulation of one sort or another, a federal prosecution, a petition for parole, an investigation by a commission (such as the Securities and Exchange Commission), or an application for a federal grant; among the posts sought, ambassadorships were popular. Sometimes the quid pro quo was spelled out precisely, and sometimes it was left implicit. And sometimes a corporation would pay up simply to stay in the good graces of the Administration, in case there might be some trouble with the government in the future. As one corporation executive later put it, not to give was to stray into "*terra incognita*," where unguessable dangers lurked. For the companies on one list, the tithe was a hundred thousand dollars. For others, which were apparently in a different class, Stans is reported to have said that the obligation amounted to one per cent of corporate profits. For wealthy individuals in California, the "standard of giving," according to a letter sent out by a co-chairman of the state fund-raising committee, was "one-half per cent, more or less, of net worth," and he reminded prospective contributors of the April 7th disclosure deadline, "which we all naturally want to avoid." Very often, the funds from companies were extracted illegally from corporate coffers, and that was no simple matter. The money had to be raised outside normal accounting procedures, and since accounting procedures are to a company what the chain of command is to the military, the companies had to work out elaborate irregular procedures to come up with the money, just as the military had had to set up virtually a second, secret command system to deal with the secret bombing of Cambodia ordered by the President in 1969. Corporation records were falsified. Money was sent abroad to be "laundered" and then was brought back. Top corporation executives rushed about the nation and the world carrying huge sums of cash in their attaché cases. By the cutoff date, some twenty million dollars had been secretly raised. At least six million of it had been collected in the two days before the cutoff. Five and a half million was disbursed by the finance committee before April 7th, in "pre-payments" for various campaign services, in order to avoid full disclosure of disbursements, which the new law also required.

IN respect to the whole White House campaign strategy, March was turning out to be perhaps the most crucial month not just of the spring but of the entire election year. For March was the month of the first Presidential primaries, and it was there—not in the general election—that the basic White House strategy for 1972 was to unfold. "Our great hope for 1972," as the White House saw it, lay in "exacerbating the deep Democratic rift," and the best place to exacerbate the rift was in the Democratic Presidential primaries. Since the strategy was not one of defeating the strongest candidate that the Democrats might put forward but one of seeing to it that they chose a weak candidate, the Republican strategy for the election would have succeeded or failed just as the Presidential campaign was getting under way.

The strategy of dividing the Democrats was necessarily a strategy for defeating Senator Muskie, since Muskie was, by all accounts, the man with the best chance of uniting the Democratic Party. His public image—an image as carefully tended as the President's, in its way, though with only a tiny fraction of the President's resources—was of a calm, patient, conciliatory man. His public statements tended toward the blurry and evasive, and seemed designed not to offend any important element in the Party. By most political observers, his nomination was seen as all but inevitable. His showing in the polls was the highest of any Democrat. The press, in a nearly unanimous exercise of its predictive powers, had anointed him the "front-runner" in the Democratic race. And, as he entered the primaries, virtually the full weight of Democratic officialdom—at any rate, among those who spoke up at all—was behind him. Muskie's staff estimated his strengths in much the same way the White House staff did: both sides saw his strengths as his potential for appealing to a wide variety of voters and the fact that he already held a commanding position in the field. In an internal memo written in the summer of 1971, and later described by Muskie's campaign manager as "the most vital document we had put together" up to that time and as a document "reflective of our entire political strategy," a staff member wrote to the Senator, "Only a broad base of support will support your position as front-runner and your image as a winner. And the only way to develop this broad base is to identify you with as many different groups of people, their hopes and their needs, as possible." One section of the memo was titled "General Assumptions of the Muskie Candidacy" and ran to four pages, and in that entire section there was not a single mention of any issue before the country. Just as Patrick Buchanan's chief strategy was to try to break Muskie's momentum, the chief strategy of Muskie's aides was to try to maintain it; in neither camp did issues seem to enter into the basic strategy for their own sake. To a high degree, Senator Muskie's candidacy was a tautology in action: he was the front-runner because he was the front-runner. His candidacy was also, to a large extent, something fabricated to fill a special need: it was the product of an effort by the Democratic Party to draw together behind one man without actually resolving the deep rift within it. Muskie's aides, like the White House aides, understood this. The difference was that whereas the President possessed the power to break up Muskie's desired broad base by breaking up the whole country—by framing policy that would "really tear up the pea patch," to quote a recommendation of the President's planning group—the Muskie people had only the slender resources of their campaign with which to attempt to hold the Democratic Party together.

In the New Hampshire primary—the first of the season—Muskie's candidacy suffered a serious blow. He won the primary by a margin of forty-six per cent, but Senator McGovern got thirty-seven per cent, and, according to the wisdom of the day, a "front-runner" running in a state next door to his own had to win by a huge margin to do himself any good. Though Muskie had won, his "image as a winner" had been tarnished, and the "news" in New Hampshire was Senator McGovern's thirty-seven per cent. Senator McGovern's principal issue was the war. The issue of the war was not like other issues. To a significant part of the electorate, the war was a passion, and opposing it had become something like a way of life. It had defined the politics of a generation. And now the war had been going on so long that to passion was added memory. To the Vietnam generation, it was not only a candidate's current position on the war that counted but his position on the war at every moment in the war's long history. To them, a man's record on the war was an index to his character, and Senator McGovern's opposition had been strong and consistent from an early date. In the primaries, as opposed to the general election, a solid core of impassioned support can carry tremendous weight. And so in New Hampshire the war did its divisive work, and Senator Muskie, the candidate of unity, was deprived of a triumph he badly needed.

The next primary was in Florida, and Senator Muskie, if he was to prove that he was plausible as a unifier of the Party, had to do well there. Senator McGovern, however, who at the moment had no pretensions to being a unifier, had written off Florida in advance. One of the peculiarities of the Democratic Presidential primaries of 1972 was that each man's performance was measured against a separate standard—the standard of what he himself had proclaimed that he would accomplish. That was part of the reason Senator Muskie's standing declined when he won in New Hampshire and Senator McGovern's standing rose when he lost there. It also explained why Senator McGovern could afford to lose in Florida and Senator Muskie could not. In Florida, Muskie's candidacy received a second, probably fatal blow. Governor George Wallace, of Alabama, won, with forty-one per cent of the vote, and Senator Muskie came in fourth, with only nine per cent. (Sec-

THE BERMUDA SHOP LTD

JUMP FOR JOY

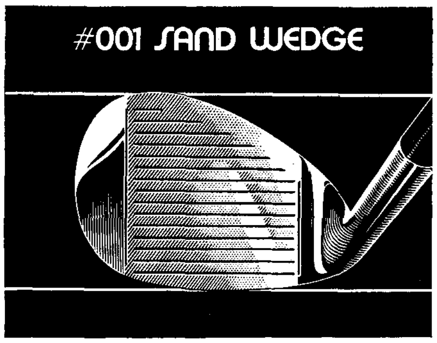
and slip into something fabulous . . .
the Bermuda approach
to the free-spirited elegant
fashions for evening.
Our Jumpsuit by Maurice Originals
swings with a separate skirt
for a change of pace. A smashing
way to look in a stylized floral
multi-color print. DuPont® Antron® in sizes 8-18, $118.

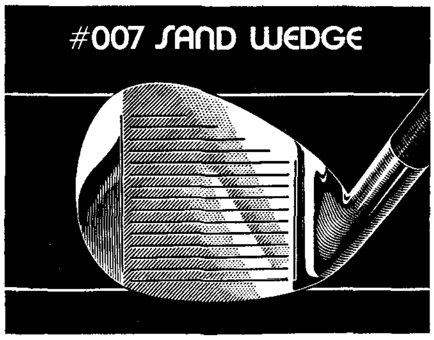
No C.O.D.'s. $1.50 shipping & tax where applicable. American Express cards honored.

545 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 10022

SHORT GAME GOT YOU DOWN?

PITCHING WEDGE
EXCLUSIVE CONCAVE SOLE DESIGN

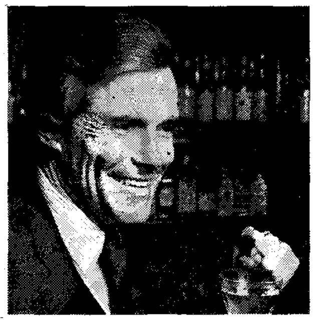




GET 2 UP on your competition . . . the CON-SOLE PITCHING WEDGE and either the #001 Standard or the #007 "Big Face" SAND WEDGE. CON-SOLE'S *new approach* to wedge design with its unique concave sole, can give you a whole *new approach* to your game. Get your shot up faster with less effort, open face or square without skipping into the ball, even off the hard pan. Ask your professional . . . *it works!*

CON-SOLE® GOLF CORPORATION
P.O. Box 679
Kennett Square, PA 19348
(Tel.) 215-444-1120

CLASSICAL-CHIC



It's greatness. ¶ "The first requisite of hotel greatness, a passionate commitment to style and comfort," said Fortune in ranking us as one of the world's 8 great, little known hotels. ¶ Absolutely–styles change, but classical hotel traditions have kept us chic for more than 40 years. For Preferred reservations 800-558-9898, Clift Hotel, Geary and Taylor, San Francisco.

CLIFT HOTEL

"The Redwood Room is a legend even in a town famed for its fine restaurants."–**Fortune.**

ond and third places went to Senator Humphrey and Senator Henry Jackson, of Washington.) In the North, the issue had been the war, and the rival candidate had been McGovern. In the South, the issue had been busing, and the rival candidate Wallace. (The White House planning group, of course, had been eager to have Governor Wallace run in the Democratic Presidential primaries precisely in order to raise this issue.)

In a straw vote that was also taken in the Florida primary, seventy-four per cent of the voters had registered disapproval of the court-ordered busing of schoolchildren. Two days afterward, on March 16th, the President took the action that Buchanan had recommended to him as one that would "cut the Democratic Party and country in half," and enable him to pick up "far the larger half." In a televised address, the President asked the Congress to enact a "moratorium" on the court-ordered busing of schoolchildren. (By this time, the President had established his power to preëmpt television time to speak to the nation on any subject whatever.) He had already sent legislation to Congress which would curtail the government's efforts to integrate American society, and he had attempted to alter the complexion of the Supreme Court to achieve that end, among others—or so it appeared. Now he sought to do nothing less than alter the Constitutional balance between the Congress and the Court, so as to bring about what Buchanan had called a "Constitutional end" to integration in the United States. Since the Supreme Court's 1954 ruling that the segregation of the public schools on racial lines by municipal and state law was un-Constitutional, nearly two decades of legal precedent had grown up around the civil-rights issue. And more than a century and a half of legal precedent had grown up around the Supreme Court decision, made in the 1803 case of Marbury v. Madison, that the Supreme Court was in fact supreme when it came to interpretation of the law—even if the Court nullified an act of Congress in reaching its interpretation of the Constitution. But now the President seemed to suggest that the Congress should take over the prerogative of defining the Constitution. "The Congress," he said in commending his anti-busing legislative proposals to it the following day, "has both the Constitutional authority and a special capability to debate and define new methods for implementing Constitutional principles." At one point in the televised address, he spoke of court-ordered busing almost as though it were a spreading crime wave. "What we need now is not just speaking out against more busing, we need action to stop it," he said. (His words mirrored the phrasing used the previous fall by Buchanan in a memo to Mitchell and Haldeman on "Dividing the Democrats": "We need more than just rhetoric. . . . Actions taken by the President and Administration are decisive here.") The President said that while a Constitutional amendment to prohibit school busing should not be ruled out, he had reservations about an amendment. The reservations had nothing to do with a conservative's horror of tampering with the fundamental law of the land to achieve a transitory objective; rather, as he explained them, "the Constitutional-amendment approach has a fatal flaw—it takes too long." For the Congress simply to defy the Supreme Court would be much faster—and, of course, the issue would be joined in plenty of time to divide the Democrats before their Convention, scheduled for July.

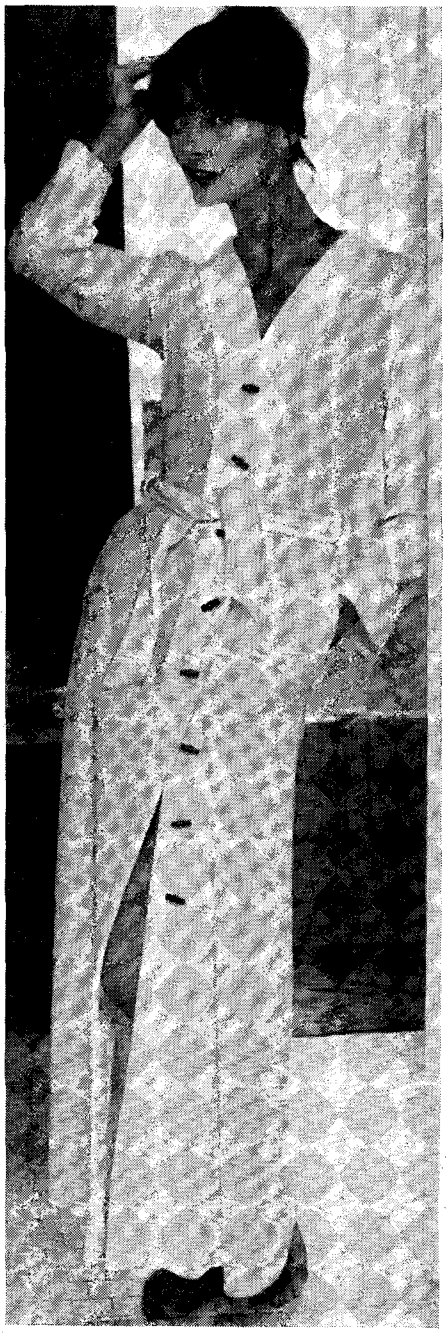
SO dominant was the policy of dividing the Democrats that every White House action, whether immense or minute or in between, was examined from the point of view of its possible use as an irritant to the Democratic Party. National issues were regarded as so much sand for clogging the Democrats' gears. With respect to some issues, the formula was simple: the more division the better. Race was one of these, and the President seemed quite willing to precipitate a Constitutional crisis in order to divide the nation sufficiently. But with respect to other issues the formula was complex, and a precise calibration of the most politically advantageous amount of division was necessary. The war, for example, was useful for dividing Democrats, as the planning group had pointed out, but it was useful only up to a certain point. The continuation of the war assured that the left wing of the Democratic Party would remain strong. However, if the war loomed too large in the nation's awareness it would mar the President's new image as a man of peace. So the war, useful though it was in promoting left-wing incursions into Senator Muskie's strength, such as had occurred in New Hampshire, would be harmful in the general election. Similarly, the candidacy of George Wallace was useful in the Democratic primaries but—since he appealed to many of the same voters as Nixon—would be damaging in the general election. In fact, even while the White House was hoping that Wallace would disrupt the Democratic primaries in the spring it was taking steps to block his candidacy in the fall. In late 1971, John Mitchell had budgeted ten thousand dollars to be used in an effort to keep Wallace's name from appearing on the ballot in California in the 1972 general election. Most of the money went, in cash, to Robert Walters, a California businessman who was a disillusioned Wallace supporter. In early 1971, Walters had conceived a scheme in which voters who had registered as members of Wallace's American Independent Party would be encouraged to re-register as Republicans or Democrats, in the hope of driving the registration of Wallace's party below the minimum required by California law to qualify for a line on the ballot. Walters mailed re-registration literature to members of the American Independent Party, using as a front the Committee Against Forced Busing. He also hired the regional head and several members of the American Nazi Party to go from door to door in the fall of 1971 and, without identifying themselves, urge Wallace voters to re-register. The Nazis' leader received some twelve hundred dollars from the ten thousand budgeted for the re-registration project. Their efforts were unsuccessful in keeping Wallace off the ballot. (Also, the California Republicans were helping to finance the left-wing Peace and Freedom Party, in the hope of drawing votes away from the Democrats. In California, at least, the Republican Party was following to the letter Patrick Buchanan's strategy of promoting extremes.) Ideally, the war in Vietnam and the Presidential candidacy of George Wallace would be two irritants that would do their divisive work during the primaries but would disappear before the general election. Even during the primaries, however, the amount of division had to be held within bounds: there had to be enough so that the President could point to the Democrats as the party of the "nightmare of war and division" he had so often mentioned but not so much that he would be unable to portray himself as the man who had calmed the country down.

Large national issues—race and the war—were being employed as political irritants to the Democratic Party. Indeed, the whole divided nation was being employed as a political irritant. But irritants on a small scale were planned, too. A program of sabotage against the Democrats, and against Senator Muskie in particular, was organized by the White House in conjunction with the Committee for the Re-Election of the President. If a divid-

Slip into a touch of terry

The beachcomber's at-home or after-swim choice. A long, white terry robe, sportily toggle-buttoned, and lazily sashed. For relaxing by the pool or after a shower before starting out on your next adventure. In acrylic and polyester, small, medium and large sizes. $45. Sand & Sea Collections. 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores. Please add 1.25 for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.

Saks Fifth Avenue



Neiman-Marcus

A Dash of Spice

Shirting checks of cinnamon and nutmeg, ready to span the seasons from now to spring. The dress, by Eric Charles, styled in worsted weight polyester gabardine, has narrow lizard belt and buttons. Also in navy and beige. Sizes 8 to 18, 60.00(1.40). Available at all N-M stores, or by sending name and address, plus check or charge account number to: Neiman-Marcus, P.O. Box 2968, Dallas, Texas 75221. Add tax where applicable, delivery fee in parentheses after the price.

ACTIVE RETIREMENT
the key to
CAPE COD
living

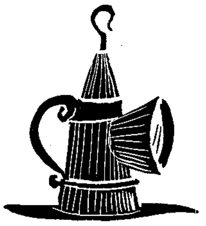
Some people who retire to Cape Cod carry on their hobby already acquired. But a greater number develop these new interests after moving here. If you're not a craftsman, painter, fisherman, gardener, you might turn into one when you live on Cape Cod. Active retirement is the keynote of Cape Cod living.

Free booklet, "A Wonderful Way of Life," tells the many benefits of living on the Cape and answers many practical questions. Send for your copy.

CAPE COD CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
Hyannis 8, Mass. 02601

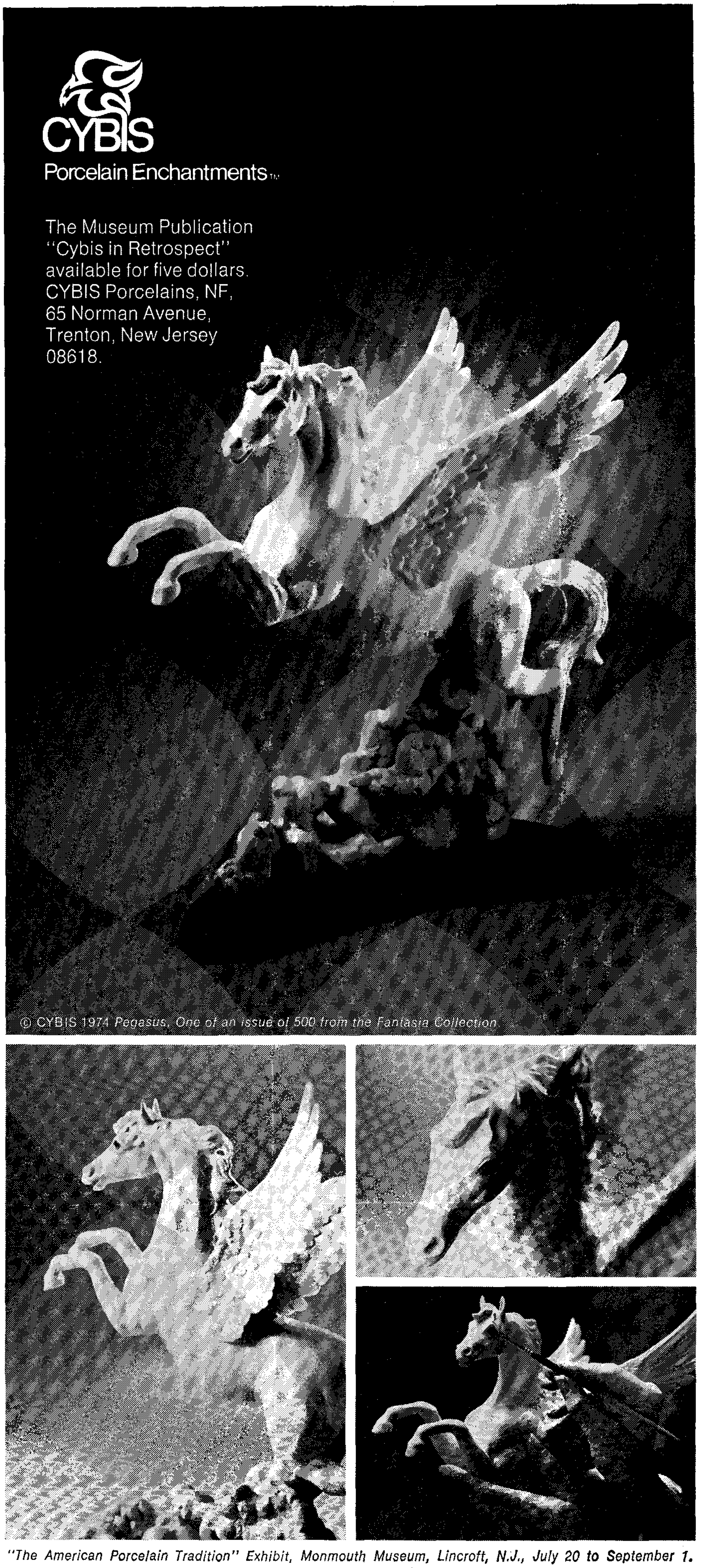
ed nation was one irritant to the Democrats, stink bombs, heckling, forged press releases, forged campaign literature, forged letters, disrupted schedules, and fouled-up telephone lines would be others. Herbert Kalmbach, the President's personal attorney, with the approval of H. R. Haldeman, the President's chief of staff, hired a young lawyer named Donald Segretti to organize one wing of the program, and Segretti, in turn, hired operatives in each state that held a major primary. Dwight Chapin, the President's appointments secretary, oversaw Segretti's work by mail and phone, both men using aliases in their communications. The program marked a major expansion of the White House undercover operations. (A smaller group was put together by the Committee for the Re-Election of the President, under the direction of a "scheduling director" named Herbert Porter.) The principal aim of the sabotage, like the principal aim of the divisive policies, was not to win votes away from the Democrats directly by damaging their campaigns (although that would be a welcome side effect); it was to embitter the Democrats against one another and thus destroy Party unity. One Segretti operative who had worked in Florida, Martin Kelly, later explained to the Ervin committee, "These things . . . were not done to influence votes, necessarily, at all. . . . You are not going to affect the primary by sending fifty letters out. [The reference was to forged letters on the stationery of one candidate denouncing others unfairly.] They were expected to be brought to the notice of the candidates . . . and for him to be upset about it and for him to blame possibly another candidate. . . . The idea was to get the candidates backbiting each other and possibly starting doing it to each other outside of our activities." Of course, almost any sabotage would seem to one Democrat to be the work of some other Democrat, since virtually no one outside the White House knew that the White House had any active strategy at all for the Democratic primaries, or that its "great hope for 1972" was, in effect, to choose the Democratic candidate.

In the New Hampshire primary, several incidents of sabotage came to the attention of Muskie campaign workers. They learned that a number of white voters had received calls late at night from what was said to be a "Harlem for Muskie Committee," informing them that Muskie had promised to do his best to help black people if he was elected. Campaign schedules and other campaign documents disappeared. Most telling of all, however, was a letter to the Manchester *Union Leader*, a New Hampshire newspaper, that accused Senator Muskie of laughing at, rather than repudiating, a disparaging remark made by an aide of his about Americans of French-Canadian descent, who are numerous in New Hampshire. (The signature was that of a supposed ordinary citizen—a Paul Morrison, who was never found—and later a White House aide first admitted authorship of the letter and then denied it.) The letter was one of many attacks on Muskie in the *Union Leader*—attacks that included, for example, a reprint of an unflattering article about his wife in *Newsweek*. The accumulation angered the Senator, and ten days before the primary he assailed the editor of the newspaper in a speech one snowy day from the back of a flatbed truck and, in the process, appeared to shed tears. The public evidently did not like to see any displays of emotion on the part of would-be Presidents, and many observers dated the decline of Muskie's fortunes from that moment.



In the Florida primary, which followed New Hampshire's by only a week, the level of sabotage was stepped up. The aim was still to "derail" the "bandwagon" of the unity candidate—as the operative Kelly later put it—by embittering the atmosphere of the primaries. About a thousand four-by-six-inch cards were distributed at a Wallace rally in Tampa reading, "If you liked Hitler, you'll just love Wallace," and urging a vote for Muskie. The idea was to arouse Wallace supporters, and perhaps Wallace himself, against Senator Muskie. About three hundred posters that read, "Help Muskie in Busing More Children Now," were put on display around the state. Ads supposedly placed by the Muskie campaign and stating, in Spanish, "Muskie was born in Maine and is a good American" were broadcast over a radio station serving the Spanish-speaking community and appeared in a Spanish-language newspaper. The aim of these was to insult the many people in Florida who were Cuban-born. Political gatherings that were not in fact planned were announced by the Nixon operatives, and gatherings and appointments that *were* planned were "cancelled" by them. And then calls were made to the disrupted organization suggesting that a rival Democratic organization had caused the disruption. A press release issued on Muskie stationery attacked Senator Hubert Humphrey for his position on Israel—a move aimed at discrediting Muskie with Jewish voters. (The Nixon operatives had a penchant for sabotage that involved racial, religious, or ethnic minorities in one way or another.) A letter sent out on Muskie stationery read, "We on the Senator Ed Muskie staff sincerely hope you have decided upon Senator Muskie as your choice. . . . However, if you have not made your decision, you should be aware of several facts." The "facts" were false charges of sexual impropriety against Senator Humphrey and Senator Henry Jackson. Like almost all the fraudulent campaign literature put out by the White House undercover group, this letter embittered the atmosphere in two ways: it made the senators who had been attacked tend to believe that Senator Muskie was playing dirty politics, and it made Senator Muskie believe that either some misguided supporter of his was playing dirty politics or someone else—perhaps even Senator Humphrey or Senator Jackson—was playing dirty politics.

The program of sabotage was supplemented by a program of espionage. A wiretapping project designed by G. Gordon Liddy and code-named Gemstone was moving forward. Also, in Washington, a taxi-driver was hired by the Nixon reëlection committee to join the Muskie campaign. He was taken on as a volunteer, and was eventually assigned the task of carrying the Senator's mail between his Senate office and his campaign headquarters. On the way, he would give the Senator's campaign documents, including internal memoranda and drafts of speeches and position papers, to a Republican operative whose code name was Fat Jack and who held a post in the Office of Economic Opportunity. Fat Jack would photograph the papers in a downtown office rented for that purpose, and would pass the film along; for the first few months, he passed it to Kenneth Rietz, director of the youth division of the Committee for the Re-Election of the President, and then, after Rietz withdrew, he handed it to E. Howard Hunt on a Washington street corner. As was the case in more and more of the White House undercover transactions, the two men used special aliases for this special job. Hunt called himself Ed Warren, and Fat Jack, whose real name was John Buckley, used the second alias of Jack Kent. The code name of the project was Ruby I. The code name Ruby II


CYBIS
Porcelain Enchantments™

The Museum Publication
"Cybis in Retrospect"
available for five dollars.
CYBIS Porcelains, NF,
65 Norman Avenue,
Trenton, New Jersey
08618.

© CYBIS 1974 *Pegasus, One of an issue of 500 from the Fantasia Collection*

"The American Porcelain Tradition" Exhibit, Monmouth Museum, Lincroft, N.J., July 20 to September 1.

There are cosmopolitan diners who delight in having access to an exceptional wine cellar.

The Ritz is for them.

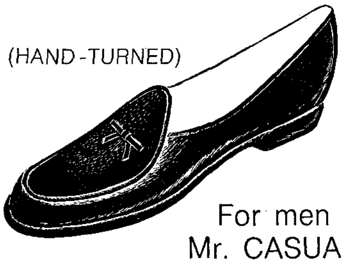
The Ritz-Carlton Boston

Preferred Hotel Reservations:
800-558-9898

Barefoot comfort

A unique quality product from our own Belgian work rooms

(HAND-TURNED)



For men
Mr. CASUAL
$55

☐ All Black Calf
☐ All Brown Calf
☐ White Suede
☐ Brown Calf/Black Trim
☐ Black Patent

FULL COLOR BROCHURES ON REQUEST

I wear ______ in these Casuals.
Regular shoe size is ______
Add $2.00 per order handling charges.

BELGIAN SHOES
Henri Bendel, Owner-President
60 EAST 56th STREET, NEW YORK 10022
(212) 755-7372

MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED

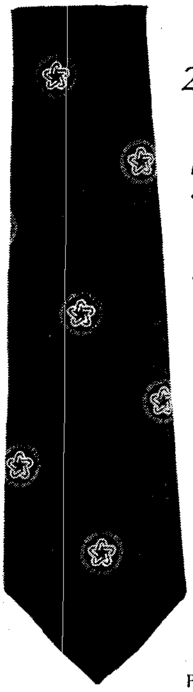
was in use, too; it referred to a college student hired by Hunt who had joined the Muskie campaign and was passing information along. Also, Donald Segretti hired people to act as spies in several primary states. In Tampa, Florida, for example, a man named Robert Benz was hired; and he, in turn, hired two more people to act as spies. Two agents independent of the Segretti operation had the code names Sedan Chair I and Sedan Chair II. Sedan Chair I carried out sabotage in New Hampshire and California. Sedan Chair II began by joining Senator Muskie's Wisconsin primary campaign, in March of 1972, and then, over the next few months, he successively joined Senator Humphrey's campaign in Pennsylvania, the McGovern and Humphrey campaigns in California, and McGovern's national headquarters, in Washington, and served on the security staff at McGovern's headquarters in the Doral Hotel, in Miami Beach, during the Democratic Convention. At each point in the course of his months-long infiltration, the agent relayed intelligence reports to the Nixon campaign headquarters, and the reports were sent up through the chain of command to Haldeman, in the White House. Finally, in a project for espionage titled Chapman's Friend, Murray Chotiner, a former aide to President Nixon, hired two reporters to travel with the Democratic campaigners under false pretenses and report back to the Nixon campaign headquarters through him.

While the information was pouring in from Gemstone, Ruby I and Ruby II, Sedan Chair I and Sedan Chair II, and Chapman's Friend, and from the whole broad array of spies hired by Donald Segretti, still more information was being obtained by the continued use of the federal government as a huge vacuum cleaner for the collection of damaging information about the opposition. One White House aide caught the spirit of this operation perfectly when, in a memo to John Dean (these efforts were in fact a part of what the White House called its Enemies Project) concerning an attempt to find damaging material on Senator McGovern's chief fund-raiser, Henry Kimelman, he wrote, "As Colson says, there must be something that we can use some place in this government, and he wonders if we are still pushing to try to locate this information."

THE Florida primary dealt the final blow to the strategy that Senator Muskie had been pursuing all year. His campaign foundered on the

Rodes

THE TOKEN OF 2 CENTURIES

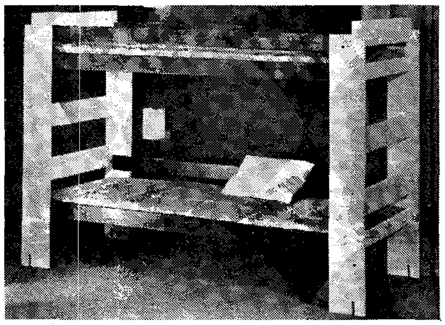


Rivetz of Boston has an exclusive license, # 76-19-0530, to weave the official commemorative symbol of the American Revolution into significant polyester neckwear. White patterns on a rich ground of deep green, red, brown, or navy.

8.50

Please add .50 for delivery.

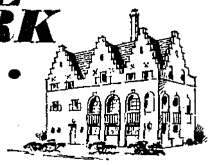
461 River City Mall • Louisville, Ky. • 502-584-3112



268 bunk bed made in finland
sides: white, yellow, blue or red $298
hi-density 35" wide mattresses $58 ea.
catalog $1

scandinavian design
1024 lancaster ave. bryn mawr pa. 19010

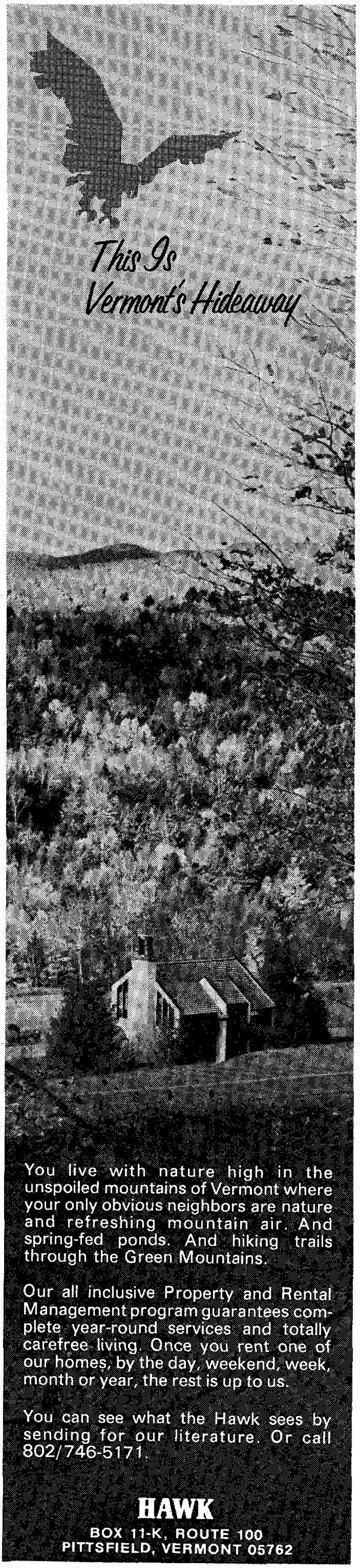
KNIFE & FORK INN...
ATLANTIC CITY'S FINEST SEAFOOD
Est. 1912



LAMBORGHINI. Now available:
The 1975 URRACO Mid-engine GT.
The luxurious ESPADA GT for 4.
(Automatic transmission and power steering optional.) Quality used exotic cars.
GROSSMAN MOTOR CAR CORPORATION
IMPORTERS AND DISTRIBUTORS
336 Route 59, West Nyack, N.Y. 10994
(914) 358-6990

issues most divisive of Democrats: in the North, the war; in the South, race. The attraction of the extreme positions had been too great, and the broad middle of the Party, which he had hoped to lay claim to, disintegrated, just as the White House had hoped. And since the central strength of Senator Muskie's campaign had been his "image as a winner," two defeats, one in the North and one in the South, were enough to make his campaign collapse. Suddenly, there was talk, inside and outside the Muskie camp, of a "new Muskie." Both the style and the content of his campaign changed abruptly. He lurched leftward. Two days after the Florida vote, he attacked George Wallace, calling him a representative of everything that was worst in American life. A reporter in the *Times* described the "new Muskie": "His voice was louder, harsher, almost rasping. His eyes looked intense and angry. . . . The pedagogical style was gone. There was fire in his words, too." The speech could not have fitted in more neatly with White House plans if it had been written there. Wallace was proving to be exactly the divisive force in the Democratic ranks that the White House wanted him to be, and, what was even more important, Muskie, too, was now behaving in the manner planned for him in the scenario for dividing the Democrats. Ironically, it may be that the "new Muskie" was closer to the real Muskie than the old one had been. According to many reports, he is a man of strong feelings and strong convictions, who tends to be headstrong. But the emergence of the real Muskie—if that is what it was—did not attract the voters, and his candidacy continued downhill. In March, he won a primary victory in Illinois, but Illinois had been virtually uncontested; and then he came in fourth in Wisconsin, fourth in Pennsylvania, and second in Massachusetts. At the end of April, he withdrew from further primaries, and, although he did not declare himself out of the race, his candidacy was dead.

As early as the latter part of 1969, President Nixon had succeeded in subordinating the full range of policy-making to the requirements of public-relations scenarios. The practice had got its start when the President and his men began to frame policy not to solve real problems but only to appear to solve them, and had gained considerably in refinement as the Administration discovered the political possibilities of techniques like presenting conservative policy as liberal policy, of presenting liberal policy as conservative policy, and of framing policies that would predictably fail but in failing would make a political point. And the practice had been further elaborated during the early stages of the Nixon Big Charge, when the resources of the whole Administration were mobilized behind a public-relations assault on the opposition. Now, in the spring of 1972, the President extended the reach of his scenarios still farther. Not only did he seek to guide the actions of his own executive branch with the scenarios but he sought to guide the actions of his political rivals. To accomplish this ambitious task, he turned to the techniques known in the intelligence trade as "black" techniques. In black techniques, one actor on the political stage arranges circumstances so that certain actions and words seem to be emanating from another. In black propaganda, for instance, one actor releases propaganda in such a way as to make it seem like someone else's work. Using this technique, an actor may step outside his own identity and assume a multiplicity of identities. For example, after the Second World War the C.I.A. propagated anti-Stalinist material that was made to look like the work of moderate Communists in Eastern Europe. The aim of the exercise was intricate and indirect, as it usually is with black operations. It was to goad Stalin into killing off the moderates, in the hope that the moderate center would be destroyed, the result being to strengthen the extremists, encourage civil war, and hasten the collapse of Communist rule. At one time, in the United States, the F.B.I. employed similar tactics against the radical left: it wrote letters to American gangland figures which seemed to be from the leftists and criticized the gangsters for labor practices in companies under their control—the aim being to precipitate action by the gangsters against the leftists. All the letters written by the Nixon operatives on the stationery of one Democratic candidate scurrilously attacking other Democratic candidates were in the category of black propaganda. By making Senator Muskie appear to attack Senator Humphrey for sexual misconduct, or by making Senator Muskie appear to take a politically unwise position on the issue of the Middle East, the men of the Nixon Administration climbed right inside Muskie's image and effectually deprived him of his right to appear before the public or his fellow-candidates as himself. The Administration's main purpose was not unlike that of the C.I.A. in its Eastern European operation. It was to harm the political



You live with nature high in the unspoiled mountains of Vermont where your only obvious neighbors are nature and refreshing mountain air. And spring-fed ponds. And hiking trails through the Green Mountains.

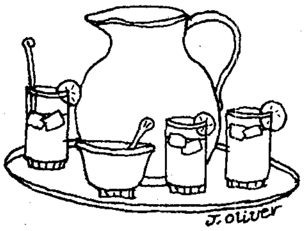
Our all inclusive Property and Rental Management program guarantees complete year-round services and totally carefree living. Once you rent one of our homes, by the day, weekend, week, month or year, the rest is up to us.

You can see what the Hawk sees by sending for our literature. Or call 802/746-5171.

HAWK
BOX 11-K, ROUTE 100
PITTSFIELD, VERMONT 05762

center in the hope of strengthening the extremes. The Nixon Administration's rigged letters to the editor also fell into the category of black propaganda. In that case, the actor upon whom words were being foisted was the American public. The cables forged by Hunt to implicate President Kennedy in the murder of Diem were likewise designed according to the principles of black propaganda. This time, the aim was simply to discredit a much-loved figure who had belonged to the opposition party. The most time-honored of the black techniques, however, is probably that of provocation. The aim of a policy of secret provocation is, of course, to stage incidents (the Reichstag Fire is the prototype) that will discredit the opposition in the eyes of the public, or to create pretexts for extreme actions by the authorities against the opposition. Haldeman caught the spirit of such a policy perfectly when he wrote that violent and obscene demonstrations against the President would be "good," and that such demonstrations against Billy Graham would be "great." Whether the method employed was forgery, impersonation, or provocation, the aim of the black operations was to load the public record with false information that would be politically useful to the Administration. For this purpose, the techniques of black propaganda were greatly superior to the usual, open techniques of propaganda. The open propagandists went to work after the fact and attempted to rewrite history. The black propagandists had no need to engage in any rewriting. They plunged into the thick of things right at the start, and wrote false chapters into the history books even as events unfolded.

But of far greater importance than the techniques of black propaganda were national policies designed to attain the same end—dividing the Democrats. Just as the black propaganda was aimed at loading the public record with spurious information that would serve to divide the Democrats, the policies recommended by the White House political-planning group loaded the world itself with real events that would induce the Democrats to turn against one another. Policies framed with this aim had a dual character. On the one hand, they were real, publicly announced policies, with large consequences in the lives of millions of people—policies altering the complexion of the Supreme Court, determining the size of programs for the benefit of the poor, influencing the conduct of the Vietnam war. In their own right, they enjoyed some popularity with the public. On the other hand, the policies were subterfuges aimed at setting the nation against itself, and were designed to provide a tumultuous atmosphere in which the President could pick up "far the larger half" of the electorate. The use of government policy in this dual fashion put the opposition in a quandary. If it responded to the programs straightforwardly—for instance, by opposing the President's Supreme Court nominations, or opposing the President's proposals on busing—it ran the risk of casting itself as an actor in a White House scenario whose hidden last act was the opposition's political demise, for the opposition's cry of protest might be just the thing that the White House scenario called for. But if the members of the opposition remained silent in order to frustrate the scenario, they betrayed their principles. Almost everyone who attempted to oppose White House policy in the Nixon years was caught in this bind at one time or another. The experience was one of walking into a waiting stereotype—of finding oneself caricatured as, for example, a "radical-liberal," who reflexively denounced anything the government might undertake. Just as the President would condemn violence while secretly working to promote it, he would condemn the opposition for its perpetual criticism while taking actions secretly designed to provoke just such criticism and "really tear up the pea patch." The press was one victim of this dilemma. The Administration would accuse the press of systematic prejudice against the Administration, and then would take actions that any independent press was bound to criticize. Thus it would become true that the press was heavily critical of the Administration, and the Administration would proceed to attack the press further for "unfairness." The choice for the press was to mute its reporting and editorializing in order to show a spurious objectivity or to go ahead with its work at the cost of being caricatured as "irresponsible." (A strong temptation for newsmen in this period was to take a position halfway between the one demanded of them by the President and the one demanded of them by the opposition, if any, and to call that position objectivity.) The new way of framing policy posed difficulties for the public, too. It cast all politics into a limbo of ambiguity. The mean-



We're all sports:

27 holes of challenging golf. 10 championship tennis courts. Heated indoor and outdoor swimming pools and relaxing whirlpool, paddle tennis, lawn bowling, trout fishing, biking, Buck Hill Falls and over 50 other activities. All on 6,000 acres just 1½ hours from New York or Philadelphia. In New York call (212) 245-5620. Or see your travel agent.

BUCK HILL INN
Buck Hill Falls, Pa. 18323
(717) 595-7441
Served by Interstate Highways 80 and 84 from the Metropolitan New York area, and Northeast Extension of Pennsylvania Turnpike from Philadelphia.

TRADITIONAL
CABLE CAR CLOTHIERS
ROBERT KIRK, Ltd.
San Francisco's British Goods Store Since 1939

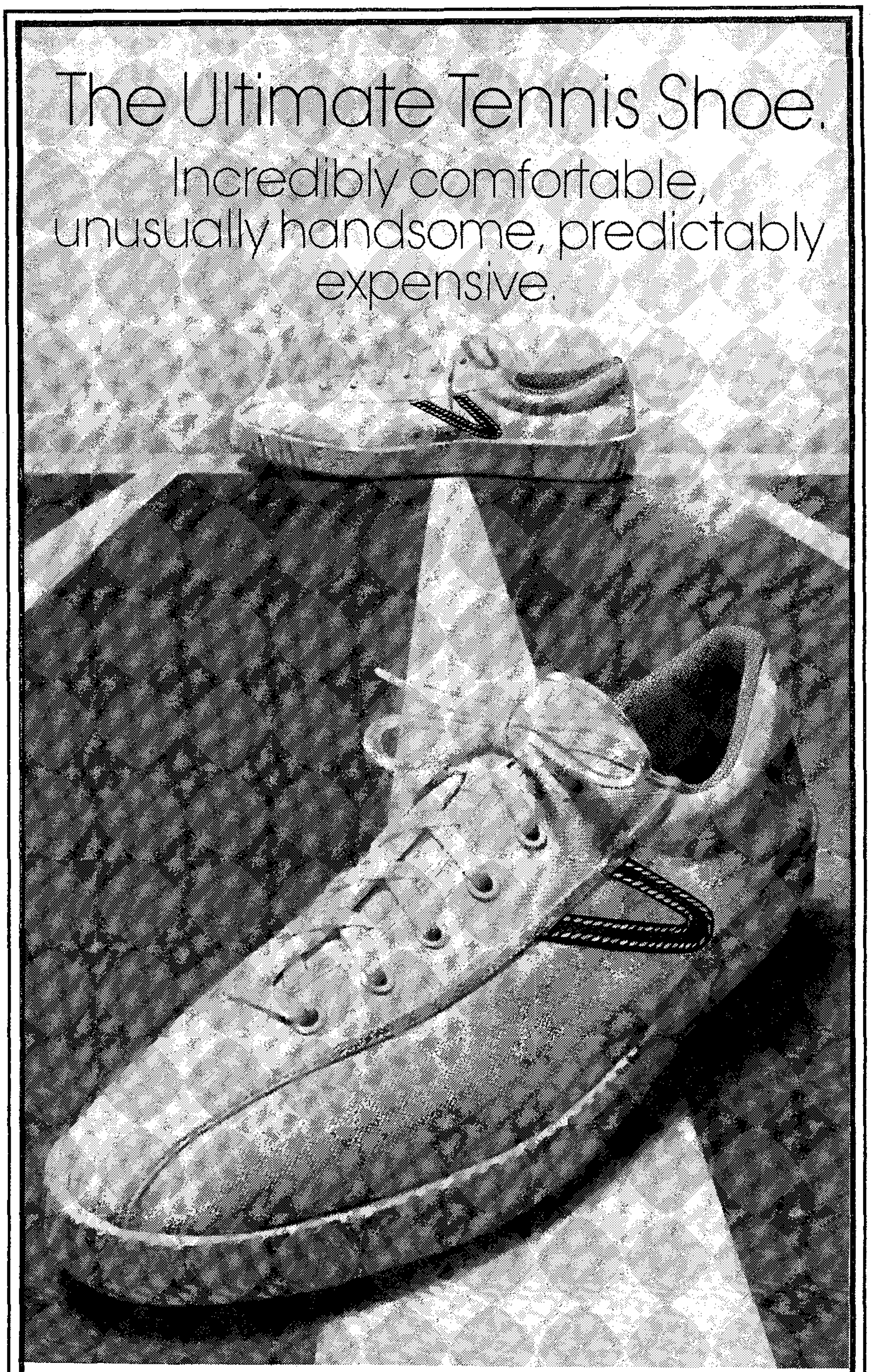
Cotton Terry Jumpsuit $24

Ideal for travel, lounging, poolside, after shower, our good-looking soft cotton terry jumpsuit is comfortable, cool and quick-drying. Thirsty cotton terry is machine washable, needs no ironing. Fully cut with fly front styling and self belt. In white, medium blue or antique gold. Small (34-36), Medium (38-40), Large (42-44), Extra Large (46-48).

Mail Orders To: Terry Jumpsuit 79305
Cable Car Clothiers, No.150 Post, S.F., Ca 94108
Colour ________ Qty. ____ Size ________
M.O. or Check ☐ Cable Car Chg. ☐ Sorry, no COD's
☐ Please send catalogue (415) 397-4740
Name ....
Address ....
.... Zip ....
Add $1.85 Ship. & Hdlg. • 6½% Sales Tax in Ca. 010623

ing of every action in the public realm became obscure. In 1970, when President Nixon sent American troops into Cambodia, for example, his decision was debated around the country on its military merits. People asked themselves whether or not the invasion would hurt the enemy, and whether or not it would help to end the war. A few months later, however, it turned out that the President regarded the national division engendered by the invasion as his most invaluable political asset in the congressional elections of 1970. A sophisticated citizen, therefore, would have had to ask himself not only whether the invasion had been wise or unwise as military policy but whether it had been directed to the military situation at all or had been just one more attempt to exacerbate a divisive issue. But the sophisticated citizen, even if he had thought to ask such questions, would not have been able to answer them, for the memos that might reveal the truth were not available to him. Moreover, the truth might not appear in any memos but might simply lie in the mind of the President. The sophisticated citizen would probably have had to do what millions of citizens did do: stop trying to figure out what the government's intentions were. The public's revulsion against politics as a whole was one more feature of an orchestrated political life. Bewildered and exhausted by the repeated experience of responding with real emotions to illusory or false policies that would reverse themselves or disappear the minute their public-relations usefulness was finished, the public was withdrawing from political life altogether.

By the spring of 1972, President Nixon was setting himself up as the scriptwriter of the whole of American political life. He looked upon America as his predecessors in the White House had looked upon Vietnam: as a great theatre for a sweeping dramatic production, in which a real nation was used as the stage, real public figures were used as unwilling actors, and the history of the nation was used as the plot. Unsatisfied with playing just one part in the national life, even though it was by far the greatest part, the President secretly planned to play all the parts, and to provide the lighting and the sound effects, too. Using his untrammelled access to the system of modern communications, he fixed the themes of national politics; through his techniques of staging and black propaganda, he fixed the roles of the other characters; and through government policy, he furnished the world with events suitable to his themes. One man,


The Ultimate Tennis Shoe.
Incredibly comfortable, unusually handsome, predictably expensive.

The Bancroft Tretorn Tennis Shoe is just about the most comfortable in the world.

In fact, they're so comfortable, a lot of people wear them off the court, too. At these prices, they should be good for more than just tennis.

The Bancroft Tretorn Tennis Shoe. Imported from Sweden, in canvas or leather.

A Better Brand of Tennis Bancroft® TRETORN

We only have one hotel... and it's in the right place...

In Beverly Hills –
Today the heart of
Los Angeles

Hernando Courtright

Beverly Wilshire Hotel

"Unique and privately owned"

9500 Wilshire Boulevard
Beverly Hills, California 90212
(213) 275-4282

Member of the Preferred Hotels Association
Represented by: Grand Luxe Hotels
800-323-7500 or 800-223-5550

Lark® Luggage

For people who hate to leave the finer things of life at home.

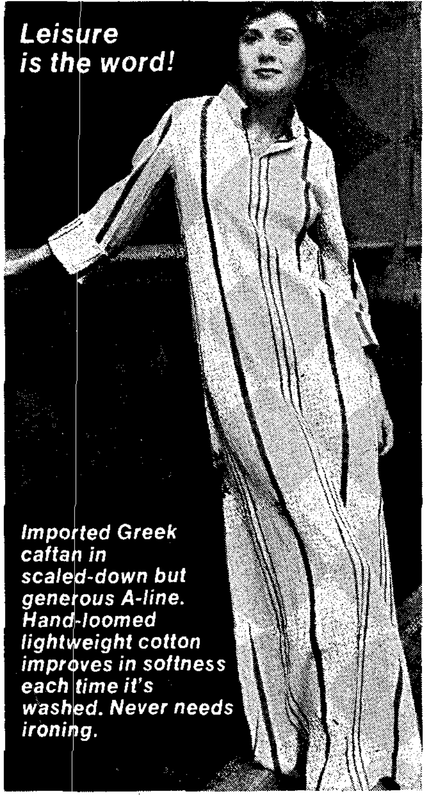
Lark Luggage Corp.
Empire State Bldg. N.Y., N.Y. 10001

Copyright © 1975, Lark Luggage Corp.

the President, had made himself larger than the political nation of which he was supposed to be only a part. He sought to substitute for the normal evolution of American history, with its countless spontaneous impulses, a false, planned evolution, manufactured in the White House. In some ways, the role to which he aspired was godlike. In his world he was the author of *all* that happened. He was the author even of harm to himself. Rebels against him were necessary at times, and when demonstrators threw rocks at him, his staff rejoiced, for the incident meant that the scenario was proceeding according to plan. Crises, too, were required, and the President was the author of many of these. They, too, were important to the scenarios, for how could the "great decisions" be made without great matters to decide? And a high level of national discord was also important, for if the President did not first divide the nation, how could he pose as a unifier and pick up "far the larger half" of the country in the next election? In President Nixon's America, no one was without his predetermined role. In President Nixon's vision, American life would unfold according to a script written by him and his men; and, long after any real opposition had been silenced, hired actors would go on playing the part of an opposition on the public stage.

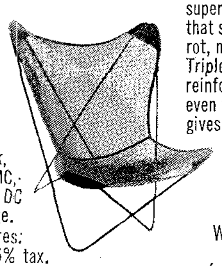
In the second week of April, when the results of the Wisconsin primary had made it clear that even if Senator Muskie should somehow be nominated it would not be as a unity candidate, Patrick Buchanan wrote, in one of his memos to Mitchell and Haldeman, "Our primary objective, to prevent Senator Muskie from sweeping the early primaries, locking up the Convention in April, and uniting the Democratic Party behind him for the fall, has been achieved. The likelihood—great three months ago—that the Democratic Convention could become a dignified coronation ceremony for a centrist candidate who could lead a united party into the election is now remote." It was a bold boast. Had it really been the White House, staging its secret scenarios, that had "achieved" the downfall of Senator Muskie, the Democratic "front-runner," and, in the process, denied the Democrats the chance to unite their party at the Convention? The answer depends on the answers to several other questions, and those are probably unanswerable. Possibly the campaign of sabotage alone would not have accomplished so much. But there had also been the program to

philia fashions ltd.



Creamy white with navy, burgundy or black crinklestripes. Order by dress size. S(6-8) M(8-10) L(12-14) XL((14-18) **$28** ppd. No COD's. Immediate air del. Return promptly if dissatisfied. Brochure available.
PHILIA, 349 E. 61 ST., N.Y. 10021

TUFF STUFF



Our 100% vinyl-clad **nylon butterfly cover** in a breatheable open weave super-strength fabric that simply can't fade, rot, mildew or stretch. Triple-stitched, doubly reinforced, king size, fits even the largest frames, gives years more service.

Wheat, yellow, orange, *royal blue or grass* green, **$16.95**
Welter-weight 18-oz. **canvas covers** too (same colors): **$15.95**

send check, BA, MC, AX or DC charge. Cal. res: add 6% tax.
satisfaction guaranteed
POSTAGE: $1. 50 1st cover; 50c ea. add'l

catalog $1; free with order.
THE Patio
550 Powell
Dept. NY65
San Francisco
California 94108

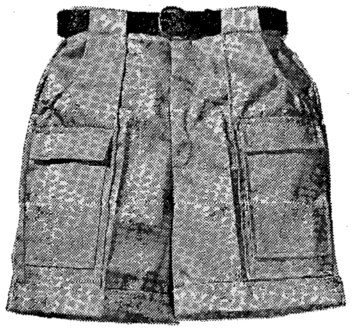
THONG SANDALS
In chic durable vinyl. Choose several colors. Without heel in black, white, red, navy, hot pink, orange, lt. blue, yellow and green $6.95. With heel black, white, gold, silver or combos of hot pink, green, navy, yellow with white $8.95. ½ sizes 5-10. Order normal shoe size. Add $1.00 for 1st pair, 50¢ each additional pair for mailing. Conn. residents please add 7% tax. Send check or M.O. to:
Trudy Gary's COUNTRY MOUSE
Dept. N519, 81 Main Street, Westport, Conn. 06880

A CAMPING HOLIDAY
Come camping to the Yukon and Alaska and sail the beautiful Inside Passage. 22 days $419 includes meals and camp equip.
Dep: July 12, Aug. 9, Sept. 6
Write for brochure:
Canadian Camping Tours
250 One Palliser Square
Calgary, Canada T2G OP6

use the policies of the federal government to divide the Democrats. To what extent had the President been following his planning group's recommendations when he framed policy, and to what extent had he been following his own ideas of what was best for the nation? What, for instance, were his real views on the racial issue? Did he have any? To what extent did the policies that were framed—the policy on busing, say—actually divide the Democrats, and to what extent was the division their own work? How successful was the campaign of sabotage in embittering the candidates against one another and in stopping the candidacy of Senator Muskie? No definitive answers to such questions can be given. What is known is that the White House did carry out a program of sabotage, and that the President did make his decisions on national policies—including his decisions on race, on the war, on the nomination of Supreme Court Justices, and on observance of the provisions of the Constitution—while at least keeping the aim of dividing the opposition in mind. (There is no evidence that he ever reprimanded his chief political strategists for making the recommendations they made, or that any other group was put to work devising an alternative political strategy for him to pursue.) It is also known that the President did—for whatever reasons—adopt virtually every one of the policies that were recommended to him for the purpose of dividing the opposition by dividing the country. And it is known that the candidacy of Senator Muskie did in fact founder upon exactly those divisions which the White House planning group wanted the President to exacerbate by taking the actions that he did in fact take. Of course, it is known, as well, that the Democrats seemed to make mistakes of their own, quite independent of the White House—for example, attempting to create an impression of unity of purpose by joining together, in advance of the primaries, behind a man whose stand on many issues was deliberately vague. Theirs was a party more than usually open to an effort to divide it, and quite possibly Senator Muskie's strength preceding the primaries, based, as it was, on the support of the press and the political professionals, was more apparent than real. Yet right from the outset—beginning as early as 1970—the Democrats were carrying on their activities in an America that was secretly mined to tear them apart. Both within their campaign, where the spies and saboteurs were at work, and outside it, where a shifting world was arranged by the President to confound their hopes, they felt the hidden hand of the White House. The fusion of politics and policy in the White House was complete. The boundary lines had blurred until they disappeared. To an extent theretofore unknown in American politics, the White House had, in the year leading up to the beginning of the Presidential election campaign, made uninhibited use of federal agencies to smear the opposition, to raise money for its own campaign, and to commit a wide variety of crimes against the opposition, and had also manipulated the full range of public policy, sometimes according to deep strategies unguessed at by the public, to create what was not only a rigged campaign but a rigged America and a rigged world for the campaign to take place in.

AT the end of March, as Senator Muskie's campaign was sinking, the North Vietnamese Army invaded South Vietnam in force. For the Administration, the attack precipitated a crisis that mingled the war, the campaign, and prospective summit talks in Moscow, which were scheduled for sometime in May. The attack was embarrassing politically, because an expanded war could disrupt the President's new campaign image, in which the war was not to "distract our attention" from the President's "global diplomacy." On the other hand, to leave the war and permit the North Vietnamese to take over South Vietnam would discredit the policy that the President had now been pursuing for more than three years. The Administration's initial response was to begin a quiet, unannounced buildup of American air forces in and around Indo-China. Even before this buildup began, the American war effort in Vietnam was being carried on largely in the air. The move from the ground, where casualties were heavy, to the air, where they were light, had all along suited the strategy of keeping the war going but keeping it out of the public eye, and the move proved especially useful now. By the time the buildup was complete, the largest and the most powerful air force ever assembled in history was, behind a curtain of silence, bombing Indo-China. The air force was also the most technically elaborate ever to fly. One innovation was the use of what came to be known

"Escape from the Ordinary"™



Norm Thompson Tyroleans

–Sport shorts designed by professional loafers Made better for us amateurs.

You see them on Alpine guides, professional hunters, people who direct leisure fun at summer resorts. Tyroleans are worn by professionals whose work is so much fun, *it seems like loafing.*

We've taken the good looking, functional European design. Added American comfort and easy care. Tailored them with double-stitched seams for durability— *kept the slim look* and *4 practical pockets* in front. (Men's shorts also have 2 rear pockets.)

Cut for action, Tyrolean shorts are comfortable when you move—comfortable when you're just relaxing. They look slim and trim all the time.

Tyroleans are also available in slack length, shipped unhemmed. Both are made of cool, lightweight Tundra cloth, 50% cotton, 50% dacron. Easy-care . . . just wash and wear 'em. Color: Tan. Men's even waist sizes: 28-44. Women's even sizes: 8-20. Slacks: **$16.50 ppd.** Shorts: **$14.00 ppd.**

Norm Thompson
Dept. J-23
1805 N.W. Thurman
Portland, Or. 97209

Order (toll-free) anytime 800-547-6712
(Excluding Oregon, Hawaii and Alaska)

Tyroleans:	Qty.	Size		Qty.	Size
Men's shorts			slacks		
Women's shorts			slacks		

☐ Check enclosed. Charge to my:
☐ BankAmericard. ☐ MasterCharge.
(Please include all raised letters and numbers.)
Card #
Signature X

☐ Send FREE 40-pg. Spring & Summer color catalog. Save up to ⅓ on imported sports clothes and equipment.

Escape from the ordinary

Name
Address
City
State Zip

Draper's of SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

Serbin's Silk Pretender... midsummer shirtdressing in luxurious polyester whisper checks. The look and feel of fine men's silk shirting. Washable pink or blue. Half sizes 12½-22½, misses 8-20.

$52

Add $1.50 for handling. Californiana, add 6% tax. BankAmericard and Master Charge accepted.

Send for our free 33-style mailer.

1855 E. Colorado, Pasadena, CA 91107

Davis makes lasting impressions in solid wood.

Queen Anne Highboy from the Calvan III Collection.

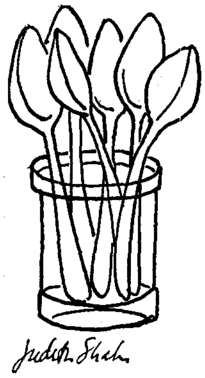
DAVIS CABINET COMPANY

"Craftsmen of Fine SOLID WOOD Furniture"

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

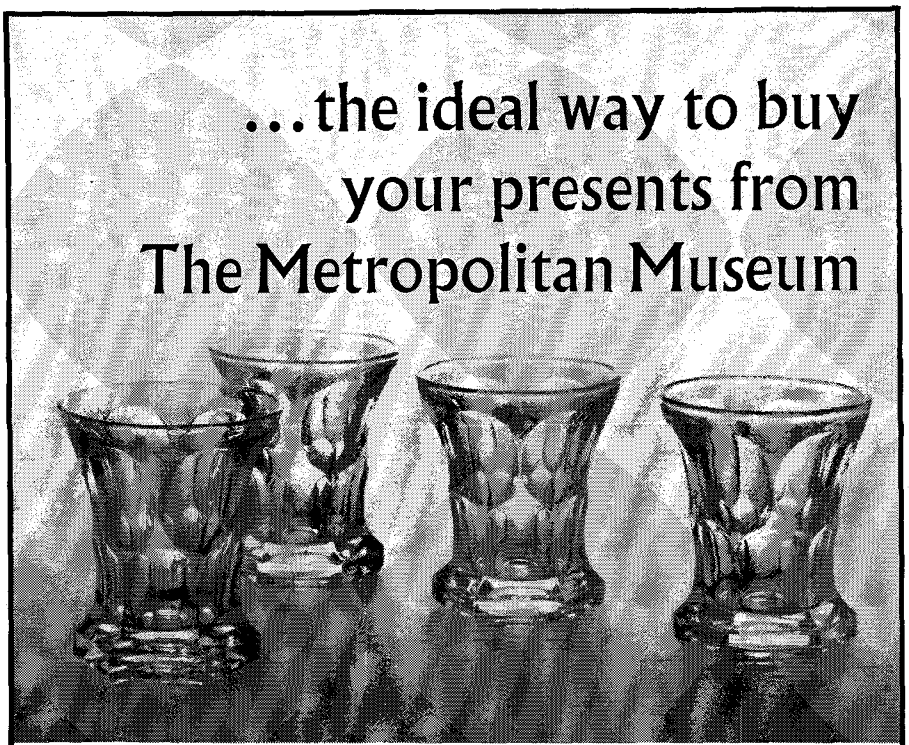
as "smart bombs," which were bombs guided by television cameras in their noses or by laser beams projected from nearby aircraft.

The Administration at first seemed at a loss to know how to explain the expanded warfare to the public. For a while, it played down the new events in Indo-China. The war aims that had been offered to the public in the early months of the year were the most minuscule ones available on the entire sliding scale of war aims, the largest being, of course, the protection of American credibility. The most frequently mentioned aim had been an even less ambitious one than that of "protecting our withdrawal;" it had been that of protecting the American prisoners of war held by the North Vietnamese. At the beginning of the year, the President had said in a television interview, "Can the President of the United States sitting in this office with the responsibility for four hundred P.O.W.s . . . withdraw all of our forces as long as the enemy holds one American as a prisoner of war? And the answer is no." Around that time, with the encouragement of the White House, a remarkable movement began to grow up around the issue of the prisoners of war. Although the public in wartime has traditionally felt great sympathy for the nation's prisoners of war, it has usually reserved its main sympathy for the men fighting and dying on the front, but now this state of affairs was turned upside down. The wounded, the dying, and the dead went virtually unnoticed as attention was focussed on the prisoners of war. They became the objects of a virtual cult, and many people were persuaded that the United States was fighting in Vietnam in order to get its prisoners back—even though prisoners have traditionally been returned as a matter of course at the end of hostilities between nations. Following the President's lead, people began to speak as though the North Vietnamese had kidnapped four hundred Americans and the United States had gone to war to retrieve them.



The newly intensified fighting and the new air buildup put a strain on the prisoner-of-war justification. The aim was too slight to justify the dangerous expanding effort. The North Vietnamese opened new fronts. The American air attacks grew constantly heavier. Expanded war aims were plainly required, but what could they be, in the new "generation of peace"? And what was the meaning of summit trips if not to help end wars? After all, the true foe in Vietnam, in the official telling, had never been little North Vietnam. It had been China or Russia, or both—"Communism." If these great powers were not, after all, the true foe in Indo-China, then the Indo-China war really *was* a civil war in a small country, as its opponents had always said, and the United States had no business taking part in it. As the fighting spread, the Administration publicly began to espy the hand of the Soviet Union behind the new offensive. On April 10th, in a veiled but unmistakable reference to the Soviet Union, the President warned that great powers must not "directly or indirectly" encourage "other nations to use force or armed aggression against neighbors." And a few days earlier Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird had criticized the Russians openly for placing "no restraints" on the North Vietnamese Army's use of Russian military equipment. There had not been any evidence up to that point in the war that the Russians had ever either restrained the North Vietnamese or set the timing or the objectives of North Vietnamese military offensives; those matters, as far as anyone can know, had been decided by the North Vietnamese themselves. The Administration's appeal to the Soviet Union to restrain North Vietnam therefore seemed to assume a degree of Russian influence over North Vietnam which did not necessarily exist. Just a few months earlier, the Administration had seemed to make a similar mis-estimation of Soviet influence over the Indians. On both occasions, the Nixon Administration was displaying its determination to treat regional crises as global events. In the case of the India-Pakistan war, there had simply been no way for the Russians to exercise the influence that the Administration adjured them to. Vietnam was somewhat different. Though the Russians might not already exercise control over the North Vietnamese, it would perhaps be possible for them to *establish* some measure of control. The Nixon Administration seemed to be saying to the Russians that, whether or not they had instigated or approved the North Vietnamese offensive, the United States would hold them accountable for it. The Administration seemed, in effect, to be appealing to the Soviet Union to intervene with the North Vietnamese in behalf of the United States.

The point that had thus been reached in Soviet-American relations was a crucial one for many nations of the world. In the period of the Cold War, which was now purportedly ending, the United States had intervened in disputes between nations all over the globe, on the theory that almost all nations were "linked" either with the United States or with Communism. Now, in what was purportedly a period of "détente," the United States, assuming the same linkage, was hoping to deal with the same disputes by urging the Soviet Union to exercise restraint in unleashing its proxy warriors. Just as the government had earlier seen the rivalry of the Cold War as a global struggle by virtue of linkage, the government now expected coöperation between the superpowers to be global by virtue of linkage; that is, it considered linkage as much the precondition for coöperation as it was for Cold War. The word "détente" (although there was, perhaps, no better) was not, with its connotations of relaxation and disengagement, precisely suited to the new relationship envisaged by the United States government. The process that the Nixon Administration had in mind seemed to be closer to partial fusion. The Soviet Union and the United States, instead of disengaging from one another, were becoming more heavily involved with one another than ever before. It was not so much that the traditional rivalry was diminishing as that it was being overlaid with areas of recognized common interest. The main interest, which gave détente its principal impetus, was, of course, the avoidance of mutual extinction in a nuclear war. The enmity that had grown up between the two nations became, in the nuclear age, the prime factor impelling them toward what the statesmen sometimes called their nascent "friendship." But there were other areas of common interest, too, including areas of economic interest. The two behemoths were fusing at the head while continuing to kick one another with their feet. And since their relationship, even if it had taken on a coöperative aspect as well as a hostile one, was, after all, a single relationship, involving the same governments, the war in Indo-China and other points of conflict were bound to be influenced, insofar as the superpowers could influence such things, by the negotiations on the points of common interest. The affairs of little countries would now be discussed at a Russian-American bargaining table at which such



Every three months—four times a year—the Museum will announce by mail remarkable new replicas—exact copies of Museum originals: sculpture, decorative objects, tableware, and ornaments.

The variety will be extraordinary: ancient jewelry in gold and silver; Oriental and European porcelain; early American glass in crystal and rare colors; bronze from Egypt, Greece, China, and the medieval world; silver, pewter, brass, and pottery from Colonial America.

These copies, often produced by the same techniques used for the originals, are made by artist-craftsmen working under the Museum's direct supervision. The care taken in production frequently limits the quantity, and the majority of replicas can be bought only by mail or at the Museum. (Above: Ship's Tumblers, pressed in the Ashburton pattern about 1845. Height 4¼". Boxed set of four, $45.00 plus $1.25 shipping.)

To receive all of the advance announcements to be issued during the next year, send the coupon below with one dollar to cover mailing.

On September 1, you will receive the first of these, the 116 page Christmas Catalogue. A brilliant array of new presents includes an ancient Egyptian necklace of blue lotus flowers; golden stags, panthers, lions, and griffins from the Scythian treasure hoard; needlework kits of a tiger from a Chinese ceremonial banner, and puppies and kittens from a New England rug; a rose and a star in stained glass; a book of Persian miniatures in full color and gold; a bronze Etruscan acrobat; *art nouveau* stationery; a new cookbook, *To the King's Taste,* and next year's engagement calendar, *Secret Gardens.* In addition, there is an unparalleled selection of Christmas cards.

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART
255 Gracie Station, New York 10028 N3

Please send me all advance announcements and catalogues of replicas to be issued by the Museum during the next 12 months. One dollar to cover mailing costs is enclosed.

NAME ____________________

ADDRESS ____________________

____________________ ZIP ____________________

A day at
BOSCOBEL
Long on beauty,
Light on fuel

High over the Hudson River in Garrison, New York, Boscobel, built in 1804-06, is the authentically restored home of wealthy landowner States Dyckman.

A visit to this treasure house of priceless antique furnishings, in a lovely garden setting, is a delightful journey into the post-Revolutionary America of the Hudson Valley. Open daily except Tues. 9:30 to 5. For information, call (212) LO 2-7444 or (914) CO 5-3638. Write for free brochure.

BOSCOBEL RESTORATION, INC.
Garrison-on-Hudson, N.Y. 10524
8 miles north of
Bear Mt. Bridge on Rte. 9D

Plantation Inn
OCHO RIOS JAMAICA, W.I.

A luxurious way to escape. True colonial atmosphere. Impeccable Jamaican service: 120 dedicated staff for 130 guests. Cuisine to exacting standards. Two beaches, tennis, golf and all water sports.

INCOMPARABLE!
Both resorts retain their individual, very relaxed atmosphere. Both are owned and operated by the Young Family.
INCOMPARABLE!

Lantana
COLONY CLUB
AT SOMERSET BRIDGE · BERMUDA

The charm and elegance of an unique Bermudian cottage colony. Golf and tennis at their very best. Exquisite cuisine and memorable service to round out the finest Bermuda has to offer.

See your travel agent or
David B. Mitchell, 217 E. 49 St. N.Y. 10017
(212) 371-1323

GAYLORDSVILLE, CONN.
$125,000 Entrancing remodeled 7 room house, period 1810. 6 beautiful acres. Garage, workshop, seclusion. 1½ hours NYC.
Marcia L. Burnham & Assoc.
Kent, Conn. 203-927-3117, 3875

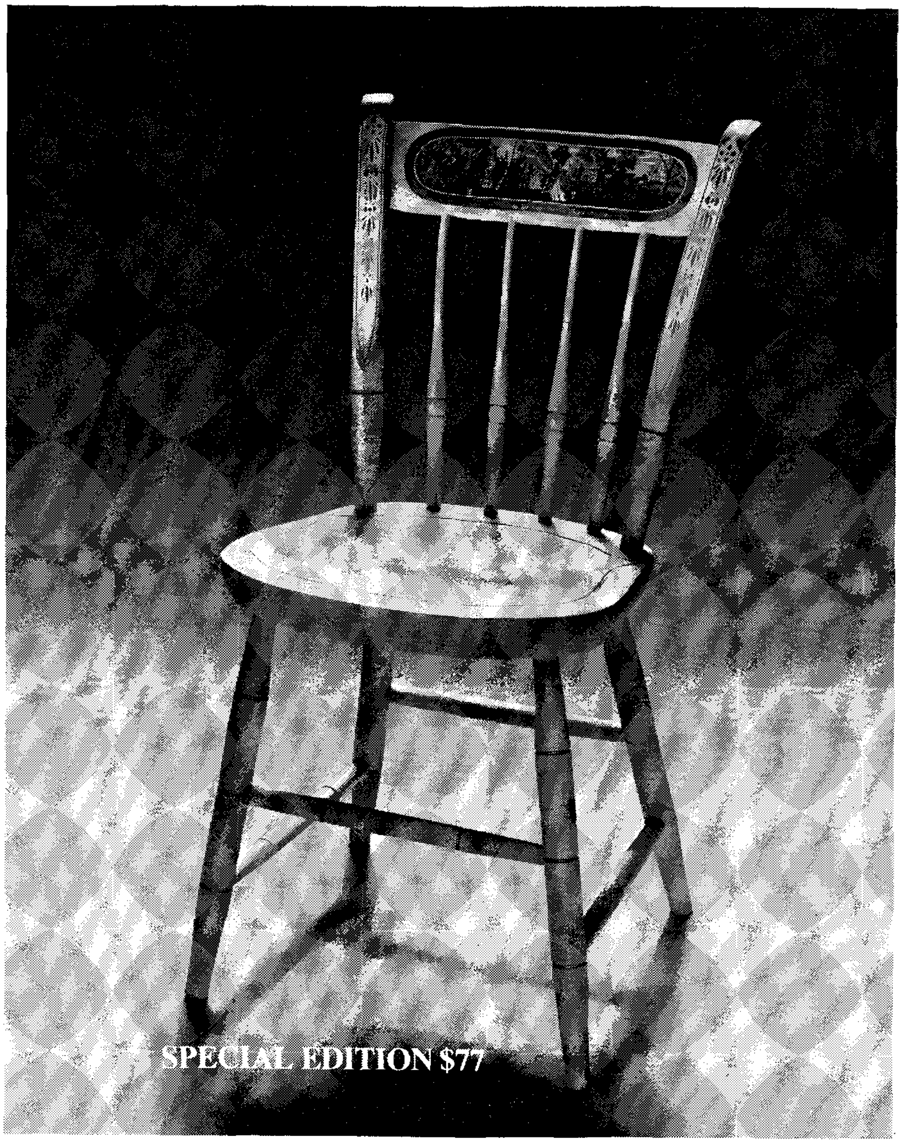
matters as nuclear-arms control, trade deals between the great powers, and simultaneous troop reductions were also discussed. At this table, the North Vietnamese aim of uniting their country—pursued for more than a quarter of a century—might be balanced in Russian minds against some advantage in a wholly unrelated transaction with the United States.

On April 19th, Henry Kissinger secretly arrived in Moscow to make preparations for the summit conference. On the 20th, he delivered a speech in private to Soviet Communist Party Secretary Leonid Brezhnev. Later, the fourth, and final, draft of the speech was made public. (On one occasion, Kissinger is reported to have told the Nixon speechwriter William Safire that the draft accurately reflected what he had said to the Russians, but later he wrote in a letter to *Harper's* that he had taken "quite a different line" with the Soviet leaders.) In one passage, the draft had him speaking not in the manner of a man speaking on behalf of the President but in the manner of a man standing back and objectively describing the President. Through the use of this device, he was apparently to establish the President's credibility with Brezhnev. At the beginning of a description of the President's "attitudes, orientation, and predictability," the draft depicted the President as eager for coöperation between "interacting major powers, competitive but respectful of each other's interests," and then pointed out that the President "can be tough and even ruthless in dealing with specific problems." The draft was spelling out the lesson that the Administration's whole conduct of the Vietnam war was meant to teach: it affirmed the President's "will" to use the military power of the United States in world affairs. Then it turned to the relation between the war and President Nixon's personal political future. "You probably recognize that the President is bound to see the present situation in Vietnam not only in its local context but as a renewed effort by outside powers to intervene in our domestic political processes," the draft read. "Moreover, as President he is bound to be keenly sensitive to the fact that our last President was forced to vacate his office because of the effects of the Vietnam war. President Nixon will not permit three Presidents in a row to leave office under abnormal circumstances. It may seem that what he is doing to prevent this from occurring is 'unpredictable;' it is in fact quite consistent with his fighting instincts when issues of principle and vital interest are at stake. His reaction should have been expected." The draft had Kissinger inviting the First Secretary of the Communist Party of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics to join in President Nixon's campaign for reëlection. When it said, "President Nixon will not permit three Presidents in a row to leave office under abnormal circumstances," it seemed to be saying that the President wished to remain in office for a second term. The structure of peace, it seemed to say, was also a structure for the reëlection of the President. In the course of his first term, President Nixon placed the full power of the executive branch of the United States government at the disposal of political strategists. Now, having apparently found these resources insufficient, the President seemed to entertain the hope that the resources of the government of the world's other superpower could be enlisted in the reëlection effort. This strategy bore a marked resemblance to Patrick Buchanan's recommendation that the President use his power to provoke a Constitutional crisis and thus divide "the Democratic Party and country." Both Kissinger and Buchanan were merging government policy with electoral strategy in an unprecedented fashion. Kissinger's policy could be regarded in either of two ways. If, on the one hand, one looked at the draft of Kissinger's speech in the context of the reëlection effort, it could be seen as a frank admission that President Nixon was fighting the war in Vietnam primarily to preserve himself in office, and as an astoundingly improper invitation to a foreign enemy of the United States to ally itself with the President's faction in domestic politics. If, on the other hand, one looked at the draft in the context of the doctrine of credibility, it could be seen as an astute move that would enhance national security. For at the heart of the question of credibility was the question of will. As President Nixon put it a few months later in a talk with a group of congressmen about the events that were then unfolding, "strength means nothing unless there is a will to use it." Kissinger, by apparently associating the survival of South Vietnam with President Nixon's political survival, would be making a strong "demonstration" of Nixon's will to save South Vietnam. The Russians might doubt Nixon's

will to save half of a small, remote country in the face of domestic opposition, but they could hardly doubt his will to be reëlected. It could be argued, therefore, that by associating the two goals in the Russians' minds Kissinger would be strengthening the negotiating position of the United States on the issue of Vietnam.

Having affirmed the President's credibility in this remarkable fashion, the draft listed some of the advantages that the Soviet Union might win by coöperating with the United States. After citing "bilateral relations and trade," it read, "Both of us stand to gain." Then came a warning: "But we must be realistic: a lasting and productive set of relationships, with perhaps hundreds or thousands of our people working with each other and perhaps billions of dollars of business activity, can only be achieved in a healthy political environment. The past history of our relations has clearly shown the connection between the political aspects and others, like the economic." And it had Kissinger going on to state, "I say this not because we want you to 'pay a price' for economic and other relations with us or because we expect you to sacrifice important political and security interests for the sake of trade relations. I say it as an objective fact of political life." In other words, according to the draft, Kissinger didn't *want* the Russians to help the President get reëlected by paying a price in Vietnam; it was just an objective fact of political life that if they wanted the "billions of dollars of business activity" to go forward they would have to pay that price.

BUT the war went on, and the North Vietnamese continued to advance. The Soviet Union either would not or could not call them back from their mission, the peril to the President's reëlection notwithstanding. The American bombing therefore continued to expand. Four Russian ships were damaged in Haiphong Harbor. And as the war grew the war aims continued to grow, too. The expanded aims turned out to be the familiar ones, well known to the nation from the President's speeches of 1969 and from the speech announcing the invasion of Cambodia—and, indeed, from the pronouncements of past Administrations. In late April, the President went on national television and once again spelled out the familiar doctrine of credibility. "If one country armed with the most modern weapons by major powers can invade another nation and succeed in conquering it," he said,



Nichols & Stone
Liberty Collection

We present with pride a special edition of four chairs portraying major events in our nation's struggle for liberty. The classic thumb back chair, one of the purest and most authentic styles from Revolutionary times, was selected for the Liberty Collection.

The first in the series, portraying raising of the Liberty and Union Flag, is now available. Three additional subjects will be issued during the next two years.

History's Artist

John Alan Maxwell, the nation's leading historical illustrator, was commissioned by Nichols & Stone to create the original scenes for the Liberty Collection.

Four Liberty Scenes

Each scene was painstakingly researched by Maxwell and executed in the full, rich colors characteristic of his style.

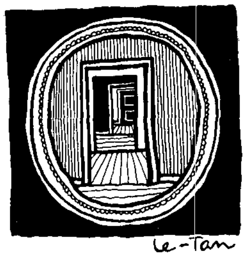
Exclusive Hallmark

A special brand, created exclusively for the Collection, is burned permanently beneath the seat of each Liberty Chair as a guarantee of authenticity.

For descriptive folder and name of dealer near you, please write:

NICHOLS & STONE, Sherman Street, Gardner, Mass. 01440.

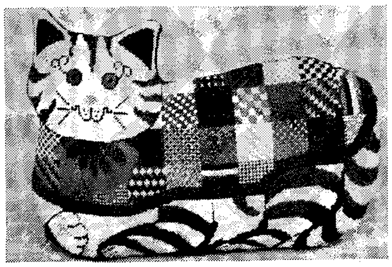
"other countries will be encouraged to do exactly the same thing—in the Mid-East, in Europe, and in other international danger spots." In other words, if America lost credibility anywhere, it would have lost it everywhere. As usual, he saw the authority of his office, and therefore his own authority, as the ultimate issue. "Any man who sits here in this office feels a profound sense of obligation to future generations," he said. "No man who sits here has the right to take any action which would abdicate America's great tradition of world leadership or weaken respect for the office of President of the United States." And he said, "All that we have risked and all that we have gained over the years now hangs in the balance." The President's words and the thought behind them were not new. ("Respect for the office of President of the United States" was merely one more term for credibility.) But the context in which he was speaking them was new. In the time of the Cold War, the words had one meaning, but in the time of the President's "generation of peace" and "structure of peace" they had a quite different meaning. Since the great powers that the President was visiting on what he liked to call his "journeys for peace" were, under the doctrine of credibility he had temporarily revived, the very ones that were threatening "all that we have risked and all that we have gained," he seemed to have put forward simultaneously two clashing conceptions of the world and the American role in it—one growing out of the structure of peace, and the other borrowed from the past to explain the sudden flare-up in the Vietnam war. In one conception, the Cold War was waning, the President was arranging world peace with the leaders of Communist nations, and the Soviet Union might even be aiding the United States in bringing about a satisfactory end to the war in Southeast Asia. In the other conception, the Cold War was intensifying, armed minions of the Soviet Union all over the world were working to undermine respect for the United States, and the Soviet Union was encouraging the North Vietnamese to defeat the United States. The atmospheres of peace and war had become mingled and confused in the President's public statements. In this speech in late April, the President went on to attempt an amalgam of the two conceptions. "Earlier this year," he said, "I travelled to Peking on an historic journey for peace and next month I shall travel to Moscow on what I hope will also be a journey for peace." He continued, "In the eighteen countries I have visited as President, I have found great respect for the office of the President of the United States and I have reason to expect, based on Dr. Kissinger's report [Kissinger had recently returned from his trip to the Soviet Union, which had been revealed only the previous day], that I shall find that same respect for the office I hold when I visit Moscow." But, he added, "if the United States betrays the millions of people who have relied on us in Vietnam, the President of the United States, whoever he is, will not deserve nor receive the respect which is essential if the United States is to continue to play the great role we are destined to play of helping to build a new structure of peace in the world." Earlier in the year, in his State of the World message, the President had seemed to recognize the incompatibility between détente and an extended war in Vietnam, and had said, "Vietnam no longer distracts our attention from the fundamental issues of global diplomacy." But the words he spoke now seemed to mean that the Vietnam war and the structure of peace were the same thing. The journeys for peace, instead of leading to an end to the war, as had been widely hoped, were leading in a circle right back to expanded war.



The President's feat of putting forward two apparently clashing conceptions of the world at the same time and of propagating two contrary global atmospheres at the same time marked a new stage in the growth of his power. In his years in office, he had often advanced policies and then revoked them suddenly and without explanation. His three "shocks" of 1971—the announcement of the trip to China, the announcement of wage-price controls, and the announcement of the Moscow summit—had brought the technique to a high level of refinement: they had enlarged his freedom of action by establishing his right to defy himself. And now, in 1972, he was putting on a still more awesome performance. The carefully constructed image of the President as the man of peace had been badly disrupted by a sudden intensification of the war. But this time, instead of revoking one explanation of things and unexpectedly putting forward another, he put forward the original explanation and its apparent opposite

The Great Shirt Jacket Perfect coverup for the sun ... or brisk breezes. Expertly tailored in marvelous *cotton terry.* Buttons down the front and on the cuffs. Side slits, top pocket. In sparkling-white, sea-blue or sun-yellow.
Women's sizes Small(8-10), Medium(12-14), Large(16-18). $18.95.
Men's sizes Small(34-36), Medium(38-40), Large(42-44), Extra-large(46-48). $19.95
Shipping, add 50¢ each. *Send for free catalog.*

THE TOG SHOP Lester Square
Americus, Ga. 31709



MAGIC NEEDLE brings you the Stitch-Whiz Cat. This lovable cat, 16"x12", will make you a whiz at pattern stitches. Stitch-Whiz Cat is beautifully hand-painted on 14 count mono-canvas and can be finished as a shaped pillow. Completely kitted with a needle, Paternayan persian yarn and complete instructions. Price is $28.50 each kit, plus $1.00 for postage and handling. (Ill. residents please add 5% tax.) Catalog available with 28 stitch instructions and alphabet charts, $2.50.

MAGIC NEEDLE
44 Green Bay Road
Winnetka, Illinois 60093

Casey's
Sup at Casey's and Come Home to Great French Food
Lunch and Weekend Brunch Dinner
(six to Midnight)
142 West 10th Street
255-5382

simultaneously. The citizen listening to him describe how it was necessary to defy the Soviet regime in Vietnam so that he could drink toasts with the Soviet regime in Moscow had no way of guessing whether the world was heading toward expanded war or toward peace. The President seemed to point the country in both directions at once. Like the pronouncements of an oracle, his statements had become susceptible of infinite varieties of interpretation. To most politicians, self-contradiction is politically harmful. President Nixon had turned self-contradiction to his advantage. The power to defy common sense, like the power to erase his own past actions and statements from memory, had apparently become one more of the multiplying privileges of his office.

ON May 1st, the northern defenses of South Vietnam cracked. The top officers and American advisers of the division holding the northern city of Quang Tri abandoned their troops in helicopters, and the troops threw down their weapons and ran south to the city of Hué, which they proceeded to loot and terrorize. In their wake came American B-52s, atomizing the landscape. Refugees were streaming along highways through much of the country. A complete collapse of the South Vietnamese Army seemed possible.

The next day, F.B.I. Director J. Edgar Hoover died. The days that followed were a complex period in the history of the White House undercover group. In a press release on the day of Hoover's death, the President had said, "Mr. Hoover was never a man to run away from a fight." Having fought a fierce, hidden war with Hoover over the so-called Huston plan and the summaries of the Administration's warrantless wiretaps, among other things, he had good reason to know. Two days after Hoover's death, the President stood near the flag-draped coffin of his former adversary in the National Presbyterian Church, in Washington. His manner was strangely defiant and his words strangely harsh for a eulogy. He used the occasion to assail the supposed philosophy of his opposition. "The trend of permissiveness in this country, a trend which Edgar Hoover fought against all of his life, a trend which has dangerously eroded our national heritage as a law-abiding people, is now being reversed," he said. And he said, "The American people today are tired of disorder, disruption, and disrespect for law. America wants to come back to the law as a way of life."

The day before the President de-

How the English keep dry.
GORDON'S
DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN
THE HEART OF A GOOD COCKTAIL
Gordon's® Gin.
Largest seller in England, America, the world.
PRODUCT OF U.S.A. 100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. 86 PROOF. GORDON'S DRY GIN CO., LTD., LINDEN, N.J.

Beautiful Belgium welcomes you with a Bonus worth $260*

Be our guest in Belgium where Europe begins, for free hotel nights, coupons good for superb dining, 300 free km. on an Avis car, 50% off on 6 rail tickets, free night at the opera or ballet, discounts on sightseeing tours, free admissions to museums . . . and much, much more. 37 Belgium's Bonus Days treats in all, worth over $260. It's our way of saying "welcome" to 7 extraordinary cities, rich in art and architectural treasures: Cosmopolitan Brussels, hub of Europe with its Grand 'Place dating from the Renaissance . . . Golden Antwerp, world's 3rd busiest port . . . Romantic, medieval Bruges . . . Ghent, city of flowers and castles . . . Liege, with its wealth of churches, museums and craftsmanship . . . Namur, gateway to the Ardennes, with its famous casino . . . Regal Tournai, home of the great pre-Gothic five-towered Cathedral. It's so easy for residents of the U.S. or Canada to qualify for the bountiful bonus offers. Just make Brussels your first (or last) stop on a direct, scheduled trans-Atlantic flight. Full details are in the beautiful full-color brochure Europe Begins in Belgium with a Bonus, complete with map and valuable Certificate.
Ask your travel agent for a free copy or mail coupon today.

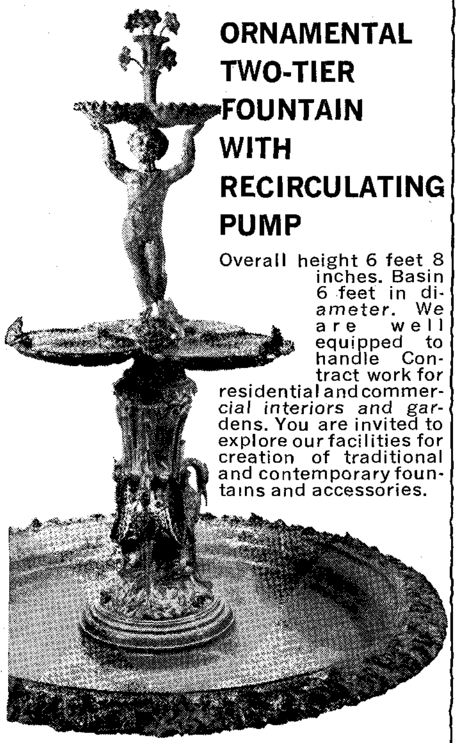
BELGIUM'S BONUS DAYS

*Dollar value based on rate of exchange of 38BF per US $1 current at time program was established, subject to fluctuations which may occur during validity period (April 1, 1975 to March 31, 1976).

Mail to: BELGIAN NATIONAL TOURIST OFFICE NY 6/23
720 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, NEW YORK, 10019
Please send me your new, colorful, free brochure "Europe Begins in Belgium With a Bonus Worth More Than $260."

NAME__________ ADDRESS__________

CITY__________ STATE__________ ZIP__________



ORNAMENTAL TWO-TIER FOUNTAIN WITH RECIRCULATING PUMP

Overall height 6 feet 8 inches. Basin 6 feet in diameter. We are well equipped to handle Contract work for residential and commercial interiors and gardens. You are invited to explore our facilities for creation of traditional and contemporary fountains and accessories.

Visit our Galleries. Send 50¢ stamps-coin for our 40 page illustrated Catalogue.

The FLORENTINE CRAFTSMEN Inc.
650-654 FIRST AVE. (37th St.) NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016
Phone LExington 2-3926

CHEF LINDNER WANTS YOU.

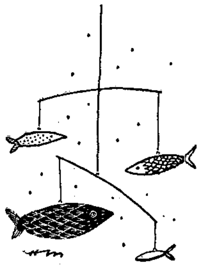
As a Mills Hyatt House guest you'll receive every ounce of attentive, personalized service our Chef Peter Lindner and the rest of our experienced staff can provide. Because Chef Lindner wants you comfortable, relaxed, and satisfied in every way. At the Mills Hyatt, every guest is our most important. Come experience the Antebellum elegance that's the heart of the Mills Hyatt House...in the heart of historic Charleston.

800-228-9000 gets you Hyatt worldwide.

The MILLS HYATT HOUSE
Meeting & Queen Sts., Charleston, S.C. 29401

1817 House
Woods, Meadows, Brooks
Berkshire foothills, Massachusetts. Restored, historic, winterized, ten rooms, two baths, guest cottage and bath; forty-seven acres. $80,000. More woods available.
Elisabeth Linscott
RFD, Williamsburg, Mass. 01096

livered his eulogy, a White House mugging squad arrived at the foot of the Capitol steps, where Daniel Ellsberg was speaking to a group of antiwar demonstrators. The new squad was made up of members of the team that had been put together by E. Howard Hunt to burglarize the office of Ellsberg's psychiatrist. Its task this time was to beat up Ellsberg. The squad's leader, Bernard Barker, told his men, "Our mission is to hit him—to call him a traitor and punch him in the nose. Hit him and run." In the event, members of the squad attacked some of the people listening to Ellsberg but were stopped by the police before they could reach Ellsberg himself. It had, of course, been in part Hoover's reluctance to "nail" Ellsberg in the manner desired by the Administration that had led the President to set up the ad-hoc team to destroy Ellsberg. Now a truculent President was standing over the Director's coffin urging a return to "the law as a way of life."



FOR a week, the world awaited the President's next moves in the war. " 'What will he do?' they ask from one end of the country to the other," Max Frankel wrote in the *Times* on May 7th, in an article titled "No One Knows What He Might Do." Frankel continued, "The President who wanted to be respected for his calculated fury in the face of adversity has indeed inspired that kind of respect—and a good measure of fear as well—at least among his own people. The fear was so intense that even the regular voices of protest were muted." The next day—May 8th—the President revealed, in a televised address to the nation, what he would do. He would mine the entrances to the ports of North Vietnam against all shipping, including Russian and Chinese shipping, and would also bomb the railroad lines that connected North Vietnam and China. The mines, he said, were being seeded in North Vietnamese waters even as he spoke. The structure of peace seemed to have disappeared. The President-as-peacemaker was hiding his face, and the President-as-wartime-leader was before the nation. His speech was in the mold of his address on the invasion of Cambodia. The words were filled with anger. He said he was taking "decisive military action." He called the North Vietnamese "international outlaws." He accused them of having shelled South Vietnamese cities in "wanton disregard of human life." They had met peace overtures from the United States "with insolence and insult," he said.

The mining was the first frontal challenge of one nuclear power by another since the Cuban missile crisis. The war, which only a few months earlier was supposed not to "distract us" any longer from the President's "global diplomacy," had now expanded—for the first time in its long history—to a point where it threatened to escalate into world war. At the time of the invasion of Cambodia, the President had wondered aloud whether history would give him the opportunity to make a "great decision" in the Oval Office. Now he seemed to have concluded that the opportunity had come. At the time of the invasion, he had said that the nation was undergoing a testing that would be crucial in the event of a "real" crisis—apparently meaning a crisis at the brink of nuclear war with another great power. Now the real crisis seemed to be here. In the spring of 1970, the dying war had been parlayed into a national political convulsion. In the spring of 1971, when war issues had penetrated to the courts in the Calley case, the Mayday case, the case of the Vietnam Veterans Against the War, and the Pentagon Papers case, it had precipitated a legal crisis, and had given birth to, among other things, the White House undercover group. Now, in the spring of 1972, the war, still dying its long-drawn-out death, had been parlayed into an international convulsion.

A hush fell as the shadow of nuclear war passed over the world. In the United States, the voices of public opinion were, for the most part, stilled. From Moscow there was no decisive word for several days. In one quarter, however, a loud clamor arose, all of it in support of the President's action. The White House undercover group was temporarily diverted from its efforts to undermine the Presidential election and directed to get to work fabricating public approval of the mining. Just before the President's speech, E. Howard Hunt alerted the chief of his undercover squad and told him to collect signatures for telegrams of support to the White House. Charles Colson, using a White House apparatus for placing spurious advertisements in the press, ran an ad in the *Times* titled "The People vs. the New York *Times*" and taking the *Times* to task for an editorial critical of the mining.

The advertisement did not say so, but "The People" in this case were the people in the White House. Over at the Committee for the Re-Election of the President, part of the staff was put to work sending in thousands of fraudulent "votes" to an informal television poll of public reaction to the mining. Donald Segretti got in touch with a number of his saboteurs in Florida and ordered them to stop harassing the Democrats long enough to send in messages of support. When all the instructions had gone out, just about every spy, saboteur, con man, extortionist, forger, impostor, informer, burglar, mugger, and bagman—for that, astonishingly, is what they were—in the employ of the White House was at work manufacturing the appearance of public support for the President.

Three days after the President's speech, there was a signal that the Soviet Union would not challenge the mining of the ports, and that the global aspect of the crisis was passing: In Moscow, on May 11th, a denunciation of the mining was issued, but the same day two Soviet officials in Washington visited President Nixon at the White House, and the three men, together with Kissinger, Secretary of Commerce Peter Peterson, and a Presidential aide, Peter Flanigan, were photographed smiling broadly. One of the Soviet officials was Anatoly Dobrynin, the Russian Ambassador to the United States, and the other was Nikolai Patolichev, the Soviet Minister of Foreign Trade. The President had an excellent reason for smiling, which the public could easily deduce: the White House meeting seemed to mean that the Russians not only would acquiesce in the mining but would go ahead with the summit while the mining was still on. The smiles on the faces of the Soviet officials were harder to understand, since their country had just suffered what much of the world might interpret as an international humiliation. (The public, naturally, had no knowledge of the speech that Kissinger had made to the Russians, in which he apparently linked trade agreements with a favorable outcome in Vietnam and linked a favorable outcome in Vietnam with the President's reëlection.) But the Ambassador and the Foreign Trade Minister had their reasons for smiling. In recent months, the Soviet Union had experienced widespread crop failures and now faced the prospect of food shortages, but now the Foreign Trade Minister was in the midst of arranging to buy fully one-quarter of the American wheat crop, at favorable prices; and he was also arranging to

Make a date with M.S. Mermoz.

For a Caribbean Cruise to the Land of the Maya.

Take 12 days this fall. Or take 14 days this winter.

And take an M. S. Mermoz cruise to the romantic islands of the Caribbean and the mysterious world of the ancient Mayas.

You can see it in all its glory, from the Castillo of Chichen Itza to the stone carvings of Quirigua, from the sky-scraping temples of Tikal to the astronomical wonders of Copan.

And along the way, M. S. Mermoz will introduce you to a friendly world of continental cuisine and complimentary wines that's as French as France and as warm as the Riviera.

So take your choice of five 12-day Fall cruises starting October 20, and seven 14-day Winter cruises starting December 20, from Port Everglades, Florida.

And for all the details, consult your Travel Agent. Or Paquet Cruises, Inc. 1370 Avenue of the Americas. New York 10019. (212) 757-9050.

M.S. Mermoz is registered in France.

Paquét puts the French accent on cruises.

PAQUÉT FRENCH CRUISES

Koi

A WHOLE SCHOOL OF CHARMING ORIENTAL CARP ON A STYLIZED SEA • A VERY SMART AND DECORATIVE BACKGROUND

For exciting decorating ideas see **Koi** and the other 21 designs in the Folio Collection at your interior designer or wallcovering studio. Send 50¢ for samples of **Koi** or $1 for samples plus new **Folio Brochure** to:
4000-KK CHEVY CHASE DR., LOS ANGELES 90039

Albert Van Luit & Co.
WALLCOVERINGS

FROM VIKKI AT MAKAHA BEACH HAWAII

Genuine Rice Bag Casual Shirt

$22.50

Short or long sleeve, button or pull-over

Hand-made from genuine rice bags. 100% cotton. Soft wheat color. Original rice bag copy and symbols in red, blue, yellow, and black. Full cut. Wooden buttons. Rice bags pre-faded prior to tailoring.

Sizes: S (34-36) M (38-40) L (42-44) XL (46-48)

Complete line of Rice Bag apparel Includes men's shirts, slacks, shorts, women's mumus, dresses, bikinis, bandanas, beach bags, purses, sun hats and more.

Mail order to: Vikki At Makaha Beach Hawaii NY-1
84-475 Farrington Highway
Makaha Beach, Hawaii 96792

name ____________

address ____________

city ________ state ______ zip ______

Check, money order, no C.O.D.'s or charge to my:
☐ BankAmericard or ☐ Master Charge

item ________ quantity ________ size ______

☐ Send free catalogue & fabric sample. On orders, add $2 ship., hdlg. Hawaiian residents add 4% sales tax.

Chipp

Clothiers Furnishers

Hand Sewns

Sizes: 6 to 13
Widths: B to E
$29.

CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP

Hand-sewn front moccasin molds to your feet, assuring a smooth, foot-hugging fit. Burnished Brown leather with flexible leather soles

Shown: The "Tasseler"

Other handsewn moccasin styles in Black and Brown

(MAIL ORDERS WELCOME) Phone: (212) 687-6818

Add $1 for delivery. N.Y. State add applicable tax.

7 EAST 44TH ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017

A Great American Inn.

On the doorstep of history, with 60 modern rooms, and our new Merchant's Row dining room, we can be very accommodating.

The Colonial Inn

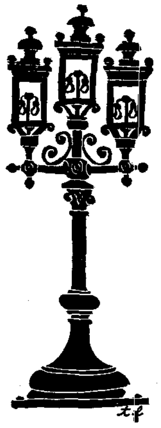
on the Green – Concord, Mass. 01742
David N. Benoit, Mgr. (617) 369-9200
A Grimes Family Operation

buy a wide variety of Western manufactured goods, including tractors, that were unavailable in Russia.

In Vietnam, American pilots were killing and being killed to prevent Soviet supplies from getting through to the North Vietnamese, but in Washington the government was arranging the sale of tremendous amounts of American goods to the Soviet Union. The draft of Kissinger's speech had had him telling the Russians that he was not asking them to "pay a price" for trade agreements but that it was "an objective fact" that some accommodation would have to be reached. The Russians now were acting as though they were willing to recognize this "objective fact." The shape of détente was such that while the troops were dying in the field the generals were striking deals in the conference room. The Soviet Union and the United States had become enemies and partners at the same time. While it cannot be known to what extent the Russians may have been induced to overlook the events in Indo-China by the hope of trade advantages, a "confrontation" unquestionably appears in a different light when the principals are engaging in large trade deals on the side. For to whatever extent the Soviet Union softened its response to the mining in the hope of obtaining tractors and wheat, it can be said that to that extent the Soviet Union was a party to the American mining of Vietnam, rather than its victim. To that extent, the Russians allowed President Nixon his mining, and allowed him to work his will in Vietnam with the B-52s, in exchange for advantages to themselves. And since the President's public posture was one of belligerent defiance, it can be said that to that extent, too, the mining was a piece of theatre played before the world—including, of course, the American electorate. The drama was meant to show the President protecting the authority of his office, and no less an actor than the Soviet Union had been engaged, at no mean cost, to play a supporting role. Of all the scenarios to be put together by the White House, this one was the broadest: it encompassed the world. In another scene in the same drama, the White House secret operatives had been engaged to play the role of the American public. In other words, the crisis, dangerous as it was, was not, after all, *quite* the "real" crisis that the President had spoken of in his speech announcing the invasion of Cambodia. It was a little bit unreal.

The advantages won by each side in the crucial first weeks of May, in which détente and confrontation seemed to be gathering momentum with equal velocity, showed something about the differences between the two major powers. The United States, a democracy, in which power is won through public approval, was willing to pay in solid goods to protect appearances—to protect its credibility. The Soviet Union, a totalitarian dictatorship, was willing to pay in credibility to get goods. We wanted "respect." The Russians wanted tractors and wheat. Here was the basis for a deal.

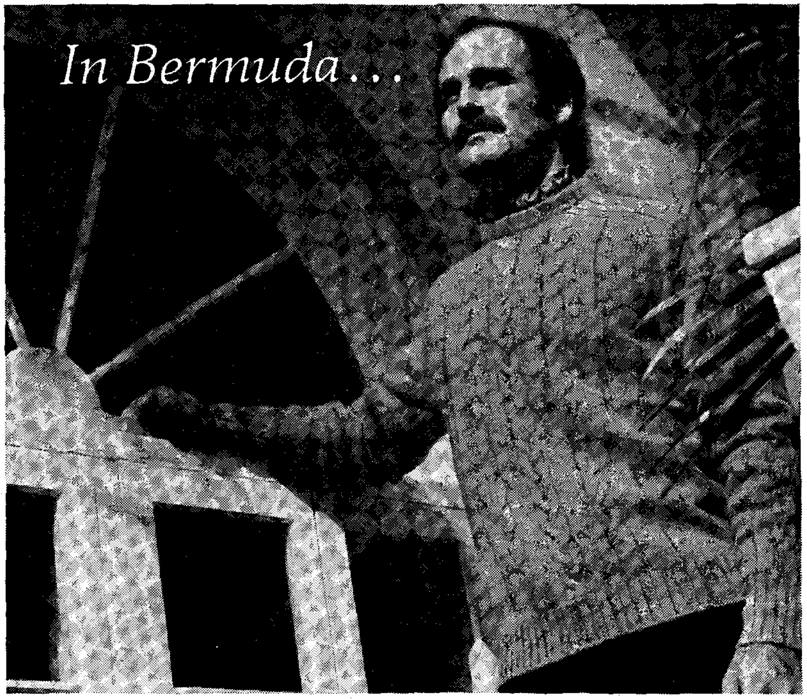
A NEW field of political action, more spacious than any known to the world before, had opened up before the Nixon Administration: the bargaining table of détente. At this table, the question of human survival in the nuclear age, the question of the survival of nations around the world which might be linked in some way to either of the two superpowers, the question of economic relations between the superpowers, and the question of the political survival of the participating regimes were placed on a single agenda. No longer could any one of these questions be considered separately. All were now to be weighed in a single balance.



Here was linkage of unprecedented breadth. In the thinking on the American side of the bargaining table, at least, the survival of man was linked with the survival of South Vietnam, and the survival of both was linked with the political survival of President Nixon. In this thinking, too, North Vietnam, the Soviet Union, and President Nixon's domestic "enemies" were all linked in an opposing network, with the astonishing consequence that in the Administration's view an intervention by North Vietnam in the affairs of South Vietnam was to be read as an intervention by the Soviet Union in an American election. Surprising as such a conclusion might seem, it flowed naturally from the thinking that had prevailed in the highest circles of the Nixon Administration from its first days. The Administration had concluded long since that the domestic opposition it faced was as great a menace to national security as any foreign foe. In fact, in the matter of the Vietnam war President Nixon had stated that the domestic opposition was an even more dangerous foe than the foreign one.

(Only Americans could "defeat or humiliate" the United States, he had said.) It was just a small step from this view to the view that the foreign foe represented a domestic threat. In the Nixonian scheme, political self-interest and the national interest were melded at the summit no less than anywhere else. Formerly, an aura of selflessness and virtue had surrounded most schemes of "international coöperation," as though when it came to setting up an international order only the most high-minded aspirations could be expected to enter in. In practice, however, when any two regimes met under conditions of near-perfect secrecy they did not leave their ruthlessness, self-interest, and greed behind; the association held opportunities not only for mankind but for the domestic political interests of each regime. The international order, like any political order, was no more high-minded than the regimes participating in it. In these early, tentative, groping moments of détente, it was difficult to judge just what the implications would be over the long run for American domestic affairs, but from the first it was plain that new burdens would be placed on the American Constitutional system. For one thing, the new field of action gave President Nixon new opportunities for the arbitrary exercise of his swollen powers. No Presidential powers were greater than the ones exercised at the bargaining table of détente, none required a higher degree of centralized control, and none were wielded in deeper secrecy. For another thing, no objective was more compelling than the one that provided détente with its overriding justification—human survival. Already, President Nixon had put his undercover operators to work defending the "structure of peace" against various supposed challenges on the home front, and already his aides were convinced that even the slightest interference with any aspect of that structure by the domestic opposition might bring the whole structure tumbling down. And in the Soviet Union, where domestic political opposition was well under control, the regime was beginning to say that the few dissidents who did dare to speak up were guilty of harming détente.

None of this is to say that President Nixon had made a decision to subordinate the cause of human survival to the cause of his personal political survival. Rather, he appeared to have decided that the two causes were one. To an outsider, it might seem baffling and contradictory that the President should make peace with the Russians at the same time he was stepping up the

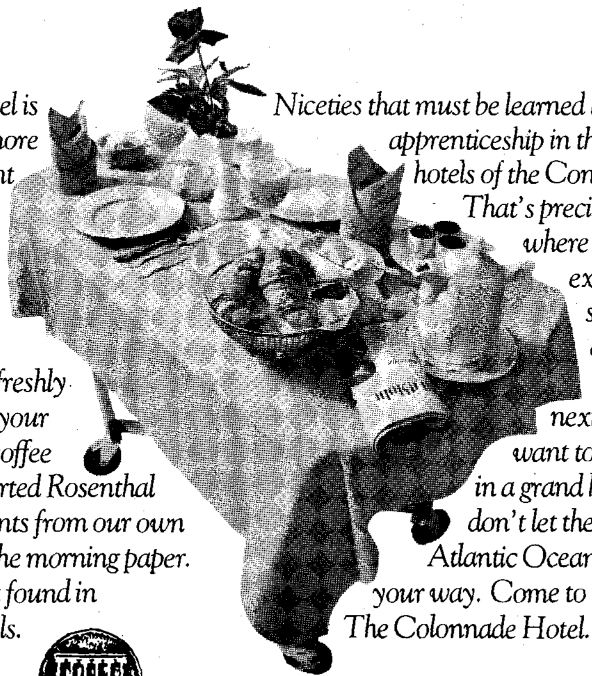


PHOTOGRAPHED AT WATERLOO HOUSE

. . . we are known as
Sweater Smith's

H. A. & E. SMITH LTD. • HAMILTON, BERMUDA

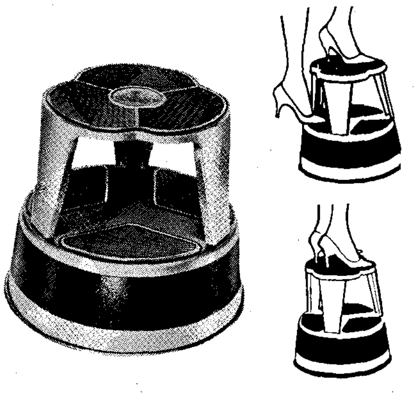
Boston's Colonnade Hotel.
Only the Atlantic separates us from the other grand hotels.



A grand hotel is much, much more than just elegant surroundings. It's a spirit. A dedication to tradition and to details. Details like freshly cut flowers on your room tray. A coffee service of imported Rosenthal china. Croissants from our own pastry shop. The morning paper. Niceties not found in American hotels.

Niceties that must be learned by a long apprenticeship in the grand hotels of the Continent. That's precisely where our executive staff was educated. So the next time you want to stay in a grand hotel, don't let the Atlantic Ocean get in your way. Come to The Colonnade Hotel.

The Colonnade Hotel
120 Huntington Avenue, Boston, Massachusetts 02116
Opposite the Prudential Center, Mass. Turnpike Exit 22. For reservations, phone: 800-323-1776



Kick-Step Stool

Kick to where you need it. Rolls easily. Step or sit on it and the spring mounted casters retract. The stool "locks" to the floor then and cannot move. Safe and rigid. Useful for reaching ceiling height or sitting and working low. Fine quality, steel frame, rubber treads on platform, protective bumper. 14" high. **Satisfaction Guaranteed or Your Money Back.** ☐ **$27 ea.** ☐ **2 for $52 — postpaid. 6% sales tax in California.**
☐ Black ☐ White ☐ Beige ☐ Silver

Name
Address
Zip
☐ Check Encl. ☐ BofA ☐ Am. Ex.
Acct. No.

J. D. Browne Ghirardelli Square
900 Northpoint • San Francisco • Ca. 94109

If you can't be a house guest in Bucks County, be ours.

The 1740 House is a country Inn—worthy of special note because of the stout determination of the hosts to give visitors a place to stay that is quiet, charming and memorable. We'll be glad to send you our brochure and driving directions.

1740 HOUSE

LUMBERVILLE, PA. 18933 BUCKS COUNTY
Tel.: 215-297-5661

Árboles D'oro

What to do with the Summer? ARBOLES D'ORO, inc. (established 1969) offers 3 to 10 weeks of Horse-Oriented Training — RIDE AMERICA'S TRAILS. Learn by Doing. College Credits available. *Write for our Current Catalogue.* A.D.O. Box 126, Conifer Colorado, RR 1, 80433.

TRAMP TRIPS
1975 TRIP LOG GUIDE

Our well-known guide to reliable passenger freighters departing from U.S. ports gives rates, dates and a description of ships. Est. 1932. For your copy send $2 or $7.50 for 5yr. subscription.
AIR & MARINE TRAVEL LOG.
501 Madison Ave., N.Y. 10022

struggle against the Vietnamese and his own countrymen, but in the full context of his global strategy these apparently clashing policies were reconciled. Moreover, they were continuous with the policy that had prevailed before the period of détente. In Administration thinking, they converged upon a strategy for national and human survival which was of long standing. The strategy of limited war, which had given rise to the war in Vietnam, had grown out of an early attempt by Kissinger and other theorists to come to grips with the problem of nuclear weapons. The thought had been that since the United States could not fight the Soviet Union directly at the brink, it would carry the war to the enemy in indirect ways and on lower levels of violence by fighting limited wars. The policy involved an exchange. The imperative of preserving world peace in the nuclear age would find expression in a policy of coexistence in the nation's direct relations with the Soviet Union, while the imperative of battling Communism would be given free scope on the level of limited war. One might say that the plan was to pay for nuclear peace with limited war. President Nixon's present policy of combining a strategy of détente at the summit level with a strategy of confrontation in Vietnam was only an extension of this earlier policy. Once again, a move toward peace at the brink was compensated for by an intensification of hostilities in the fringe areas of relations between the two powers. To an outsider, it might seem that a time of improved relations with the Soviet Union would be the logical moment to reduce the American commitment in Vietnam. In Administration thinking, the case was just the opposite. A relaxation of tension at the summit required, if anything, increased militancy in other parts of the world. Otherwise, the Soviet Union might place the wrong construction on détente: Soviet leaders might construe America's willingness to negotiate at the summit as weakness. Thus, the crucial appearance of toughness would be diminished, and credibility would be lost. The Russians would decide that the United States was truly a pitiful, helpless giant, and would decide that, as President Nixon put it to some congressmen a few months later in defending the mining, the United States wasn't "worth talking to." The President wouldn't get "respect," or even "deserve" it. The same logic applied to hostilities in the domestic sphere. In their way, the domestic wars were also limited wars. Within the United States, too, as President Nixon had tirelessly pointed out, Presidential credibility was at stake. And if the President could not allow appearances of weakness to develop in Vietnam, nine thousand miles away, still less could he allow them to develop at home.

ON May 15th, as the nation waited to hear whether the summit talks would definitely take place, Governor Wallace was shot by an assassin, and was left paralyzed. Startling and horrifying events were piling up too fast for many people. "It's getting so that you don't know what's going to happen in our country anymore in politics," Hubert Humphrey remarked when he heard the news about Wallace. In the White House undercover group, there were immediate stirrings. The morning after the assassination, Charles Colson suggested to Hunt that he go to Milwaukee, Wisconsin, the home of the assassin—a young man named Arthur Bremer—to see what he could find out; then he withdrew the suggestion.

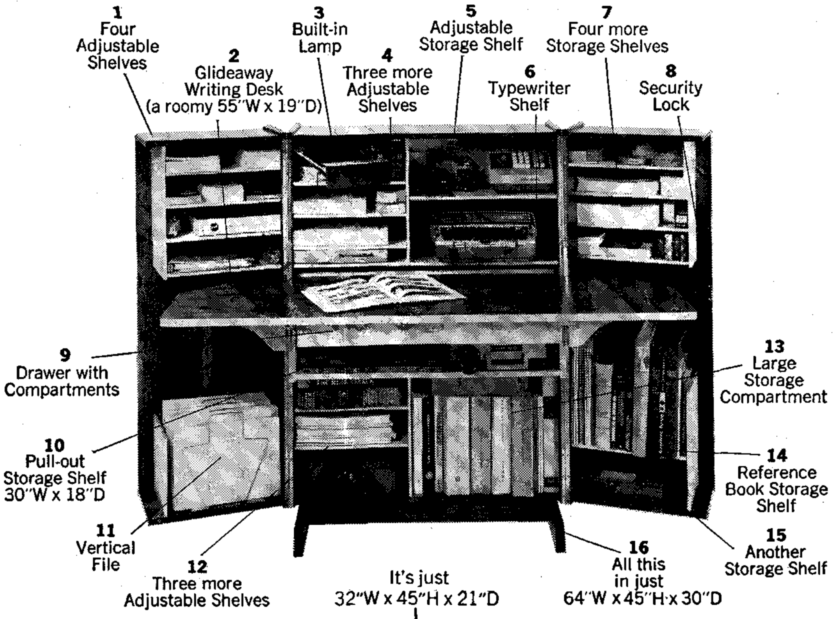
BEFORE long, it became clear that the summit talks would go forward despite the mining of the North Vietnam ports, and on May 22nd the President arrived in Moscow. In the course of the talks, an array of agreements was signed, including an agreement to establish a commission to encourage trade between the two countries. (In July, the United States agreed to sell the Soviet Union at least seven hundred and fifty million dollars' worth of American wheat and other grains over a three-year period.) But the most important were the Strategic Arms Limitation agreements. They were the fruit of five full years of negotiations, which had been started by President Johnson and carried forward under President Nixon. They fixed a limit on the quantity, although not on the quality, of some of the nuclear-weapons delivery systems which each side would be allowed to possess. The agreements were the first of their kind. They were the cement binding the two great powers together at the most fundamental level, and, as such, constituted the most substantial justification for the claim the President was making that the new structure he was building at home and abroad was in fact a structure of peace.

New miracles of television coverage were performed, still more wonderful than the ones in Peking. On May 28th, the President addressed the Russian people and the American people simultaneously. In some of his remarks, he seemed to imply that the entire world was at peace. Yet during the President's visit to Russia the obstruction of Russian ships in North Vietnam continued. The United States and the Soviet Union remained at the brink in Vietnam. The world had been brought simultaneously to the brink and to the summit. The logic of the Cold War and the logic of détente had been carried to their extremes at the same time. However, if in announcing the mining the President had relied on the language of the Cold War, now that he was in Moscow he reverted to the language of détente. The wartime President asking his people for support in the battle against a ruthless and determined foe had given way once more to the peacetime President engaged in friendly negotiations with that same foe. "America's flag flies high over the ancient Kremlin fortress," he said. In the vision of world affairs put forward by the President in Moscow, the Vietnam war had again disappeared altogether. He told a story about a little Russian girl named Tanya, whose family had been killed, one by one, in the course of the siege of Leningrad during the Second World War. "As we work toward a more peaceful world," the President said, "let us do all that we can to insure that no other children will have to endure what Tanya did, and that your children and ours—and all the children of the world—can live their full lives together in friendship and in peace." While he spoke, of course, the heaviest bombing campaign in the history of warfare was being carried on by American planes in Vietnam.

ON the night of the President's speech in Moscow, members of the White House burglary squad broke into the headquarters of the Democratic National Committee, in the Watergate office building, in Washington. They photographed documents and installed two wiretaps. They were carrying out the first stage of G. Gordon Liddy's Gemstone plan. That night, they reconnoitred the headquarters of the McGovern campaign, hoping to install wiretaps there, too, but there was activity in the offices, and they were deterred. This was one of several such visits that the burglary squad made to the McGovern headquarters, and on one of those missions Gordon Liddy, who was armed, shot out a street light for no particular reason.

ON June 1st, the President made a triumphal return to the United States. He arrived at Andrews Air Force Base, near Washington, during prime television time. From the

We'll pay you $50 to get organized by July 31.


1 Four Adjustable Shelves
2 Glideaway Writing Desk (a roomy 55"W x 19"D)
3 Built-in Lamp
4 Three more Adjustable Shelves
5 Adjustable Storage Shelf
6 Typewriter Shelf
7 Four more Storage Shelves
8 Security Lock
9 Drawer with Compartments
10 Pull-out Storage Shelf 30"W x 18"D
11 Vertical File
12 Three more Adjustable Shelves
13 Large Storage Compartment
14 Reference Book Storage Shelf
15 Another Storage Shelf
16 All this in just 64"W x 45"H x 30"D
It's just 32"W x 45"H x 21"D

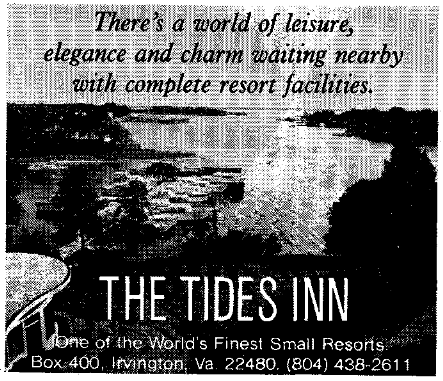
Order The Organizer during this sale and save $50. And a lot more. At first glance The Organizer is a handsome cabinet, but open it and you'll find everything you need to get down to business. This ingenious piece of furniture is designed so you get more work done in less space. It gives you a place to organize things, and know they'll be there when you need them. And thanks to its fine Norwegian craftsmanship, it fits beautifully into your living room, den, bedroom or wherever you like to work. The Organizer comes in three dramatically grained woods...Teak, Walnut and Rosewood. And if you order now you get it for only $395, (Rosewood $445). That's $50 less than it costs regularly. (Usually tax deductible.) Same 60-day, money-back guarantee. If you can't come in to see The Organizer, order by mail or phone 212 355-3160. Or ask for color brochure No. Y0623-5
It'll be a long time before you get another chance like this.

GREATWOOD
Greatwood Products, Inc.
800 Third Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022 (212) 355-3160
101 S. Robertson Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal. 90048 (213) 273-5007

☐ Please send me The Organizer at special sale price.
☐ Walnut—$395 ☐ Teak—$395 ☐ Rosewood—$445
plus $25 for delivery anywhere in continental U.S.
Check enclosed $________
Charge to: ☐ Master Charge ☐ BankAmericard
☐ American Express
Acct. No.________ Exp. Date________
Name________
Address________
City________ State________ Zip________
Telephone Number________
N.Y. & Cal. residents add applicable sales tax. Y0623-5

BERKSHIRE LAND BARGAIN
$5,900
5 acres of beautiful Berkshire land. Brook, stone walls. Located on Town Road. Good views. 20% down. Bal. can be financed for 7 yrs. New England Realty, Adams Road, Williamstown, Mass. 413-458-8371

Antique and Contemporary
PAPERWEIGHTS
Our illustrated catalogue & price guide for collectors is now available in full color. $3.00.
407 Cliff St.
Suite 26
L.H. Selman Ltd.
Santa Cruz,
CA 95060


There's a world of leisure, elegance and charm waiting nearby with complete resort facilities.
THE TIDES INN
One of the World's Finest Small Resorts.
Box 400, Irvington, Va. 22480. (804) 438-2611

We've minted a great gift

Everyone treasures a long, cool sip come summer. Iced tea, lemonade, mint juleps—everything tastes better in our green mint plant designed glasses that are dishwasher safe. For your house or theirs, 15 ounces, set of 6, $12. Exclusively ours, Guest and Gift Collections. 611 Fifth Avenue, New York, and all stores. Please add 1.25 for handling mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.

Saks Fifth Avenue

7 miles at sea . . . an island of pleasure

The Storybook Island of Martha's Vineyard

A delightful resort overlooking picturesque Edgartown Harbor. Sun and swim in our outdoor pool. Sail or fish in our fleet of pleasure boats. Golf and tennis nearby. Famous *Navigator Restaurant* and *Boathouse Bar*. TV in every room.

Season May to October.

For Color Brochure or Reservations

Tel. (617) 627-4321

Harborside Inn

EDGARTOWN, MASS. 02539

EXCEPTIONAL FOOD & WINE

The COACH HOUSE

110 WAVERLY PLACE, N.Y.C. • 777-0303
777-0349

airport he proceeded by helicopter to Capitol Hill. Television cameras were waiting to catch the first glimpses of the Presidential helicopter in the night gloom, and to watch it settle, roaring, beside the porches of the Capitol, and to follow the President's progress as he alighted and walked up the brilliantly illumined Capitol steps. Within, the assembled Houses of Congress—and more television cameras—awaited him. As he entered the House Chamber, the members rose, and the tumult of their applause resounded throughout the nation.

IN the spring of 1972, the President had placed the staggering manifold powers of the modern Presidency on lavish display. The emblems of his newfound authority were the television eye and the hydrogen bomb. On a moment's notice, he could make himself visible to the whole world or he could blow up the whole world. At his bidding, immense, clamorous events—wars abroad, "anarchy" at home—would appear before the public's view or suddenly disappear. When he gave an order, cities were shattered on the other side of the globe. The vagaries of his moods were translated into global atmospheric conditions. His activities were mysterious: half he held in total secrecy, the other half he explained in paradoxes and conundrums. Under his guidance, the world could be brought simultaneously to the threshold of a "generation of peace" and to the brink of annihilation.

Meanwhile, Senator Muskie, Senator Humphrey, Senator McGovern, Senator Jackson, Governor Wallace, Mayor John Lindsay, Mayor Sam Yorty, Representative Shirley Chisholm, and Representative Wilbur Mills, among the Democratic Presidential candidates, competed for votes, and for coverage on local news programs, in Manchester, New Hampshire; Tampa, Florida; and Racine, Wisconsin. While the President resided in the near-transcendental realm of the summits in Peking and Moscow, and under the very eye of world television, the Democrats were racing around in the trivialized realm of domestic politics, which the President had carefully sown with division. Measured against the awe-inspiring figure in Peking, the Democrats were tiny, frantic, all but inaudible figures. Their voices did not carry in the atmosphere created by the President. Natural campaign issues fell into their laps, but they were unable or unwilling to make good use of them. In May, the war that was supposed to have ended four years earlier had brought the country to the edge of a nuclear war, but even Senator McGovern, whose candidacy had been founded on his opposition to the war in Vietnam, found little to say about this. Instead, his followers' indignation at the war gave the impression of having been carried over from some event in the distant past. The Democratic Presidential campaigns had an air of remoteness from the wider national scene. No candidate seemed to possess whatever it is that enables a leader to fire men with fresh enthusiasm. Each seemed to be involved in a private dialogue with his own small band of adherents. Senator McGovern evoked passionate support from the anti-war movement. Senator Humphrey retained the loyalty of many black people and the leaders of organized labor. Governor Wallace attracted a constituency that was, in some undefined way, fearful, and angry at events of recent years. Each campaign was, in its own fashion, backward-looking. Even as the candidates travelled about the country, in the midst of crowds of people, each of them seemed to have sealed himself off from his surroundings, as though in preparation for solitary confinement in the White House. The campaign as a whole attracted minimal interest. The press often ran the campaign news on a separate page, or under a separate heading—"The 1972 Campaign," or some such—as though the campaign were not the national business but a subject of narrowly specialized interest, on the order of auto racing or stamp collecting. Reporters found the public mood to be one that combined boredom and revulsion, much like the mood during the congressional elections of 1970. But it was stronger now. Talk of "the lesser of two evils" and of politicians' all being "the same" was on everyone's lips. The polls showed that the public held almost all politicians and public institutions, including the press, in low repute. The public's self-seclusion from politics appeared to be deepening.

Nor was the ineffectuality of the Democratic challengers something anomalous on the national scene. If there was one thing in American politics as striking as the swelling power of the executive branch, it was the enervation of the democracy's other institutions. Congress was showing all the signs of a serious decline: loss of vigor, slowed reactions, impaired vision, paralysis, decomposition. The executive onslaught appeared not only to have cut back congressional powers but to have induced a loss of nerve throughout Congress. The perceived

Eggs. $60,000 a dozen.

The platinum egg.

To put things in. Like rings, or pills, or paper clips.

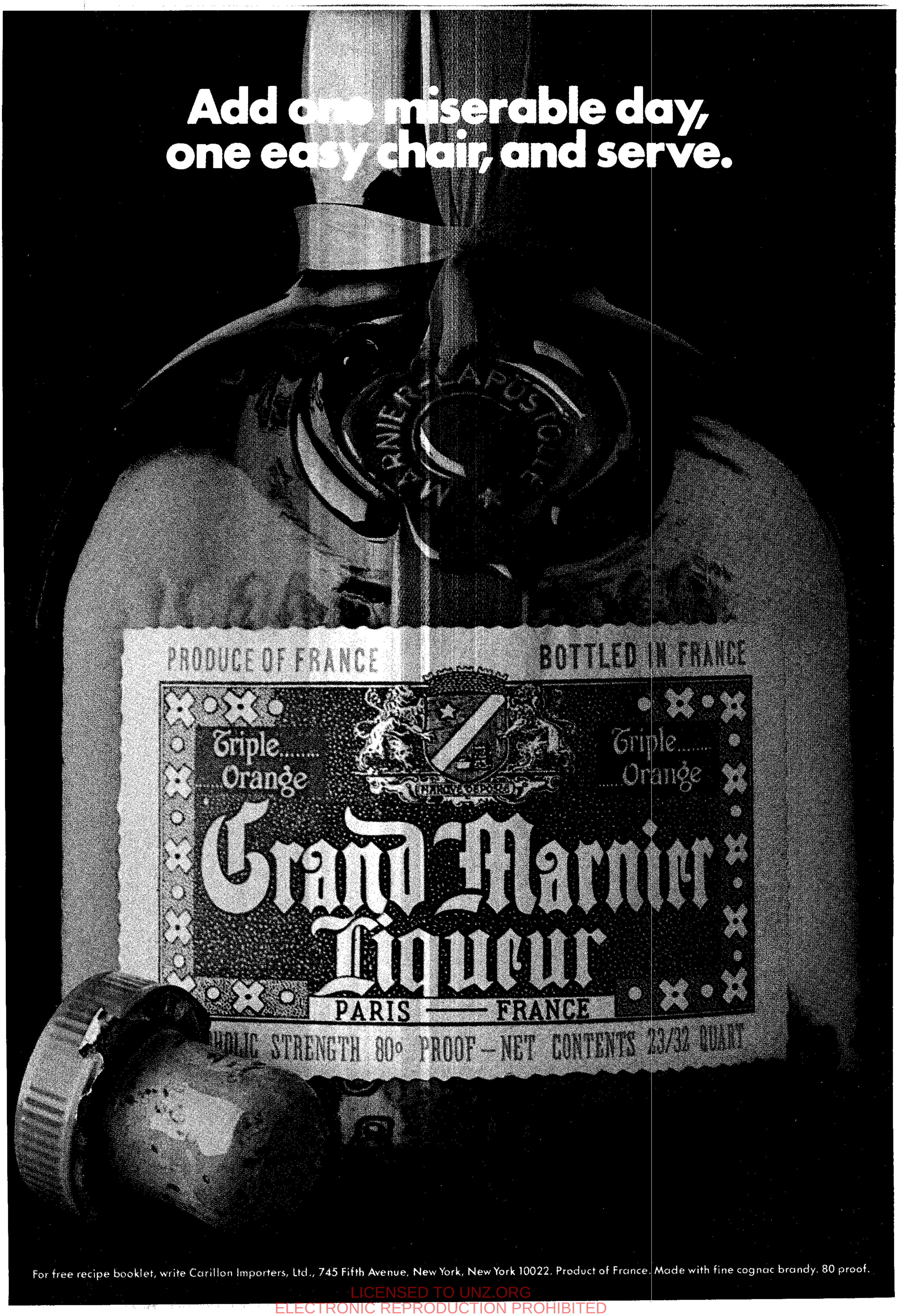
Or just to put someplace where it can sit around looking beautiful.

Platinum, for beautiful objects, because no other metal catches light the way platinum does. Or shines the way platinum does when it wants to.

Platinum, for something fragile like an egg. Because it won't break when you drop it. Or scratch, or nick, or chip. (Platinum isn't just the most beautiful metal you can buy, it's the purest and strongest of all the precious metals.)

The egg: stands on end, three inches high, hollow, with a twist-off top. $5,000 each, plus tax. May be special ordered from The Platinum Design Collection, 625 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Allow approximately three months for delivery. For a dozen, allow a little longer.

Platinum
625 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022


Add one miserable day,
one easy chair, and serve.
PRODUCE OF FRANCE
BOTTLED IN FRANCE
Triple Orange
Triple Orange
Grand Marnier
Liqueur
PARIS — FRANCE
HOLIC STRENGTH 80° PROOF — NET CONTENTS 23/32 QUART

For free recipe booklet, write Carillon Importers, Ltd., 745 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10022. Product of France. Made with fine cognac brandy. 80 proof.

loss of nerve invited further executive depredations, and it also invited public contempt, for although the public often sympathizes with an underdog, it wants to see him fight back, and generally despises a display of will-lessness. And loss of public support, of course, opened the way to still more executive depredation. Moreover, since each of the beset institutions depended to some degree on the strength of the others for its own strength (the Congress, for example, depended on a strong press to transmit its point of view to the public), whereas the executive branch stood alone, the weakening of one of the institutions tended to weaken all. Thus, weakness became endemic, and a contagion of worthlessness seemed to spread through the country's institutions.

The arena of democratic politics is a place for the free expression of ideas, but it must be more than that—it must also be the nation's place of decision. Under President Nixon, the public could plainly see that, express itself as it might, the fact was that the nation's fundamental decisions were being made far from that arena. They were being made in secret councils where the mysteries of national security and human survival in the nuclear age were guarded, and then they were being presented as *faits accomplis* by the President speaking on national television. Nor had the power of the vote proved an adequate recourse. For when the public elected a man to do one thing, he felt no hesitation, it seemed, in doing the exact opposite the moment he was elected. By 1972, the public realm as a whole had been robbed of its functions and degraded in the eyes of the people. The country was forgetting the uses of its institutions. The ties that bound them into an effective whole were breaking down. Each element of the system was left in isolation. The Democratic Presidential candidates were enclosed in little worlds where they heard only the applause of their supporters. The Presidential campaign as a whole had been cut off from the mainstream of national life. The President was making his "great decisions" and then sending himself telegrams of support. The public was retreating into the world of personal pleasures and griefs. And as the public realm fragmented, the words and actions of the people in it lost their meaning. In the White House briefing room, the President's press secretary was speaking empty words. In the Oval Office, the President was talking to his tape recorder. In Indo-China, bombs were falling. In the country at large, Democratic Presidential candidates were flying about in airplanes. The political world had become like an asylum where each person lives in a private reality. Here, someone talks to the air. There, someone mutters to himself. One person is in an incomprehensible rage. Another quietly weeps. Someone else laughs loudly. Still another is attacking a stranger. Outside, the public averts its gaze and quickens its step as it passes by.

—JONATHAN SCHELL

(*This is the fourth part of a six-part article.*)

• •

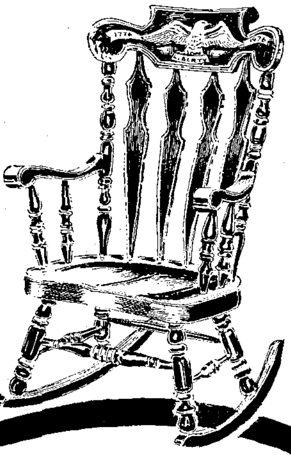
SCHOONER

Even as she slides down the ways
alga begins to green her planks.
Sunlight strikes through the early haze
into the gray-blue water.
There are gulls and a ruffled pelican
perched on a bollard.
In the bay there are shapes
tremulous among groves of weed and seagrass.

Rust begins to take the anchor
and climb the chain.
The canvas seems cloudy;
the sun's edges fray on the deck.
In the fissures of a ledge anemones bloom.

There is smoke on the horizon
as she moves toward open water,
and as she passes fields and pastures
the plowing stops,
the horses sag in their traces,
the white houses begin yellowing like fall.

—LEWIS TURCO



A Two Century
Relaxer
$99.
(F.O.B., BOSTON, MASS.)
To commemorate the 200th birthday of our country, Paine's offers this remarkable Colonial rocker in hand-rubbed pine and brush-trimmed in gold. Weight 35 lbs.
W. 25½", D. 25", H. 45½"

PAINE
furniture of distinction since 1835

PAINE
FURNITURE

A colorful 230-page Home Furnishings Guide is included FREE with each purchase. For $3.50, however, you can buy it separately.

To order write:—

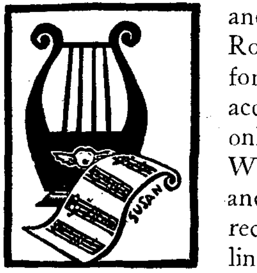
Paine Furniture
Att. Chas. Dunlap
81 Arlington St.
Boston, Mass.
02116
or phone (617) 426-1500

Add sales tax where applicable
Bank Americard and
Master Charge honored.

MUSICAL EVENTS

Bologna Quadrilles?

THE recital entitled "Music of Medieval Jewry," given by the New World Consort in St. Stephen's Church, West Sixty-ninth Street, last week, was one of those increasingly fashionable modern entertainments at which, to put it unkindly, the ears of a twentieth-century public are tickled by old tunes and the timbres of old instruments. Because the four performers making up the Consort are accomplished artists, it was a superior example of the genre. And it was well attended: the line waiting to get into the first show stretched down the block; a second house was mustering as the first came out. "Medieval" was a catch-all description for a program of music that spanned six centuries. (By that reckoning, a program of "modern" religious music might include motets by Machaut, Mouton, Monteverdi, Mozart, Mendelssohn, and Messiaen.) Instrumental participation in synagogue music was generally banned after the destruction of the Temple, and so it was odd to hear the proceedings begin with three chants, written (or written down) by Obadiah the Proselyte in the early twelfth century, accompanied by hurdy-gurdy and bells and punctuated by lira solos. The chants were followed by that mid-fifteenth-century motet which Eric Werner published as "a sort of benevolent parody of synagogue chant" but Alfred Sendrey, in "The Music of the Jews in the Diaspora," deems an attempt "to ridicule in a musical fashion the Jewish religion," a piece of "anti-Semitic musical comedy"—as it were, a rendering of the "*Gegurgel, Gejodel, Geklapper*" that Wagner declared Jewish music to be. Next came a new-old "liturgical drama," "The Binding of Isaac," constructed by Judith Eisenstein by applying to a Sephardic narrative poem more or less contemporary Sephardic melodies. It made an attractive piece, not enacted but decked with the bright instrumental trappings made popular by the New York Pro Musica's performances of the medieval music-drama "Herod." The fourth item could be called a "dance suite" drawn from the music of Salamon Rossi, Monteverdi's colleague, the Jewish composer at the Gonzaga court. Sinfonie and galliards alternated with arrangements of hymns from the famous "Hashirim Asher LiSh'lomo," or "Songs of Solomon," published in Venice in 1623, which Rossi composed "to give thanks to the Lord and to sing to His most exalted name on all sacred occasions." The finale was his five-part "Qadish" (to use the transliteration of Fritz Rikko's edition), performed in tripping fashion by two voices and pizzicato strings. Since Rossi's hymns were written for service use, they are unaccompanied. Since there are only two singers in the New World Consort, a soprano and a baritone, instruments—recorders or viols—took the lines of the missing voices. The three-part benedicite "Bar^{e}khu et Adōnai" became a solo song with viols—once through straight and then a reprise with decorations, over plucked strings. Finally, there was a group of very beautiful Sephardic songs. One would have liked texts and a translation for these (and light to read them by); the opening words suggested that Ladino, in which tongue they are written, is a language easily followed. ("Arboles yoran"—"The trees are weeping"—sounds like a line of Lorca.) Some of the songs were sung; one was played on a bagpipe, and another on a recorder with psaltery accompaniment.



If there are traces of criticism in this account of what was done, they are deliberate, and reflect disquietude on two counts: whether the culling of liturgical music to provide fodder for a kind of cultural cabaret is altogether seemly; and whether there is a danger of modern medieval performing practices' being applied, like some all-purpose sauce (spiced by snarling, tangy wind tone, the tap of tabors, and the ting-a-ling of little bells and finger cymbals), to a variety of musics whose flavors should be kept distinct. On the first count, it would take a new Mrs. Post to draw the line of decorum, although sometimes it is clear that a line, wherever it lies, has been crossed. London once danced to the catchy strains of a set of "Bologna Quadrilles," but the work was withdrawn and its plates were destroyed when the publishers discovered that the tunes came from Rossini's Stabat Mater. Scarpia's libidinous descant to the Te Deum, in the first-act finale of "Tosca," gains pungency from the holy setting—but then the coupling of sex and sanctity is a titillation often provided by late-Romantic operas: "Thaïs," "Salome," "The Jewels of the Madonna." Episodes in "Tannhäuser" and "Parsifal" differ from them not so much in subject matter as in seriousness of intention. Britten has thrice used the Benedicite in dramatic compositions in ways that can hardly offend even the pious. (Offstage in Act II of "Peter Grimes," the morning canticle punctuates the quarrel of Peter and Ellen with complicated ironic effect. In "The Turn of the Screw," the two children, on their way to matins, produce an evil, sacrilegious parody of it. In "The Burning Fiery Furnace," this Song of the Three Holy Children returns to its original context, shining forth amid the flames.) Music can move easily between sacred and secular settings; Monteverdi, who transformed his "Lamento d'Arianna" into a "Pianto della Madonna," and Bach are among many who have shown it. And, to get back to the concert and the Consort, Rossi's "Hashirim" certainly employ the devices of Mantuan canzonetta and madrigal; if his "Qadish" were provided with a light amorous text—some Damon recounting his Amaryllis' charms rather than "Magnified and sanctified be the name of God throughout the world"—one would hardly guess its devout origin. But it wasn't. And so the deft, easily palatable sequence of ancient chants, synagogue hymns, and frivolous dances, slipping down so agreeably, brought one uncomfortably close to the world of the "Bologna Quadrilles."

In the matter of old instrumentation I am no expert—not a cook who has studied with scholarly care the numerous recipes (deduced from paintings, sculptures, and poems rather than specified by the musical scribes) but a taster who has begun to suspect that the sound of old instruments is sometimes indiscriminately sprinkled, like a musical monosodium glutamate, to give instant zest to works that need more detailed, individual preparation if their innate merits are to be revealed. No one doubts that medieval music was sounded in brighter colors than its look on the page would suggest. But the all-purpose medieval instrumentation of our day—uniformly applied to music in many moods, for many diverse occasions, and from scattered centuries—the fresh, quaint sounds, the color shifts as fidgety as a Monteverdi continuo part composed by Raymond Leppard are in themselves no sure mark of authenticity.

This is not criticism brought to bear

specifically on the New World Consort but, rather, a general plea that the increasing public appetite for "old music" should be discriminate, not gobbling, and reject anything homogenized or synthetically flavored. Else both impropriety and opportunism will flourish. All four members of the Consort are cogent and talented players on a variety of instruments. Rosemarie Caminiti, the soprano, has a flexible voice (the Moorish arabesques of the Sephardic songs were delicately and passionately traced) with a wide range of attractive timbres. William Mount, the director, has a smooth, clear baritone. Accustomed to the fiercer attack and more open "medieval" sound of British groups—David Munrow's Early Music Consort, John Beckett's Musica Reservata—I found the tone of the New World a little bland at first, but was soon won by their charming, unaggressive approach and their cultivated yet buoyant manners.

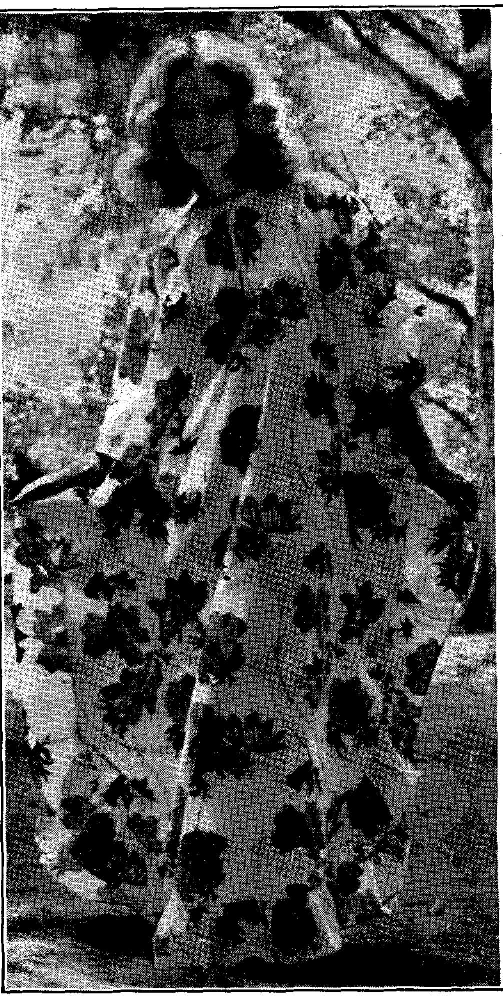
—ANDREW PORTER

CONCERT RECORDS

Heaping Spoonful

THE stereo recording of Arnold Schoenberg's opera "Moses und Aron" (Philips 6700-084; four sides) is a complicated undertaking. The work is in Schoenberg's later style, mostly twelve-tone and with enormous amounts of *Sprechstimme*, that euphemism for "controlled talking." Among the singers—I prefer to describe them simply as "singers"—are Günter Reich, Louis Devos, Eva Csapó, Elfriede Obrowsky, Roger Lucas, Richard Salter, Ladislav Illavský, and Werner Mann. The orchestra of the Austrian Radio is conducted by Michael Gielen with sincerity, sobriety, and—as far as I can tell—complete accuracy. True believers will hail the recording as a historical event. In a staging such as Sarah Caldwell gave it in Boston several years ago, the opera can have moments of effectiveness. But simply as music it is, I find, an intolerable bore and, in places, slightly vulgar.

"La Damnation de Faust," one of Berlioz' greatest and most inspired works, has been recorded for Deutsche Grammophon (2709048; six sides) by Seiji Ozawa, conducting the Boston Symphony, the Tanglewood Festival Chorus, the Boston Boy Choir, and a group of distinguished soloists, such as Edith Mathis, Stuart Burrows, Donald McIntyre, and Thomas Paul. There have been a number of fine renderings of the work in recent years,



A Summery Delight . . .

Our ruffled caftan. Giant blue and green hand-screened flowers on white polyester/cotton. One size fits all. $58.00

Add $1.50 handling for one item, 50c for each additional item. Florida residents add 4% sales tax.

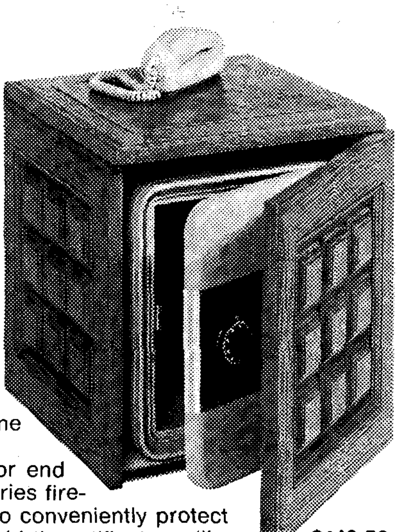
Send check, money order, Master Charge to Lilly Pulitzer, Inc., Dept. MO, 2901 N.W. 34th St., Miami, Fla. 33142

Lilly Pulitzer

PALM BEACH • BOCA RATON • BLOOMFIELD HILLS • BRYN MAWR • EDGARTOWN • LA JOLLA • MEMPHIS • NAPLES • NEW ORLEANS • NEWPORT • NORTHEAST HARBOR • ORLEANS • OSTERVILLE • PALM DESERT • PAWLEY'S IS. • PETOSKEY • PHOENIX • ST. ARMANDS KEY • SOUTHAMPTON • WATCH HILL • LAKE FOREST • HOUSTON

SAFE OR SORRY?

While you are away, protect your valuables against FIRE – THEFT – LOSS with this handsome SENTRY SECURITY CUBE.™



Fire strikes more than 60 homes every hour. Vandalism and petty theft increase steadily. Even misplacements of records cause huge losses. Convenient protection is now available at a new low cost. The decorative and functional Q-7 features a front opening SentryBox® concealed in a custom walnut grained cabinet with textured slate-like top for only $119.50. The entire cost is tax deductible if used to store income or tax records.

The cube makes a beautiful TV, nite stand or end table. The SentryBox® is Underwriters' Laboratories fire-tested up to 1700° for 1 hour and is designed to conveniently protect your income and tax records, insurance policies, birth certificates, wills, notes, cancelled checks, and even jewelry right in your home.

$119.50

The concealed SentryBox® features a removable inner shelf, a key lock or optional 3-number combination lock, and 1½" thick insulated walls. (This equals the fireproof qualities of a 3-foot thick solid concrete wall.)

Outside dimensions: 20¼"h x 18"w x 19¼"d. Inside: 13¼"h x 10¾"w x 10½"d. Total weight 85 lbs. Cabinet shipped ready for E-Z assembly.

Order today on a 15-day trial offer. Your satisfaction guaranteed or simply repack in original carton and return for full credit or refund of $119.50

Mail to: SECURITY PRODUCTS CO., P.O. Box 51, Penfield, New York 14526.

My Card Number__________
☐ American Express ☐ Master Charge ☐ BankAmericard
Card Expiration Date__________
Your Signature__________

Ship Model Q-7 $119.50 + $16.93 freight. N.Y. City residents and west of Miss. $21.93 freight. I prefer ☐ key lock ☐ combination lock–$9.50 extra. (I understand combination lock is free when I send check with order.) New York State residents add 4% Sales Tax.

Name__________
Address__________
City________ State____ Zip____

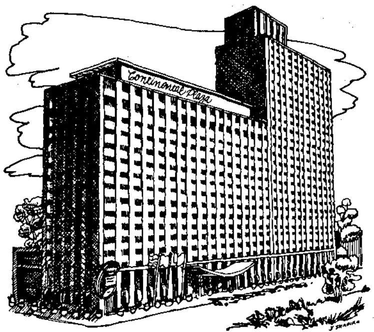
sentry®

NY-675

☐ **Please send more information on the complete Sentry line.**

CHICAGO Continental Plaza as low as $36*

800-228-3000 toll free



North Michigan Avenue at
Hancock Center.

*Price based on single occupancy, per night. Subject to state and local taxes.

WESTERN INTERNATIONAL HOTELS

Partners in travel with United Airlines

Flor del Caribe Cigars

At selected Tobacconists. Imported by: Peterson's Ltd. Carlstadt, New Jersey.

Nymm's

26TH STREET &
MADISON AVE., N.Y.
IN THE N.Y.
MERCHANDISE
MART

EATING & DRINKING
ESTABLISHMENT

A private island resort. Like a "Gauguin", with white sand beach, lagoon pool tall palms and flowering gardens

YOUNG ISLAND ST. VINCENT, W.I.

BROCHURE—R. LOCKE, 315 E. 72 ST., N.Y.C. 10021

but this one is so magnificent in every respect that it must be highly recommended.

Alicia de Larrocha, that diminutive Spanish master of everything pianistic, has recorded Albéniz's "Iberia," "Cantos de España," and "Navarra" for London (CSA 2235; four sides) with exemplary virtuosity. Most of the music is Albéniz at his finest, and he is lucky to have as his interpreter not only one of the world's most admirable pianists but an artist whose roots are so close to his.

Paul Zukofsky, who is one of the outstanding contemporary violinists, has recorded the six sonatas written by J. S. Bach for solo violin on Vanguard (VSD 71194/5/6; six sides). While these sonatas, often referred to as partitas, are not the most readily accessible of Bach's works for many listeners, they represent the Master at his most ingenious. Here are massive four-part preludes and fugues that one would expect to involve an organ or a full orchestra but that are so arranged that they can be played on the four strings of a single unaccompanied violin. Performing them effectively is difficult indeed, and it is a tribute to Mr. Zukofsky's musicality and technical equipment that they are done with such superb intonation and praiseworthy clarity.

There are two new recordings of Bach's great B-Minor Mass. One, conducted by Johannes Somary, involves the Amor Artis Chorale, the English Chamber Orchestra, Felicity Palmer, Helen Watts, Robert Tear, and Michael Rippon (Vanguard VSD 71190/1/2; six sides). The other, conducted by Michel Corboz, involves the Chorus and Orchestra of Lausanne, Yvonne Perrin, Wally Stämpfli, Magali Schwartz, Olivier Dufour, Niklaus Tuller, and Philippe Huttenlocher (R.C.A. Victrola FVL2-5715; four sides). I can detect no important cuts in the R.C.A. rendition. Both versions are done with the small forces now fashionable. Both are excellent, and, though this work has been repeatedly recorded, it can easily stand a couple of new recordings. Acoustically, the R.C.A. one is slightly mellower.

A number of other noteworthy discs have come to hand. Sviatoslav Richter, the distinguished Russian pianist, has done the second book of Bach's "Well-Tempered Clavier" (Melodiya/Angel SRC-4120; six sides). His performances are technically immaculate and artistically near perfection. Tchaikovsky's First ("Winter Dreams"), Second ("Little Russian"), and Third ("Polish") Symphonies have been set down by the Moscow Radio Symphony Orchestra, Gennady Rozhdestvensky conducting (Melodiya/Angel SR 40261, 40262, and 40263). Tchaikovsky's Fourth Symphony is presented by the London Symphony Orchestra under Antal Dorati (Mercury SRI 75044). Mozart's Piano Concertos K. 466 and 491 are played by Alfred Brendel with the Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Neville Marriner conducting (Philips 6500-533). A set of Trumpet Concertos by Vivaldi, Telemann, Leopold Mozart, and Hummel is performed by Maurice André to the accompaniment of the Berlin Philharmonic under Herbert von Karajan (Angel S-37063).

Then, there is Sylvia Marlowe, one of our most skilled harpsichordists, who has recorded a great many single discs devoted not only to harpsichord music of the baroque era but to music for harpsichord by such contemporaries as Elliott Carter, Ned Rorem, and Henri Sauguet. In the long list are Bach's Concerto for Two Harpsichords in C Major (with Pamela Cook), his Concerto for Three Harpsichords in C Major (with Robert Conant and Theodore Saidenberg), and his Concerto for Four Harpsichords in A Minor (with Cook, Conant, and Saidenberg), all accompanied by the Baroque Chamber Orchestra, Daniel Saidenberg conducting (Serenus SRS 12051). Also, Couperin's pieces for two harpsichords (with Kenneth Cooper), the "Apothéose de Lulli" and "Le Parnasse, ou l'Apothéose de Corelli," for which Miss Marlowe conducts a chamber orchestra (Serenus SRS 12052); some of his *pièces de clavecin*—the 6th and 8th Ordre, plus "Les Folies Françoises, ou Les Dominos" (Serenus SRS 12054), and the 25th and 26th Ordre, plus "L'Amphibie," "Le Tic-Toc-Choc," and other works (Serenus SRS 12053); and a group of Suites and miscellaneous items by Henry Purcell (Serenus SRS 12055). These recordings are important because of Miss Marlowe's crisp technique and vast artistry and because few of the selections are widely known or have ever been recorded before.

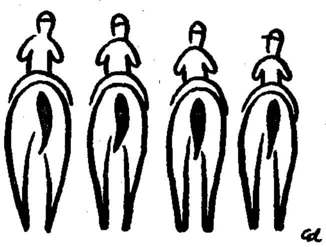
For nostalgiacs, R.C.A. has released Verdi's "Rigoletto" sung by Leonard Warren, Erna Berger, Jan Peerce, Nan Merriman, and Italo Tajo (AVM 2-0698; mono, four sides), and "Il Trovatore" sung by Zinka Milanov, Jussi Bjoerling, and Leonard Warren (AVM 2-0699; mono, four sides). —Winthrop Sargeant

THE RACE TRACK

Sunday at Belmont

JUNE 15

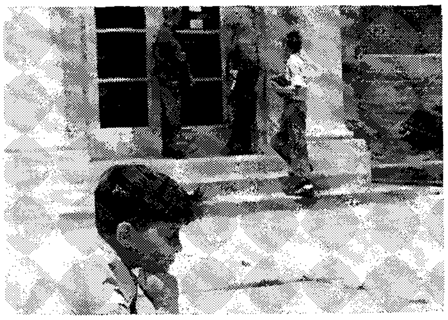
MORE than forty thousand people—the third-largest crowd of the meeting—came to the first Sunday program of racing at Belmont Park last week. There will be six more Sundays there and three at Saratoga in an experiment that it is hoped will bring much-needed revenue to the New York Racing Association, to the state, and, through OTB, to New York City. Sunday racing has been a boon to all the tracks that have tried it—especially to Delaware Park and Woodbine in Canada; and, as you'd expect, it goes big in California. The test here will come next month (as you know, the meeting at Belmont runs through July 26th), when a day at the beach or a weekend in the country may prove just as inviting as a visit to the track. Last Sunday, in any event, the air at Belmont was that of a picnic ground, with family parties gathered under the trees near the paddock. Colonel Martingale says he hasn't seen so many children at a racecourse since the last time he was at Keeneland. The racing was lively, six favorites won, and the triple paid $2,306. Calumet Farm's Turn to Turia, a bay colt who looks like a real runner (he's by Best Turn out of Princess Turia), took the Youthful Stakes from half a dozen other two-year-olds, wearing down Greg the Great in the stretch to win by half a length. It was Turn to Turia's third straight, and the fractions for the five and a half furlongs were a zippy 0:22⅗, 0:46, 1:04⅗. If you ask me, Kenneth Noe, Jr., the racing secretary, has arranged the right sort of stakes programs for Sundays, leaving the more important fixtures in their old places on Saturdays.



Only twenty-eight thousand fans came out last Saturday, though, to see the Bowling Green Handicap, at a mile and a half over the turf course. Barcas, a home-bred (by Sailor out of Goofed) who campaigned in France for Nelson Bunker Hunt last year, won by a length from the Greentree Stable's Drollery, who beat Telefonico, a big horse from the Argentine, by a neck. Telefonico, the favorite, who led much of the way, appeared to tire under top weight of 124 pounds. It was no day for favorites. Eight of the nine were beaten.

RUFFIAN and Foolish Pleasure will meet in that much-talked-about match race after all. It will be at a mile and a quarter at Belmont Park on Sunday, July 6th. The New York Racing Association is putting up a purse of $400,000 for it, but it won't be a winner-take-all affair, as most match races have been. The runners will split $350,000—$225,000 going to the winner and $125,000 to the loser—and Master Derby will get $50,000 for not running. He was left out after the proposed Race of the Champions, which would have brought together the winners of the Kentucky Derby, the Preakness, and the Belmont Stakes, fell through. His stable was agreeable to such a race, and so was Foolish Pleasure's, but Arthur Seeligson, Jr., who owns Avatar, the Belmont Stakes winner, and Tommy Doyle, his trainer, said their colt needed a rest, and then when a race involving Ruffian, Foolish Pleasure, and Master Derby was proposed, it seems that LeRoy Jolley, who trains Foolish Pleasure, objected to there being a third horse in the race. Hence the sop to Master Derby. Vasquez, who has been the regular rider of both Ruffian and Foolish Pleasure, has chosen to ride Ruffian. Foolish Pleasure's rider hasn't been selected. By the way, Monmouth Park bid $400,000 for a Ruffian-Foolish Pleasure match, and, I am told, was willing to go to $500,000, but New York got it. Oh, well. Ruffian goes for the Coaching Club American Oaks on Saturday. Go out to Belmont Park and see the lovely lady run.

ALTHOUGH there is no racing at Belmont Park on Tuesdays, the hundred and forty-four OTB shops around town are open as usual, and you can get a bet down on anything you fancy that is running at Bowie or Delaware Park. The New York City Off-Track Betting Corporation must be doing all right for itself, for Paul Screvane, its president, is dickering to buy Madison Square Garden. Fifty or sixty million dollars has been men-



**Moving to a strange town?
We can tell you everything
you wish you knew.**

In which community or neighborhood would you and your children be most likely to make friends easily? How much will the kind of house you want cost? What about taxes, utilities rates, mortgage availability? And schools, hospitals, clubs, public recreational facilities? What's the commuting situation?

We start with a "lifestyle questionnaire" that tells us about your family's needs and tastes. Then your Homerica consultant, preferably in a personal interview, will answer your questions and offer many helpful suggestions. Finally, we arrange for one of our carefully chosen brokers to show you, on a single visit, only the available homes that best fit your wishes, in the section or sections that you have chosen.

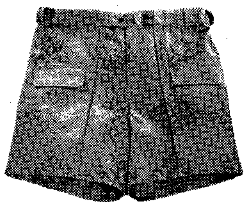
Phone any of the Homerica offices listed below for an appointment, or write for your "lifestyle questionnaire."

THE NATION S LEADING RELOCATION SERVICE
HOMERICA
A DIVISION OF HOMÉQUITY INC
Write Dept CQ-19 or call collect
100 Park Avenue, New York 10017 (212) 689-7111
1901 Ave. of Stars, Los Angeles 90067 (213) 553-3111
500 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 60611 (312) 527-3111
Danbury Road, Wilton, Conn. 06897 (203) 323-3111
3 Greenway Plaza, Houston 77046 (713) 629-9980
440 Lexington Street, Newton, Mass. 02166
(617) 969-3613

L.L.Bean, Inc.

Hiking Britches

For Men and Women



Sturdy, comfortable cotton gabardine twill (polyester and cotton) in Alpine style. Designed for hard wearing, whether hiking, camping, bicycling or boating. Two deep, roomy front pockets with outer flap pockets and two button-flap rear pockets. Adjustable, double ring self belt on Men's Model. Ladies' has belt loops. Washable.

Two colors: Natural. Pewter Green.
Ladies' sizes 8 to 18. Price $11.75 postpaid.
Men's even waist sizes 30 to 42. Price $12.00 postpaid.

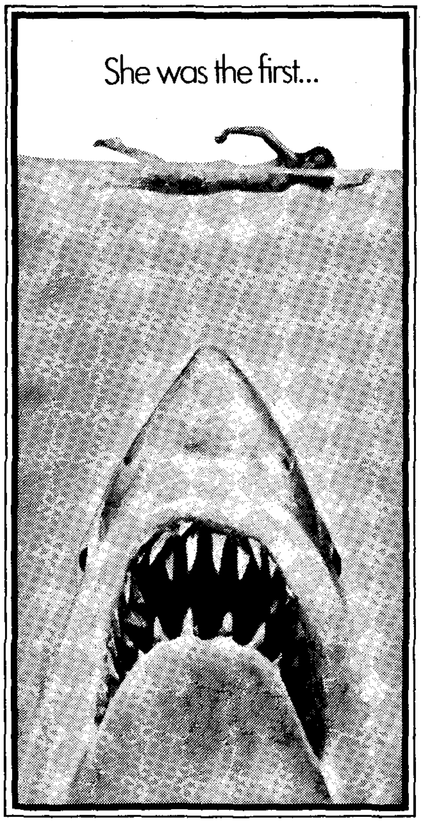
Ship________Ladies' Hiking Britches @ $11.75 ppd.
Color __________________Size____________
Ship________Men's Hiking Britches @ $12.00 ppd.
Color __________________Size____________

☐ Send Free Catalog

Name______________________________
Address____________________________
City_______________________________
State_______________Zip_____________

Outdoor Sporting Specialties

L. L. Bean, Inc.
351 Main St., Freeport, Maine 04032


She was the first...

JAWS

The terrifying motion picture from the terrifying No. 1 best seller.

ROY SCHEIDER ROBERT SHAW RICHARD DREYFUSS

JAWS

CO-STARRING LORRAINE GARY · MURRAY HAMILTON

A ZANUCK/BROWN PRODUCTION SCREENPLAY BY PETER BENCHLEY and CARL GOTTLIEB

BASED ON THE NOVEL BY PETER BENCHLEY · MUSIC BY JOHN WILLIAMS · DIRECTED BY STEVEN SPIELBERG

PRODUCED BY RICHARD D. ZANUCK and DAVID BROWN · A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

TECHNICOLOR® PANAVISION®

ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK AVAILABLE ON MCA RECORDS & TAPES

PG PARENTAL GUIDANCE SUGGESTED SOME MATERIAL MAY NOT BE SUITABLE FOR PRE-TEENAGERS

...MAY BE TOO INTENSE FOR YOUNGER CHILDREN

(See it from the beginning!)

STARTS JUNE 20TH AT BLUE RIBBON THEATRES THROUGHOUT METROPOLITAN NEW YORK

Penn
Centre Court
USLTA
GENERAL TIRE
ATHLETIC PRODUCTS DIVISION

Penn......if you're serious about tennis.

(*Advertisement*)

tioned. If the deal goes through, the Garden may out-Vegas Vegas. Mr. Screvane has been in local politics for close to thirty years; he was a deputy mayor under Robert Wagner, was president of the City Council, and ran for mayor himself in 1965. A longtime associate of Mayor Beame, he succeeded Howard Samuels, the first head of OTB, who resigned last year to run for governor. Tough, smart, and self-assured, Mr. Screvane gets things done. His plans include bringing jai alai, which no doubt you've seen in Miami or Madrid, to the Garden, and having dog racing there in the winter. I don't believe dog racing has ever been held indoors, but there is no reason it couldn't be. The floor of the Garden is certainly big enough for a track, and the greyhounds could chase Rusty the Rabbit around it twice if they had to. In warm weather, they would move to Yankee Stadium. All that would be needed there would be a portable track, like the one they roll out at Caliente after the horse races are over, and a pari-mutuel setup, for which there is plenty of room. The borough presidents of Manhattan and the Bronx have come out for this—and there would be millions in it. But to legalize dog racing with pari-mutuel betting would require an amendment to the state constitution, and that would take time—with the best of luck, at least two years.

For quicker action toward balancing the budget, the State Racing and Wagering Board has suggested that the N.Y.R.A. turn Aqueduct into an open-air horse room when racing moves to Saratoga. Admission would be charged, and closed-circuit television would bring all nine races to the patrons. The book on the block wouldn't like this, but, if memory serves, OTB was to have eliminated him years ago.

NOMENCLATURE ITEM: They call the OTB shops in nearby Nassau County Nassau Downs.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

LOUISVILLE (AP)—Although George Rogers Clark founded Louisville, the city is named after King George XVI of France. The Virginia legislature made that decision in 1780.—*Sacramento Bee.*

After a night on the town.

•

STRAIGHT-THINKING DEPT.

[*From the San Antonio Express*]

Reduced sales means San Antonians are buying less, he explained.

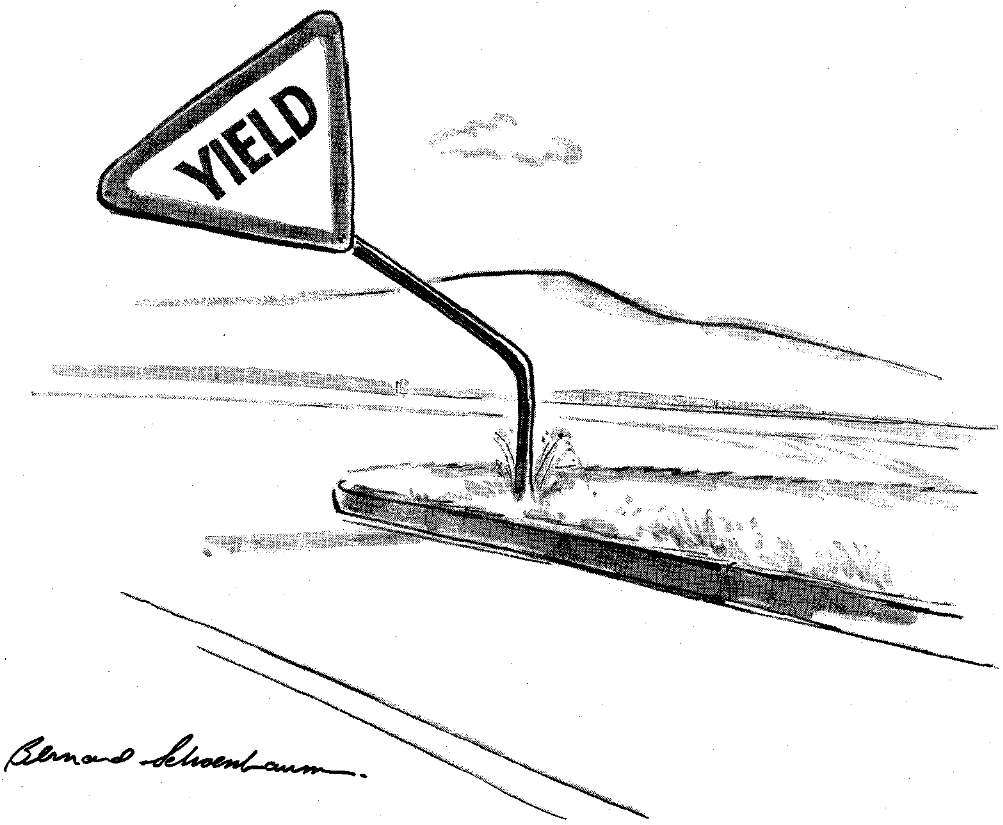
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Night Watch

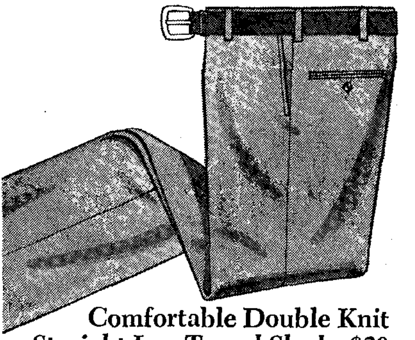
HARRY MOSEBY's life as a private detective began when he was very young. His parents had left him, and he was brought up by relatives. In time, by following clues from city to city, he traced his father, who was living in a rooming house in Baltimore. In Arthur Penn's "Night Moves," it is clear that he has told the story a thousand times, especially to his wife, and that the solution to the case was everything. His success got no further than finding a card bearing his father's name on the rooming-house front door. In a park where he eventually caught sight of the man—"a little old guy reading the funny pages"—some immense disappointment, or fear of it, made him simply watch for a while from six feet away and then slip off without a word before there was danger of an encounter.

The self-conditioning to behave always like a private eye has carried over into the links and loves of maturity. When he suspects that his wife, Ellen (Susan Clark), is having an affair, he goes about collecting the evidence as if he were a hireling on a job to which he had no inner access. It doesn't occur to him to confront his wife with his suspicions. His custom leads him instead to the less threatening outsider, just as it led him to accept the insignia of his father in place of the substance: he tackles not his wife but her lover, who is a stranger. Harry's professional characteristics—skepticism, guardedness, a rather sullen and childish noncommunication that passes for stoicism—have seeped into his soul like damp rising up a wall. He seems to be everybody's mercenary and no one's intimate. His wife is a fatigued-looking, pretty young woman who has fallen into a dulled domestic life of nightcaps of cocoa; not even she knows very much about him. He knows still less, and you feel that what he does know he has discovered in the course of tracking down his own missing personality. He skulks around himself as if he were hunting for clues, imparting to us the unease we feel when we are unwittingly turned into eavesdroppers or when we are watching someone who doesn't know he is being observed. Harry Moseby, a loyal, raw man more valuable than in his assessment, lives in fear of the sound of his own footsteps. It is as if he were spying on himself. His life's mission is to find out who he is, and he does it not with the ordinary apparatus of deductive intelligence and recollection but with the same tracker's craft and self-testing physical bravado that he would use in his job to find a wanted man. As we watch his behavior, we realize that his professionalism has cruelly consumed him. Because of the small worth he places on himself, he has become the lackey of his career. It is as if his only existence were as the expression of other people's suspicions. Even in an ungainly fight with his wife over the affair he has discovered, he has no idiom of his own to muster for his fury. She knows how to hurt him: she does it by hitting him about his work, asking acidly why he didn't take a photograph of the adulterous bed for the record. His riposte limps, because he replies in the role she has cast him in. "My God, you're really prime," he says. "I catch you with a guy and you attack my life style."

Penn's "Night Moves," written by Alan Sharp, is a study of temperament which has the paraphernalia of a thriller but the mind of friendship. Harry Moseby is seen with signal alertness. He is played by Gene Hackman, in a depiction of a tongue-tied failed nobility which calls to mind the characters of Graham Greene. Hackman wears an imperious mustache. It has an assertiveness movingly unsuited to his mild face, like the braggadocio of one of the last century's tyrannical growths of hair on the upper lip of a particularly skinny and shy Victorian bather. Though Moseby's temperament is a loner's, that doesn't save him from feeling lonely. He runs his own one-man detective business and would never join the big agency that occasionally throws the odd job his way; he picks up the work fastidiously, like a cat clearly indicating that it knows an old mackerel head when it smells one. On the other hand, his solitary cell of an office is a desolate place to live in, as he does when he is most miserable about his wife. He lies on his back, eats ice cream out of a cardboard container, listens to the tape-recorded voice of a sixteen-year-old truant movie heiress called Delly (Melanie Griffith), and thinks. About what? His wife had said, when they were having the fight and he was running their garbage-disposal unit to grind up some vicious-looking broken glass, that she couldn't hear herself think for the noise. "Lucky you," he had answered. She is fortunate not to dwell in his head, which is smoky with resentful recall of himself in his lost heyday as a football player, of his gone happiness as a husband, and of the incident involving his father, of which he keeps no emotional impression except the pride of having run him to earth. What hurts him most about his drably perfidious wife is that she told her lover of the detecting task that Harry set himself so long ago. She had no need to tell that. People—even children—have a right to secret undertakings: perhaps children most of all. Harry is a



TRADITIONAL
CABLE CAR CLOTHIERS
ROBERT KIRK, Ltd.
San Francisco's British Goods Store Since 1939



Comfortable Double Knit Straight Leg Travel Slacks $20

The most comfortable slacks you can wear for travel, dress or leisure, our pure texturized polyester double knit slacks "give" at points of stress, yet never stretch out of shape. Unique fabric is cool, porous, anti-static—ideal for wear in any weather. Fully machine washable and dryable, permanent press. Precuffed straight leg belt loop model is versatile for wear with sportcoats, sweaters, sport shirts. Handsome solid colours of brown, navy, British tan, med. grey or dark green.

Waist, Inches	Length of Inseams
30	28-29-30-31
31	28-29-30-31-32
32-33-34-36	28-29-30-31-32-33-34
38	28-29-30-31-32-33
40-42	28-29-30-31-32

Mail Orders to: Double Knit Slacks
Cable Car Clothiers, No.150 Post, S.F., Ca 94108
M.O. or Check ☐ Cable Car Chg. ☐ Sorry, no COD's
☐ Please send catalogue (415) 397-4740
Quan. ________ Size ________ Colour ________
Name ________
Address ________
________ Zip ________
Add $1.85 Ship. & Hdlg. • 6½% Sales Tax in Ca. 010623

Best of
BOONOONOONOOS
(Jamaica's happy festival)
8 DAYS
7 NIGHTS ONLY $137 p.p., dbl. occ., EP
'Til 12/15/1975
Includes: round trip transfers • Oceanfront air conditioned room • Welcome drink • Bottle of Jamaican liqueur • Glass bottom boat ride • Ticket to Boonoonoonoos Night • Golf discount • Discount shopping coupons • Free tennis • Private beach, pool • Cabaret • Nightly dancing, entertainment • 10% gratuity, 3% govt. tax on room extra.
SHAW PARK
BEACH HOTEL
Hugh Maitland-Walker, Managing Director
OCHO RIOS, JAMAICA
See your travel agent or RAY MORROW ASSOC.
Telephone: (212) 697-2340
Out of state, call toll-free: (800) 223-9838

MASSAGE for MEN
RELAXING FAR EAST
SHIATSU METHOD.
BY TRAINED
JAPANESE MASSEUSES.
Shower, Sauna,
Japanese Hot Bath.
JAPANESE HEALTH CLUB
ABBEY/ VICTORIA HOTEL (Rm.310)
151 W. 51st. ST. cor.7th ave. 765-2845

Complete
Bookbinding
Services
in Leather
or Cloth.
Brochure
25¢
THE CLASSIC BINDERY
P.O. Box 572-0 Mendham, N.J. 07945

decent man. When he is hired by the coquettish, drunken, expensively dressed slouch of a Hollywood mother who is living off the income of the trust left to Delly, her truant daughter ("Would you believe 'Delilah'? My husband was a film producer who wanted to produce Biblical epics," she says to Harry, ogling him), you know that he is going to be on the side of the child's right to have an enterprise. In a giant hop across the chessboard of America, he goes in one move from Los Angeles to Florida, where the daughter is defiantly living with her stepfather, Tom (John Crawford), and her stepfather's quizzical, beautiful, sharp-tongued friend, Paula (Jennifer Warren). Paula is held to life in Florida perhaps by love of Tom, perhaps because she may be a partner in a smuggling operation, perhaps through a situation of rivalry with Delly which appeals to her tenaciously poised sense of humor. Jennifer Warren exactly evokes a particular modern type that one rarely sees in the movies: a woman who is self-reliant without being mannish, endowed with a gift for repartee which makes it impossible for her ever to lean on an intimacy, and self-cast to enact the role of an amused and omniscient spectator *when the truth is that* she is living out the life of a rather desperate participant who knows no more than anyone else in the story.

This is one of the themes of the film: Arthur Penn is saying that people know very little, and also that they know that they know very little. The detective guesses that there is some illicit operation going on in Florida, but he gets to the bottom of it too late; he suspects danger to the girl, but also too late; he suspects the mother of murderous intent, because she stands to lose her only means of support if her daughter reaches twenty-five, but the hint dropped by her harpy look turns out to be deluding; he finds himself in a world of stuntmen who attract him because of his feeling for physical prowess, but he finds out that they are not brave people at all. Fearing himself to be a second-rate man pursuing a grubby life, he flails around for anyone with the resolve and certitude he lacks, only to find himself uncovering a world of people afflicted with the same doubts. He thought that life was a contest that could be won, but he discovers that it is just like football, which he watches on television near the start of the picture. No one wins, he says. "One side's just losing slower than the other." When Harry is down in Florida, he shows Paula a chess position for a game played in 1922. "Black had a mate, didn't see it: Queen sacrificed, and three little knight moves. Check. Check. Check." "Ah, it's a beauty," says Paula. "But he didn't see it," says Harry. "He played something else and he lost. Must've regretted it every day of his life. I know I would have." We are in a world of brilliant moves not thought of until too late, of wishes to repair mistakes that are not even one's own. Harry wasn't yet born in 1922, but he has a pang about that unmade move as if it were one he had failed to make himself.

The universe of the film is fascinating, mythic, often occultly violent. There are a lot of eerie scenes of planes and in ocean depths: I don't remember any other film that so freely moves, like a sleeper's imagination, among the realms of air, land, and water. The title "Night Moves" is not just a pun to do with chess; it tells us that we are in a dark land inside people's heads. As a thriller plot, the film's narrative is unsatisfying, so that the question "Why did Arthur Penn make this film?" hovers over things. Two answers are in its technical mastery and its themes out of thrillers' reach. The film is about nightmares, about curious and soothing images of liberty, about giant strides across a continent and between realms. Most of all, it is about insolubility, and the idea that it is only the very primitive matters that can ever be settled. We are forced to manage on no answers, it says, because the wrong questions are put; or on glib answers, because questions are put without any urgent impulse to find out anything new. Paula once asked Harry where he was when he heard that Kennedy had been shot. "Which Kennedy?" "Any Kennedy." He is curious about why she asked. Because it is one of the questions to which people always know the answer, she says. Yes, one of the very few, the film says. "Night Moves" is a strange and paradoxical achievement. Without the slightest recourse to the cryptic, and using the most tersely explicit editing style (it was cut by the masterly Dede Allen), it treats the classic topic of unknowability. —PENELOPE GILLIATT

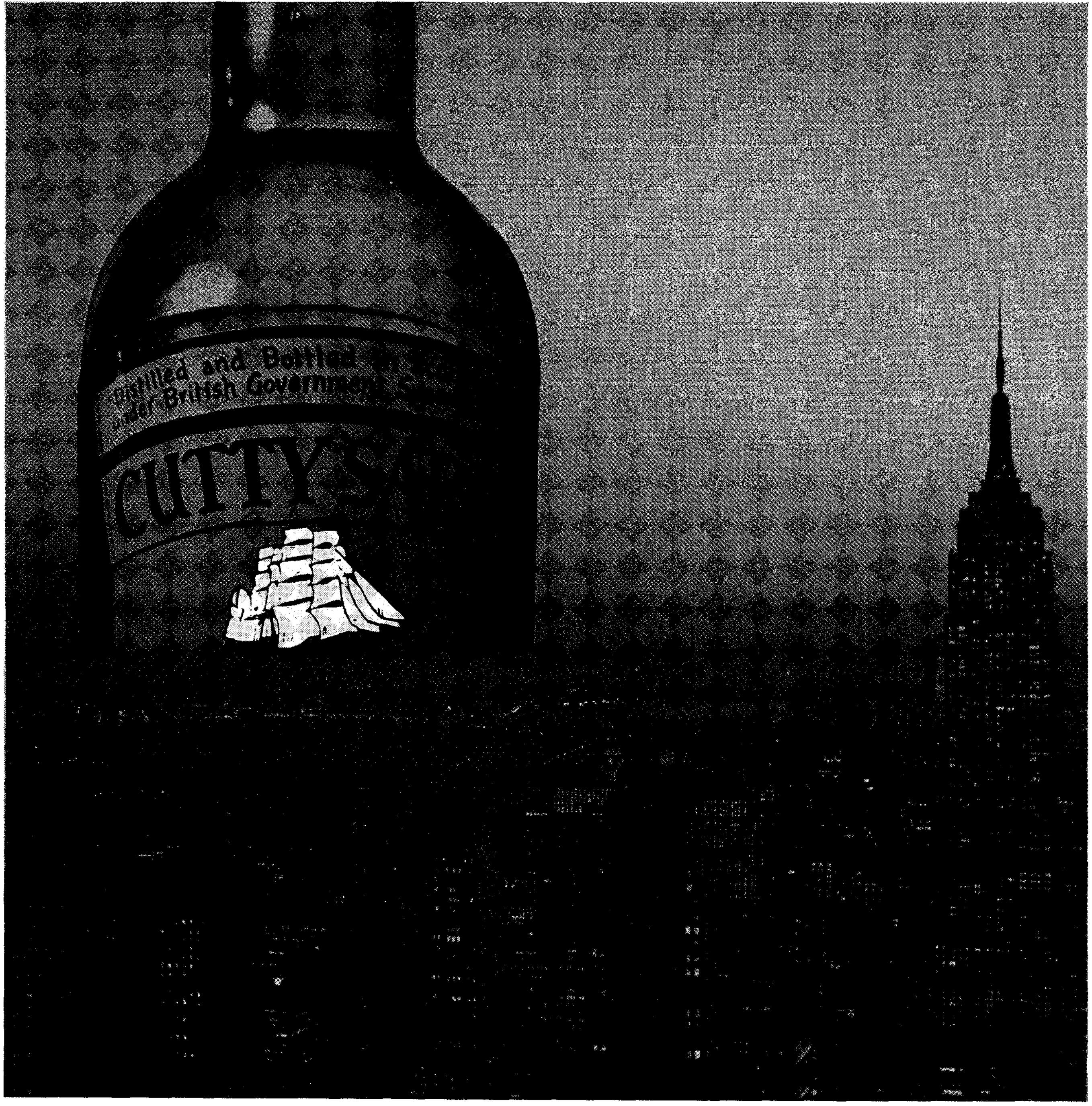
•

HAVE A BALL AT THE CENTER OF THE WORLD

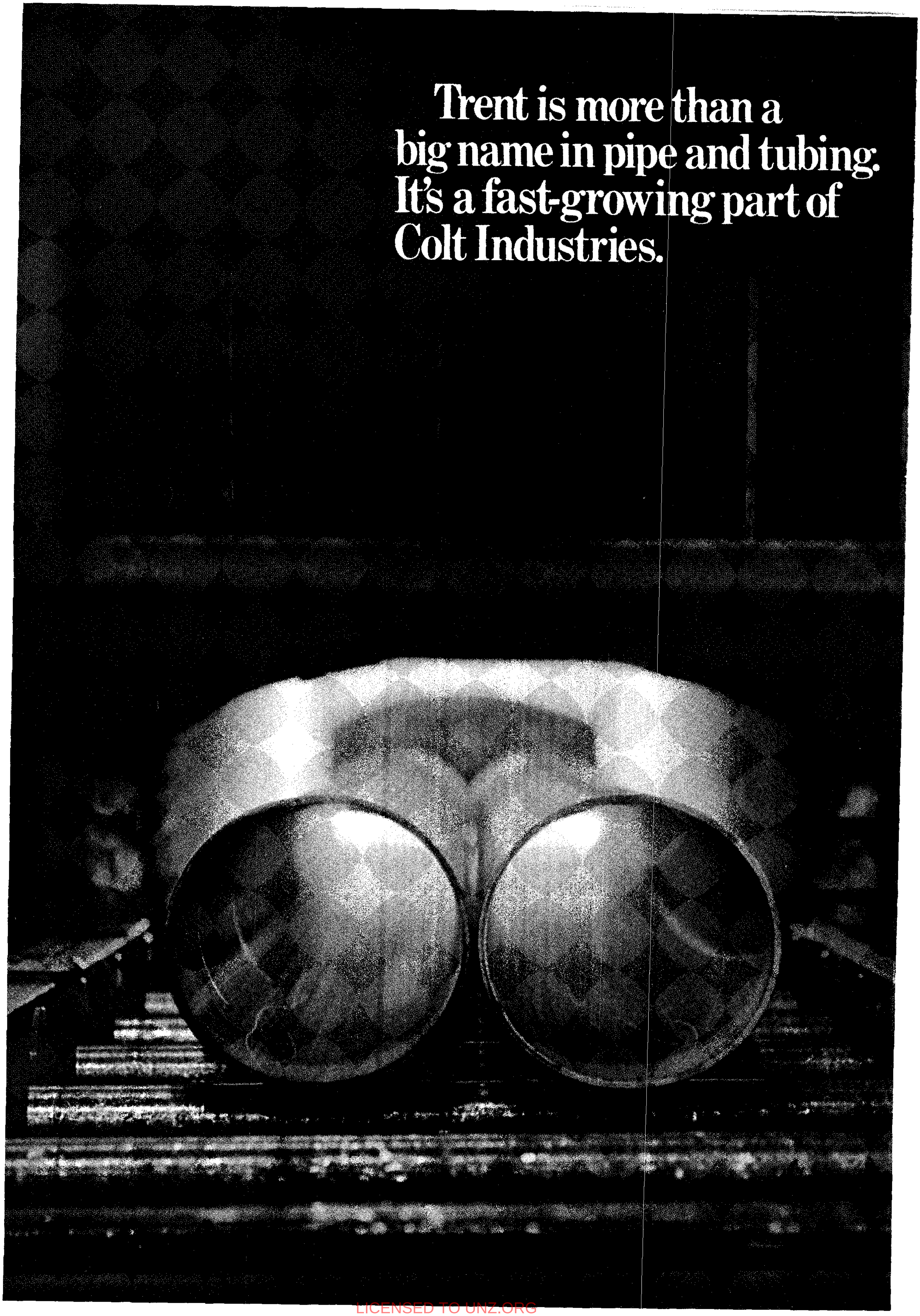
Or a convention. Or a banquet. Or a sales meeting. For small groups or large gatherings. Food from the fabulous Red Coach. A meal for 12-1,200. Depending on the size of your guests.—*Adv. in Association & Society Manager.*

We can see where it *might* make a difference.

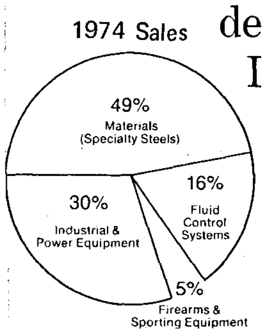
THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION, IMPORTERS • NEW YORK, N.Y. • DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND • BLENDED 86 PROOF


Distilled and Bottled in Sco
under British Governme
CUTTY SA

...and now it's time for a Cutty.


Trent is more than a big name in pipe and tubing. It's a fast-growing part of Colt Industries.

The Trent Tube Division of Colt Industries is the nation's leading producer of welded stainless steel pipe and tubing – products that have demonstrated advantages in high-temperature, cryogenic, corrosive and nuclear environments. One reason for Trent leadership is innovation. In developing a proprietary tube production process. In applying a new Crucible titanium-stabilized alloy steel to the manufacture of tubing for use in extraordinarily corrosive conditions. In responding to new needs in chemical, food, beverage, and other industries. In meeting critical product performance requirements in petroleum refining, liquefied natural gas transportation, and electric power generation. Teamed with the specialty steels and industrial products listed below, Trent pipe and tubing helped us achieve record 1974 sales of more than $1 billion. For a copy of our 1974 annual report, write Colt Industries Inc, Dept N2, 430 Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022.



Crucible specialty steels • Trent welded stainless steel pipe and tubing
Fairbanks Morse diesel engines and pumps • Fairbanks scales
Pratt & Whitney and Elox production equipment • Quincy compressors
Central Moloney transformers • Chandler Evans fuel controls
Holley carburetors • Colt firearms and sporting equipment

Colt Industries

Lengths of welded stainless steel pipe are fed through an annealing furnace at the Trent Tube Division plant in Carrollton, Georgia. In the process, pipe is heated to nearly 2,000 degrees F. and quenched to assure its corrosion-resistant properties.

LETTER FROM LONDON

JUNE 13

THE solid referendum victory for keeping Britain in the European Common Market was celebrated here last week with enormous relief but far less excitement than is shown on many an Election Night in London. Perhaps the vastness and finality of the step taken were sobering to everybody, no matter how he voted. Though the result was expected, many people worried right up to the last minute that numbers of understandably confused Britons might feel that the deep-seated urge to retire to the tribal cave and hang out the Union Jack represented the most easily comprehended of all the arguments about sovereignty which had banged away above their heads for so many weeks. Here and there on Referendum Day, June 5th, flags were flown and occasional small shopwindows blossomed out in red-white-and-blue color schemes that anxiously signalled old John of Gaunt's preference for the sceptred isle within a moat. But on the sixth, when the "Yes" returns began coming in steadily throughout a long, beautiful Friday afternoon, the monotonous repetition seemed the impressive tramping movement of a majority without class or party which had at last made up its mind.

Some of the people who did not want the referendum and criticized it as an unnecessary election device for uniting the Labour Party are now saying admiringly that it was a shrewd gamble of Harold Wilson's and paid off handsomely. Even his campaign speeches are now seen as being artfully cool and restrained, in contrast to the astonishing wildness of some of the key anti-Europe speakers. The losers blamed the almost total European bias of the press for their defeat. Many people think that television was certainly a decisive factor, though "No" and "Yes" speakers were scrupulously given alternate speaking times every evening in what appeared to the grumbling public a perfectly endless campaign. Some of the anti-Europe speeches were powerfully argued, and sincerely patriotic in their fears that the essence of England would never be the same again if the vote said "Yes." But something disconcertingly xenophobic, overemotional, even teetering on the edge of a Cloud-Cuckoo-Land that had nothing to do with the realities of England's best chances for survival seemed to emerge from some of the visages that urged "No" with such passion in the last feverish week. When it came to choosing between them and the unemotional features and facts of those who toted up the balance sheet for staying in Europe, countless thoughtful viewers doubtless drew their own conclusions about which judgment looked the sounder.

Most of the left-wing Cabinet ministers whose violently antagonistic views on European membership made it difficult for ordinary citizens to see how they could possibly work in future within the Community quickly arranged their faces in expressions of calm sportsmanship for the television cameras and announced that the Prime Minister would, of course, do what he thought best, but they had no idea of resigning. The great question was how soon Mr. Wilson, having drawn new strength from the size and broad composition of his "Yes," would carry out his hinted promise of a Government reshuffle. By that was principally meant the sacking—or, at least, removal to another post, in which his dedicated Socialist zeal for ever-increasing state ownership could no longer damage investors' confidence at home and abroad—of Mr. Anthony Wedgwood Benn, the Secretary of State for Industry. Tuesday night's sudden announcement from Downing Street that Mr. Benn would exchange portfolios with Mr. Eric Varley, a far more moderate leftist and anti-European, whose pleasant face is hardly known at all to the public, was seen as a characteristically oblique Wilson move—not an outright dismissal of Mr. Benn but a sideways transfer to a slightly lower position, as Secretary of State for Energy. Trade-union leaders, who had warned that they would take their hero's departure as an intolerable affront to the whole Labour movement, may be somewhat appeased by his staying in the Cabinet. Those who do not love Mr. Benn—and, indeed, there are some who actively hate him—would have been better pleased to see him fired, along with Michael Foot and one or two of the other left-wing ministers who took such a drubbing in the referendum. But he would certainly be a pricklier hair shirt for Mr. Wilson as leader of other rebellious backbenchers in the Parliamentary battles that lie ahead. Even his enemies might reluctantly agree that Tony Benn is possibly the most interesting—as he is the most talked-about, publicity-seeking, and publicity-getting—politician in England today. Commentators often compare him to Aneurin Bevan, who was also the adored of the left and at one time the favorite detested target of the Tory press and party. The comparison falls down after that, Benn being a less warm, a more formidable, and, as far as his public image goes, a totally humorless man. He has a cool, excellent brain, good looks, and a charm that is much more boyish than his years—fifty. A curious vein of inverted class snobbery

"Speak for yourself, friend. I find the more *__I__ know, the __more__ I know."*

made him omit from *Who's Who* the fact that he was educated at Westminster and New College. His attractive, public-spirited American wife is involved in educational affairs in their home neighborhood, Holland Park. Mr. Benn's admirers are occasionally disturbed by such episodes as his recent recital of wild, unsubstantiated figures concerning British jobs lost since Britain joined the Community—figures that were immediately and contemptuously shown to be false by Roy Jenkins and others, but that he nevertheless did not withdraw.

Following the Cabinet changes, the Prime Minister has come under furious fire from the noisy but not very important *Tribune* group and from his Parliamentary left wing, who charge that the old radical Labour movement is in danger of being watered down into something like the coalition of moderates who decided the referendum. Mr. Wilson was in crackling good form on Monday, however, and was loudly cheered as he rose in the House of Commons—which had reassembled after the Whitsun recess—to make the formal announcement of victory. It was a historic occasion for two reasons. The question-time proceedings went out over radio for the first time that afternoon, Parliament having voted for a trial run of letting the whole nation listen to what its elected representatives were up to in Westminster. If the broadcasts are successful, they will become a permanent feature, but the Commons drew the line against having its sessions televised. It was cynically assumed in the press gallery that the chamber was unusually crowded for a Monday not only to hear the Prime Minister but to give M.P.s' families the novel pleasure of identifying their nearest and dearest on the air as they jumped up to catechize the minister who was answering questions at the despatch box. That afternoon, piquantly, it was Mr. Benn—making his last appearance, as he and Mr. Wilson knew, as Secretary of State for Industry. He dealt crisply with members on both sides of the House, some of whom gleefully trailed red rags before him by asking whether in the new situation anti-Market ministers were right to stay on. To judge by the later comments of mystified listeners to the broadcast, the good-humored atmosphere of the House of Commons at question time came over as a babel of cheerful insults and angry queries, mostly unintelligible, varied by the melancholy baying sound that Hansard translates as "cheers."

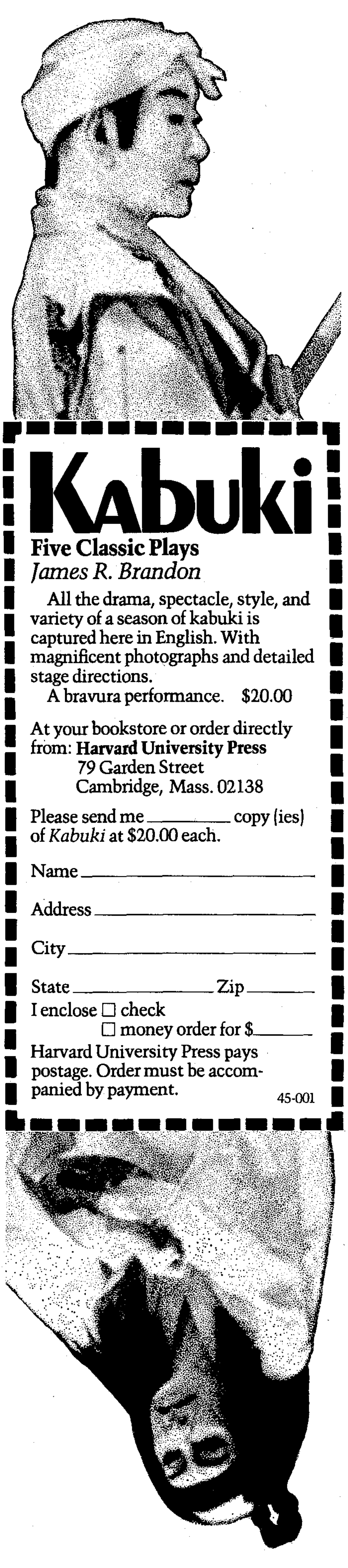
When the leader of the Opposition, Mrs. Margaret Thatcher, rose, as is usual, to follow and congratulate the Prime Minister, she surprised the House by paying handsome and emotional tribute to Edward Heath as the man chiefly responsible for taking Britain into Europe and for its unmistakable agreement to stay there. The Labour benches rocked with laughter, presumably at the sight of such feminine magnanimity, and some of her own backbenchers said later that she had lost the chance, amid all these civilities, of trenchantly demanding how the Government was going to deal with the economic crisis now that the referendum was out of the way. Since she became leader four months ago, many Conservatives have observed with disappointment that she has not yet seemed to find her remarkable top form, while during the referendum campaign Edward Heath regained his most notably. The campaign seemed to drive the economic situation out of people's minds. Now they are conscious that the situation worsened as they argued over sovereignty, that the immediate future holds a threatened rail strike and the autumn a whole string of new wage claims, and that the corrective measures the Government will probably take, if it feels brave enough, are awful to contemplate. The most frequently heard remark is that if only the same spirit that got people together all over Britain to say yes to Europe could be applied to its present internal difficulties, things might be very different. But such thoughts are always interpreted as a desire for a political coalition, and all parties are, of course, unitedly resolved against that.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

Critics may till the field of art, and the critical plough may turn up treasures of meaning and experience; but if the critic plants weed seeds of ignorance and error, weeds of ignorance and error will grow. They will choke the beauties of art and deprive them of the nutriments in Nature's soil that would cause them to flourish. And if the hailstorm of criticism goes unabated, it will pound into pieces what it does not smother or beat into the mud of the field. What should grow under the sunlight of knowledge and the gentle rain of wisdom will be destroyed by the darkness of ignorance and error.
—*"From Human Sentience to Drama: Principles of Critical Analysis, Tragic and Comedic," by Richard N. Pollard and Hazel M. (Batzer) Pollard.*

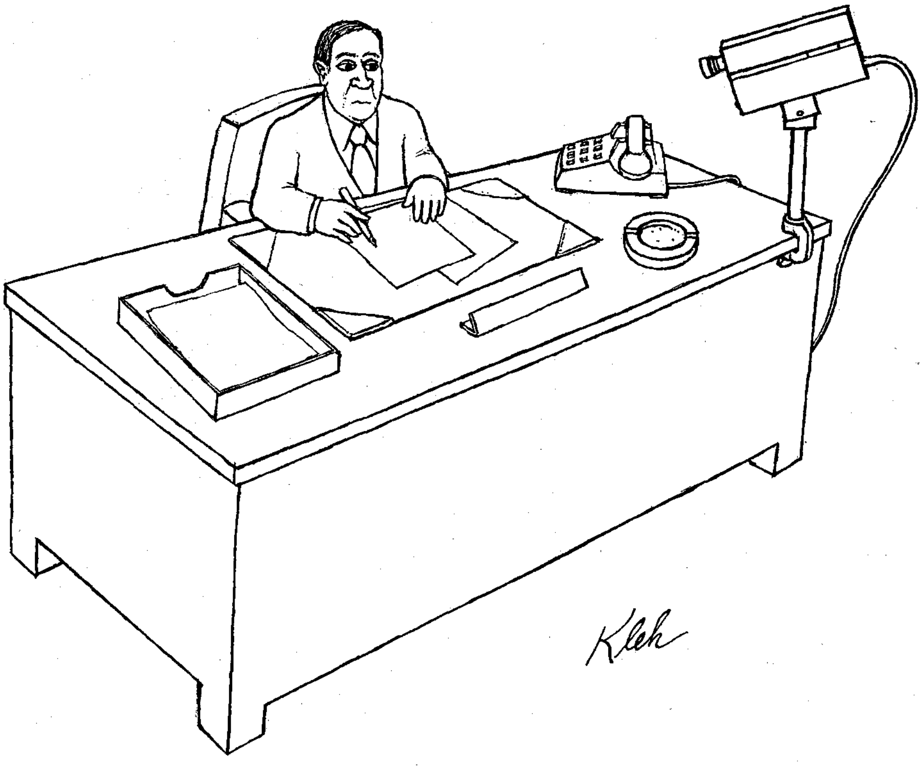
It *looks* a little like rain, come to think of it.


Kabuki
Five Classic Plays
James R. Brandon
All the drama, spectacle, style, and variety of a season of kabuki is captured here in English. With magnificent photographs and detailed stage directions.
A bravura performance. $20.00
At your bookstore or order directly from: **Harvard University Press**
79 Garden Street
Cambridge, Mass. 02138
Please send me ________ copy (ies) of *Kabuki* at $20.00 each.
Name ________________
Address ________________
City ________________
State ____________ Zip ______
I enclose ☐ check
☐ money order for $______
Harvard University Press pays postage. Order must be accompanied by payment.
45-001

BOOKS

Thurber

IN the present fashion, Mr. Burton Bernstein's biography of James Thurber (Dodd, Mead) is one of those exhaustive dossiers in which all drawers and closets are ransacked. One has the sight of a thorough break-in by an admiring burglar who is torn by compassion as he sorts out the loot. At first, a book that runs to five hundred pages seems too crushing for a humorist whose art owed everything to wit, brevity, and the weekly stint, but it is partly Thurber's fault. His loneliness was of the crowd-collecting kind, and one has only to read his enormously long letters to see that if brevity was his art, his life was run on a faculty for total recall, of which he was very proud. The comics are often thought to be a sad lot, laughing (as Meredith said) because "all is dark at home." I would have thought that, home or no home, Thurber lived in a frenzy of exhilarated busyness. (In one of his letters he compared motoring over a rough road to driving over typewriters.) The book also is lengthened, quite properly, by reminiscences of *The New Yorker* in Ross's time. Here an outsider like myself, who never met its personalities and who even supposed the Algonquin might be a Mexican bird, must be at a loss. I think rather of the Thurber whose drawings and writings had an instant appeal to English readers and dig rather for his character in Mr. Bernstein's book.



There are both natural sympathies and large surprises. Eccentric aspects of life in Columbus, Ohio, rang a bell in London. Thurber was born in 1894 and therefore was grounded in the age of innocence before orgy began, in 1914. He was as prewar as Wodehouse. We could easily match, say, his Aunt Gracie Shoaf, who had a collection of shoes for shying down the hall at burglars, and we especially took the point that she was bright enough to throw them, singly or in pairs, according to her surmise of the situation. Such powers of discrimination are common to old and deedy cultures. Eccentricity is a grave matter, a principled assertion of the right to live out or live down one's private life, and is strict about avoiding common exhibitionism. We do not expect to be certified if we claim to hear a seal barking in the bedroom; we have a parliamentary right to point out a first wife crawling on top of the bookcase. Light humorists run to the facetious, but Thurber was rarely that. He had iron in him. He knew that one lives in peril of what "may come up in the mind," as one of the characters in George Eliot says. In the puttylike human beings one saw in Thurber's drawings, one met the Id as one met it, say, in Lear, Carroll, or Saki. We admired the ad-hoc madness, and the care for language. Thurber enjoyed the prose of E. M. Forster and Evelyn Waugh. But now comes the American surprise. As a young man, he brought himself up on Henry James. "The Ambassadors," Mr. Bernstein tells us, was his voluptuous Bible—good for his intelligence and his love of language, though misleading about the nature of women. He avenged himself by turning his elusive Mme. de Vionnet into his classic female predator.

The account of Thurber's Henry James period contains interesting pointers to what would become of him. One can see the spell "The Ambassadors" would put upon a half-blinded youth, brought up in a knockabout provincial family of poor relations who were going downhill, a family subject to "nerves" and a dottiness that in some instances approached the certifiable, from which their local stagnation must have just saved them. (The "Life and Hard Times" was not a joke.) The Jamesian monologue was an aspect of the American tradition. It would console a clever, listless, even sullen youth of delayed but pent-up zeal. At one point in Thurber's boyhood, he was farmed out to a poor and slovenly friend of the family, but his temperament was closer to that of his obstreperous mother, a vigorous playacting lady and practical joker who, having been denied a life on the stage, created a barnstorming life at home. The alarmed boy must have been as stunned as his sad, clerkly father, a man who consoled himself for failure by an obsession with newspaper competitions and who preferred to live a few doors away, on his own. The Thurbers' social life seems to have been dominated by a crowd of dogs, cats, rabbits, and guinea pigs. Negligence was the religion of the family: it is no surprise to hear the fanciful Mrs. Thurber was going through a Christian Science period when one of James' eyes went in a childhood accident and that an infection of the remaining eye was not prevented. Of course, this saved him from the First World War, but one can understand his lassitude in the years and years he passed at a college noted for its agricultural interests. He became the eternal non-student. He made the well-known protest of becoming a prig, a pedant, and a dandy; he began writing those enormously long letters to Elliott Nugent, then a young playwright, and this is where Henry James gives a hand. The following passage from a letter written when Thurber was an aging twenty-five shows him discussing his love for a local girl called Eva Prout, and, as Mr. Bernstein neatly points out, we see the disciple is ingenious enough to parody James in order to kill the James dream in his own life:

> Here's the story, the punch. How could I ever love a girl who fails after all in being the person that I have come to worship as few damn fools have ever had the chance to worship, AND how can I help but love the girl who, whatever else, is after all the girl of the dreams, as little like them tho she may be; isn't she despite everything the Girl; if I gave her up, could I ever see anyone else; wouldn't it resolve itself into a flare-back for good to the dream of a person who isn't? Supposing I found a girl who looked like talked like was like the Dream creation,—everything exactly as I would have it—wouldn't the killing lack there be the fact that she wouldn't be the girl even tho she was the girl? Ha, my dear Watson, I have you cornered! All right, then, how could I live with the real girl who would be the most acute reminder always of what might have been, if I finally decide she isn't as much like any phase as she should be.

The dawn of self-irony in that letter is very promising in a literary way, though in affairs of the heart (like that other late developer Walter Mitty) he would be likely to plump for fantasy.

First of all in Paris, late in the 1914 war. By some farcical error of the Civil Service, he became a cipher clerk at the Paris Embassy. A real ambassador appeared at last: he turned out to be an ass who was innocent of the difference between code and clear. (The American code book of that time had become a treasured classic in all embassies, friendly or hostile. The Japanese were kind enough to return their dog-eared copy later, when they had done with it.) Chaste and clerkly, Thurber discovered sex late, but, suddenly transformed by a debauch, he went back to the States and astonished everyone by capturing the powerful college beauty. The triumph in love, aided by bootleg gin and the promiscuity that set in after the war, was turned into the wrestling matches of the drawings. One never knows how much hearsay there is in the modern biographer's intimacy with the sexual lives of his subjects, but Mr. Bernstein is confident enough to say that Thurber's notorious adventures were prompted by poor sexual performance and the desperate need for assurance and proof. Surely, also, by a genuine need for the stimulus women give to artists, even the stimulus of conflict and revenge. If women found him poor in bed—as one or two said—they found his comic soliloquies, his mimicry, his acting, and what he called his

This is the one...

JUDY

Douglas Kirkland

by GEROLD FRANK

The long awaited biography of the legendary star—based on years of research and hundreds of interviews with Miss Garland's family, friends, doctors and co-stars—by the author of *I'll Cry Tomorrow* and *Too Much, Too Soon*

"With this, one of the most eloquent and meticulous biographies ever written of an American show business star, Judy Garland returns, phoenix-like, to relive her brief but brilliant career."
—John Barkham

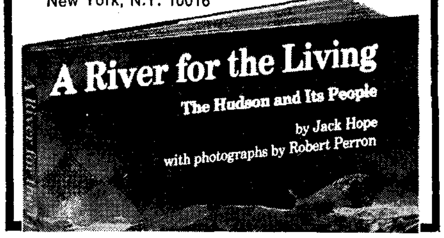
654 pages, 32 pages of pictures
$12.50 at bookstores

Harper & Row
10 E. 53rd St., New York 10022
1817

The Hudson and its people

With keen observation, concern, and affection, writer Jack Hope and photographer Robert Perron present the Hudson not just as a great river but as a living entity flowing deeply through the lives of the people who live along its banks. 74 illustrations. Size 11" x 8½". $14.95

A BARRE BOOK, at bookstores, or send check to Crown Publishers, 419 Park Ave. South, New York, N.Y. 10016



"Sprightly Maltese Falconesque skulduggery" *(Kirkus Reviews).*
"An ingenious swift-moving story" *(Publishers Weekly).*

JUDAS COUNTRY

a novel by
Gavin Lyall

$7.95

THE VIKING PRESS

ARTIST'S MARKET

Artist's Market, the new market guide for freelance artists, lists 2,123 paying markets for artwork.

In each listing, the art director personally describes what he wants to buy, how much he will pay, plus his company's name and address, so that you can submit your artwork directly to him.

Responsible buyers for every kind of art such as watercolors, oils and fine art; cartoons, sculpture, photographs, contemporary and pop art, as well as many arts and crafts, are included in Artist's Market.

Galleries that want art are included as well as museums that sponsor exhibitions.

The art director's own explanation of what he wants to buy and how much he will pay is the special quality that makes Artist's Market an honest and authentic book.

At bookstores; or order direct, $8.95. 480 pages, clothbound illustrated.

Writer's Digest, Publisher
9933 Alliance Road
Cincinnati, Ohio 45242
Dealers: Order from your stocking wholesaler.

BOOK HUNTING?

Virtually any book located—no matter how old or long out-of-print. Fiction, nonfiction. All authors, subjects. Name the book—we'll find it! (Title alone is sufficient.) Inquire, please. Write: Dept. NY-75, Box 195.

BOOKS-ON-FILE
UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY 07087
or shop: 7014 Park Ave., Guttenberg, N.J.

Your little brother wants to talk to you.

Because there's no other man he's close to.

As one of America's million and a half fatherless boys, he needs a man for a friend.

One man. One boy. That's Big Brothers.

Call your local Big Brothers agency and spend a little time with one of the boys.

A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

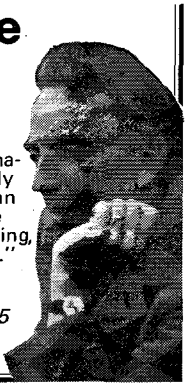
"Taut as a tight-rope."
—Hildegard Dolson

Arthur Maling's BENT MAN

tale of an ex-football star's involvement with crooked cops, the FBI . . . and murder. $6.95

A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

How People Change
by ALLEN WHEELIS
"A simply written, direct, unjargoned analysis of analysis and therapy, strongly self-directive....Better than most lengthy texts in the field, readable for one thing, not pedantic for another."
—DORIS GRUMBACH, *The New Republic*
TB/1756 $1.95
Harper Torchbooks
10 E. 53d St. N.Y. 10022



FLENTS ANTI-NOISE EAR STOPPLES · AT DRUG COUNTERS
WE KEEP IT QUIET

"embroidery" irresistible. After all, disaster was his subject.

But now it was as if the half-blind artist was being led about by an irresponsible, alcoholic valet who turned him into a pest and a loved problem to his tolerant friends. In the twenties and thirties, Prohibition had made hard drinking an article of faith, especially among writers. To be "smashed" was a mark of dedication, a sign of Anglo-Saxon stamina. The elfin side of Thurber became thunderous; he became Thor. (In my dictionary, Thor is the origin of Thurber's Norwegian surname.) Part of his life, one must remember, was a long, Northern darkness. Mr. Bernstein writes of the period when Thurber's marriage with the powerful beauty was virtually over and he was alone in New York:

> The big nights of that period were just about every night. His close friend Robert Coates remembered him then as a noctambule, reversing the working-sleeping habits of more conventional folk. He crawled from bar to party to bar, seeking companionship from old and new acquaintances, never quite getting his fill. Then, usually alone, he would return to his Algonquin Hotel room, with dawn not far off, and sometimes write letters or work on pieces till he collapsed with fatigue. His health, of course, suffered, and his personal habits, never exemplary, were worrisome. For instance, he neglected his laundry, simply throwing soiled clothes into a closet and buying new garments as he needed them. When the closet would hold no more dirty apparel—or an alarmed friend would discover the mess—he would change rooms or even hotels. He was forever without an overcoat in cold weather and light clothing in warm. He tended to wallow in his absent-minded dishabille, referring to himself, in print, as looking "like a slightly ill professor of botany who is also lost." . . . He developed a notorious reputation for obstreperousness. . . . "It was difficult being with Jim," Meek said. "He seemed to like misbehaving, being the bad boy. It was an antisocial strain in him. . . . Another time, during dinner at Elliott Nugent's place, Jim started to smash the furniture, insulted everyone. . . . He was perverse, like a small boy. . . . It was sort of an intellectual exercise, I suppose, just to see what would happen."

Yet he could be a delight. He recovered for a time in his next marriage, which somehow lasted, although in fact the violence and the escapades continued: for one or two women he became a sort of Cause.

Thurber has often been compared to Mark Twain, whom he indignantly denied having read. This is unbelievable, but the springs of his manner were too delicate and his mind too inturned for the long masterpiece. One can see this in his brief parodies, in his love of impromptu, in his vision of Walter Mitty, and, above all, in those long letters that were written to start useful hares. He was profitably uninventive in the large sense and trapped by autobiography; although he boasted of his powers of total recall, his best things are the result of weeding this deadly faculty. One can see him doing this in one of his exorbitant letters: a garrulous account of social comings and goings in Connecticut suddenly breaks into an aside about driving at night when he had only two-fifths vision in his good eye. He sees the bloody bodies of bugs blown on the windshield, and they suddenly become old admirals in uniform, crippled apple women, or the fronts of barges; he skids across ditches and fields to avoid them:

> I have a curious desire to cry while driving at night, but so far have conquered that, save for a slight consistent whimpering that I keep up—a sound which, I am sure, is not calculated to put Helen at her ease. . . . She doesn't care to read, in the Winsted Evening Citizen, some such story as this:
>
> "Police are striving to unravel the tangle of seven cars and a truck which suddenly took place last night at 9 o'clock where Route 44 is crossed by Harmer's Lane and a wood road leading to the old Beckert estate. Although nobody seems to know exactly what happened, the automobile that the accident seemed to center about was a 1932 Ford V-8 operated by one James Thurberg. Thurberg, who was coming into Winsted at 8 miles an hour, mistook the lights of the Harry Freeman's hot-dog stand, at the corner of Hermer's lane and Route 44 for the headlight of a train. As he told the story later he swerved out to avoid the oncoming hot-dog stand only to see an aged admiral in full dress uniform riding toward him, out of the old wood road, on a tricycle, which had no headlights. In trying to go in between the hotdog stand and the tricycle, Thurberg somehow or other managed to get his car crosswise of all three roads. . . . Police have so far found no trace of the aged admiral and his tricycle. The hotdog stand came to a stop fifteen feet from Thurberg's car."

The misprints and the *Evening Citizen's* syntax are done with loving care. The tricycle is a stroke of genius.

Successful and well-paid humorists had a trying time when the rows about proletarian literature began in the *New Masses*. Thurber thundered into battle like a dreadnought, but the dog-lover was a clumsy handler of the dogs of war. Later still, as his angers increased with his drinking and after Ross died, he began a sad war with *The New Yorker*. Foibles became manias. And when total blindness came he could not draw. Although well paid, he was extravagant and generous—he supported the family in Columbus—and he was in frantic need of money. There is something tragic in the picture of the uncontrollable blind man living in the handsome old Connecticut house he could not see. The one therapy that distracted him from the habits that were destroying him was acting. It seemed impossible that his pieces could be turned into sketches for the theatre, but in fact his appearance as the blind raconteur on the stage was a success. He turned out to be a master of the bewitching monologue, and when one looks at his prose one can see that he knew everything about the timing and the setting of conversational traps that would hold a sophisticated audience. If his mother, that frustrated actress, had been there, she would have seen the wrongs of Columbus righted. But this sudden leap into a new career (like Dickens' readings, and perhaps for the same reason) became the cure and the rebirth that kill. And the stage did one dreadful thing to him: When the success was over, the humorist was finished. He was left with his rages, and soon after died.

—V. S. Pritchett

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Natural Enemies, by Julius Horwitz (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). One long doomsday in the life of a New York magazine publisher whose vision of the city is much like Nathanael West's apocalyptic view of Hollywood: "I would have liked to join a vast parade this morning down Fifth Avenue . . . [of] that grand tattered army that makes up New York, the 400,000 drug addicts, the million people on welfare, the one million aged living on $1.15 a day, the 100,000 mentally ill living in hotels unfit for human habitation, the frightened housewives living behind the most expensive police locks money could buy, the 50,000 whores . . . the rich who have had the city snatched from them by an enemy population of unemployed youths who couldn't care less about whom they kill or blind." This man rises on this morning and decides, in his despair, to come home that evening and shoot his wife, his three children, and himself; the events of his day—a visit to a brothel, talks with opinion-making contributors, a two-hour delay in a train tunnel—merely reinforce and enlarge his masochistic vision. This vision is, of course (as even Mr. Horwitz suggests from time to time), a limited one, but what it portrays it portrays

SUBSCRIPTION ORDER FORM

THE NEW YORKER

☐ One Year (52 Issues) $18.00
☐ Two Years (104 Issues) $30.00

ADDITIONAL POSTAGE—Canada, Latin America, and Spain $2.00 per year; other foreign $4.00 per year.

My Check for $ ______ is enclosed.

or

Bill my: ☐ Master Charge ☐ BankAmericard
☐ American Express

Acct. No. ______ Signature ______

Name

Address

City State Zip

4 25 5

25 W. 43 Street • New York, N.Y. 10036

SUBSCRIPTION ORDER FORM

THE NEW YORKER

☐ One Year (52 Issues) $18.00
☐ Two Years (104 Issues) $30.00

ADDITIONAL POSTAGE—Canada, Latin America, and Spain $2.00 per year; other foreign $4.00 per year.

My Check for $ ______ is enclosed.

or

Bill my: ☐ Master Charge ☐ BankAmericard
☐ American Express

Acct. No. ______ Signature ______

Name

Address

City State Zip

4 25 5

25 W. 43 Street • New York, N.Y. 10036

with the utmost clarity. One could wish, however, that the author had found a less treacherous device than a family annihilation to hang his ideas on.

In a Year of Grace, by Honor Tracy (Random House). A frothy, mildly satirical brew about a dim Irish Minister (of "Social Adjustment") whose regular spells at a modish drying-out retreat resemble class reunions for *le tout* Dublin; his harried, insecure, socially ambitious wife; and his foolish, headstrong daughter and her feckless young reporter boyfriend. What plot there is concerns the political reverberations that shake up the small family circle when the daughter gets caught smuggling a packet of contraceptives into the country on a train from Belfast that a group of militant, noisy feminists are on. Irish hypocrisy, Irish piousness, Irish silliness, and Irish manners (or absence thereof) are all mocked, but Miss Tracy's love of her adopted country (she was born in England) shines through in every sentence.

Wartime, by Adrian Mitchell (Doubleday). A pretentious English tidbit about vengeance and aggression, involving three boys, the sadistic daughter of a sadistic colonel, and a lot of maximum-force writing. This description of Oxford is a fair sample: "Bulging udder, spouting intellectual teat! Sweet Gothic Spaceship! Adolescent Fever Ward! Gobi Desert Adventure Playground! Transylvanian Vault where hundreds of salaried Dr. Frankensteins create their monsters in the likenesses of Beowulf, Keynes, Rutherford, Happy Heisenberg, John (Tightarse) Dryden and all the Huxleys! Dust in the blood! Doom in the river! Suicide School! Succubus Center! . . ."

GENERAL

The Ackerley Letters, edited by Neville Braybrooke (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). J. R. Ackerley died in 1967, and is remembered both as an editor and as a writer. His output was small and his standards high. He also loved to shock and to throw dust in people's eyes. His autobiography in the form of a family memoir—"My Father and Myself"—is as remarkable for its suppressions as for its sexual candor. It contains no mention of the fact that for twenty-four years, as editor of the literary and art pages of *The Listener*, he cajoled a fair number of the best minds in England into writing for him for next to nothing—that being all he was in a position to offer them. Or that his friends were numerous and distinguished and devoted. Or that he had, in fact, *two* fathers, the other one being E. M. Forster. Of the fourteen hundred letters available to the editor, three hundred and forty are printed in this volume. They have been chosen to show the main phases of Ackerley's life, and since his life was, on the whole, an extremely quiet one, this arrangement seems rather pedantic. The letters written to contributors to *The Listener* constitute a little handbook on how to be a good editor. The self-portrait that emerges from his personal correspondence is, again, partial. He was not the failure he represented himself as being, and the recipients must at times have sighed with exasperation, and at other times considered themselves lucky, when they came upon a paragraph like this, written with such effortless mastery of language that it conjures up the descriptive triumphs of Mme. de Sévigné and the Duc de Saint-Simon: "I know not what has happened to poor old Morgan [Forster]. . . . Shuffling round the suburban Coventry streets with his stick, he makes, upon the side pavements, the most elaborate withdrawal from the path of anyone approaching, as though sufficient room could never be sufficient, moving sideways like a crab with outstretched arms, as if clearing space in a crowd where space is plentiful and no crowd exists, mopping and mowing like a clown with a gentle smile on his face. People must think him very peculiar. I suppose this is the end result of that consideration for humanity upon which you too have employed your life and which I, thinking the animals more interesting and even worthier, am unable to share. I am more likely to elbow people out of the way to make room for a hyena. But it must be added that, though dim, he is charming, it is a pleasure to sit quietly with him in his silences . . ."

Resignation in Protest: Political and Ethical Choices Between Loyalty to Team and Loyalty to Conscience in American Public Life, by Edward Weisband and Thomas M. Franck (Grossman/Viking). An exceptionally good discussion of the difficult moral choice between a man's loyalty to his group and his duty to his conscience (and to society) when he believes that his group is pursuing bad policies. In our government, the problem, of course, primarily affects policymakers in the executive branch; members of Congress are usually retired by the voters, and judges by statute. The paths that American political figures have taken include sticking by the team and attempting to raise doubts about, or to alter, the mistaken policy from inside the government; resigning quietly on a noncontroversial pretext, such as health or family problems; and resigning with a protest aimed at mobilizing public opinion against the policy. The last course has been taken ever more rarely, the authors note. The main reason, they think, is institutional: few members of the executive have their own political base, and protest and resignation mean the end of their career in public life—unlike Great Britain, where the Cabinet is drawn from Members of Parliament, who keep their seat if they choose to leave the Government. An element the authors seem not to consider when they compare American and British institutions is national attitude. The English tolerate, and even admire, eccentrics and individualists, particularly among the rich and powerful; Americans emphasize getting along, working as a team, and not showing off, and this saps the self-assurance of would-be dissenters quite as much as fear of losing influence, prominence, or money.

Note: Farrar, Straus & Giroux has published "Pieces of the Frame," John McPhee's accounts of a broad range of people and places. . . . "Without Feathers," a collection of Woody Allen's inventions, has been published by Random House. In both cases, most of the contents originally appeared in *The New Yorker.*

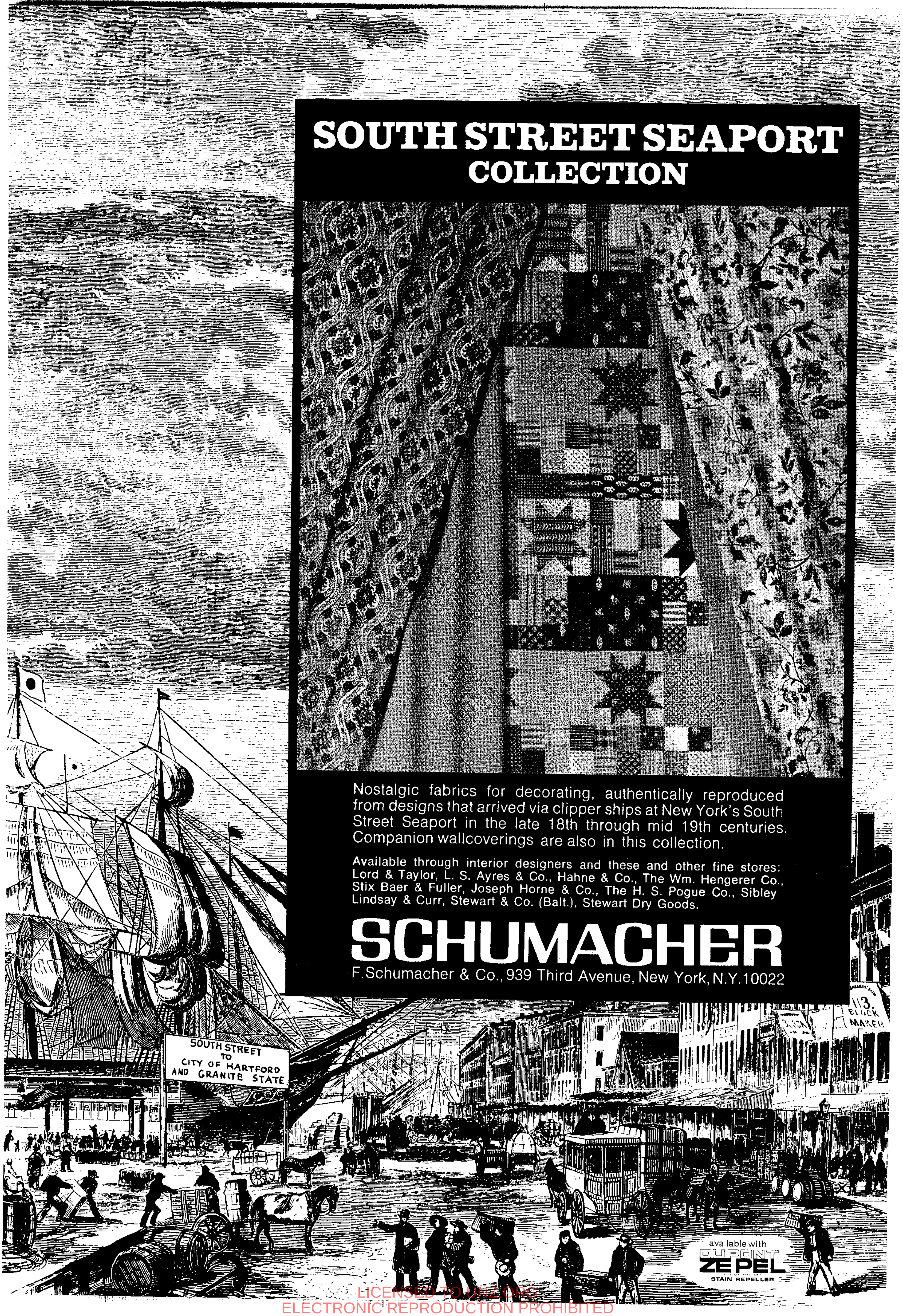
•

Ottawa—The federal government will spend close to $1 billion this year on consulting work by outsiders even though the civil service work force is larger than ever before.

The money will keep hundreds of individuals and companies busy counting trees, testing army boots for foot traction, pondering ways to keep hands warm in the Arctic, asking people how they like bail reform, and the metric system, and even analyzing the comments of government garbage cans.

—*Vancouver Province.*

Ours is a closemouthed little thing.


SOUTH STREET TO CITY OF HARTFORD AND GRANITE STATE
113 BLOCK MAKER

SOUTH STREET SEAPORT
COLLECTION

Nostalgic fabrics for decorating, authentically reproduced from designs that arrived via clipper ships at New York's South Street Seaport in the late 18th through mid 19th centuries. Companion wallcoverings are also in this collection.

Available through interior designers and these and other fine stores: Lord & Taylor, L. S. Ayres & Co., Hahne & Co., The Wm. Hengerer Co., Stix Baer & Fuller, Joseph Horne & Co., The H. S. Pogue Co., Sibley Lindsay & Curr, Stewart & Co. (Balt.), Stewart Dry Goods.

SCHUMACHER

F. Schumacher & Co., 939 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

available with
DUPONT
ZEPEL
STAIN REPELLER

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

At home anywhere in the world.

International in size, Seville is responsive . . . maneuverable . . . easy to park. Smooth of ride. Solid of feel. Altogether, a delight to drive. And efficient. In mileage tests conducted by the Environmental Protection Agency, Seville got 13 miles per gallon in the city test. And 19 mpg in the highway test. Only your Cadillac dealer has it.

Seville
BY CADILLAC